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STUDIES

ON

SECRET RECORDS,

PERSONAL AND HISTORIC.

WITH OTHER PAPERS.

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BY

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PREFACE.

If the problems here treated are not numerous, one of them at least (viz., the problem of "The Essenes") is the most important, and, *secondly*, from its mysteriousness, the most interesting; but also, *thirdly*, the most difficult of all known historic problems; and so much so, that, in my opinion, this (if estimated by any progress made in deciphering it down to the date of my own attempt), would have been classed as the one insoluble case amongst all historic problems yet offered to the investigation of thoughtful men.

In the course of that paper, and again of the paper entitled "Cicero," there occurs a contemptuous, but also (and in a more earnest tone) an indignant notice of two historic personages who at present hold an equivocal rank in the esteem of men—viz., the Pharsalian Pompey, and the Jewish partisan leader, Josephus. With respect to the former, the late Dr Arnold, of Rugby, mentions, that, when he was meditating a work on some section (I forget what) of ancient history, there reached him from one of the Napiers (either Sir William it must have been, or the late General Sir Charles), an admonitory caution to beware of treating Pompey with any harshness or undervaluation, under the common notion that he had been spoiled in youth by unmerited success, had been petted by a most ignorant populace through half-a-century, and finally coming into collision with the greatest of men, had naturally made a total shipwreck; for that, on the contrary, he was a very great strategist; yes, in spite of Pharsalia (and in spite, I presume, of his previous Italian campaign). Now, the Napiers, a distinguished family, "*multum nostræ quæ proderat*

urbi," and qualified to offer suit and service "*tam Mi*
quam Mercurio," have a right to legislate on such a
ject, have a limited right even to dogmatise, and to
their conclusions (if at any odd corner shaky), by
Germans term a *macht-spruch*. But the general im
sion is likely to prevail, until his annals are re-writt
that, in the fullest sense of that modern sneer, Po
(if any man on the rolls of history) was "a Sepoy
ral:" he earned his reputation too surely, by buildin
other men's foundations; and he prospered in any
liant degree only so long as he contended with A
antagonists. That famous sneer came round with
recoil before the play was over, upon those that launch
like the *boomerang* of the poor Australian savage in ur
hands: but, it is a sneer, that still tells retrospective.
the Pompey, that in his morning hours was the pet of
tinguishing Rome. A Sepoy general is one to whor
praise of the martinet is the breath of his nostrils;
thinks it a bagatelle in a soldier to have the trick of ru
away, provided he runs with grace and a stately air;
above all, a Sepoy general is one that reaps a perpetual
solation under calamities from the luxury of "prospec
malice. I may be beaten, says the gallant man, on the
field of battle. But what then? My secret consolations re
"my mind to me a kingdom is." And this mind sug
that, if unable to face my enemy in the daylight, I ma
find the means to murder him at night. Such as these
the habits and the reversionary consolations of Po
And, I should have suggested to Dr Arnold, that,
all, since there is no State Paper Office in Rome surv
from classical days, that might contribute new materials
the old had failed, and since Pompeii itself, though
on the Neapolitan landed estate of this very Pharsalian
pey, has hitherto furnished, amongst all her unrolled *pa*
nothing at all towards the military vindication of her g
landlord, even the Napiers must be content for the pr

ith the old documents that have failed to whitewash the ompous old torso, now lying without a head somewhere on e coast of Aboukir, at the bottom of the sea. Meantime all as relates to Pompey as a military captain, and tactician: on which aspect of his pretensions I have said nothing all. It is Pompey as a man, and as a citizen more ply indebted to Rome than any other amongst his conporaries, that I am reviewing. A bad man he was; a vile IF thn; and upon the evidence of one who would have been (and at leg *had* been) his friend, for purposes that could be decently impowed; and his horrorstruck confidant for such as could not. teres the impulse of mere vindictive fury against Cæsar and the histoi orters of Cæsar, he would have visited Rome with famine estimathe sword. All the absurd designs against Rome that date of were *mendaciously* imputed to Catiline, Pompey in his insolult purposes entertained steadily and inexorably. Cicero the in far from being a good man: too ambitious he was by Inch, and the enjoyment of his patrician honours was too titlecompatible with the general welfare for any true civic a moriotism. But he was too moderate and decent a man to sonagmonise with the faction that had formed itself in Pompey's of map. But this subject I will not pursue; it would be *extra* leadere, as it is already sketched, though rapidly and inaffi- Arnoitly, in the paper entitled "Cicero."

work he other historic person on whom I shall probably be reachrged with assault and battery is Josephus. And the immustrtial reader, who knows but slightly or not at all what it is torvat this felon has been doing, is likely enough to think that orl have shown a levity and hastiness of resentment not warspranted by the notorieties of his life. It is remarkable that few mef us know the possible strength of our patriotic sympathies, coind how much it is that we could do and could hazard for naur own dear, noble country, if danger or calamity should veresiege her. Seen always under calm and gentle sunshine, I his natal land of ours forms an object that would be thopiroughly transfigured to our hearts, and would wear a new

life, if once she were thrown into impassioned circumstances of calamity, not by visitations of Providence, but by human wrongs and conspiracies. *Vendidit hic auro patriam*, the dreadful category which Virgil has prepared in the infernal regions for traitors such as this Jew; for I suppose it can make but slight difference in any man's estimate that the Jew did not receive the bribe first, and then perpetrate the treason, but trusted to Roman good faith at three months' date. But this Jew did worse. Many have been the traitorous betrayers of their country, who would have spurned with horror an invitation to join in a gorgeous festival of exultation celebrating the final overthrow of their mother-land, and the bloody ruin of their kindred, through all their tribes and households. There is many an intelligent little girl, not older than seven years old, who, in such circumstances, and knowing that the purpose of the festival was to drag the last remorials of h[illegible]ords, [illegible]—its honours, trophies, sanctities—through the polluted streets of triumph, would indignantly refuse to give the sanction of so much as a momentary gaze upon a spectacle abominable in all Hebrew eyes. And if, in such a case, she could descend to an emotion so humiliating as curiosity, she would feel a silent reproach fretting her heart, so often as she beheld upon a Roman medal that symbolic memorial of her desolated home—so beautiful and so pathetic—*ideal figured as a woman veiled, weeping under her palm-tree*—Rachel weeping for her children. But this Josephus the hound—hound of hounds, and very dog of very dogs—did worse; he sat, as a congratulating guest, offering homage an adoring cringes, simpering and *kotooing*, whilst the triumphal pageant for Judea ravaged, and for Jerusalem burned, filled the hours of a long summer's day, as it unfolded its pomps before him. Nay, this Jew achieved a deeper degradation even than this. But for *him;* when it was asked of the conquerors Where is the conquered race? what has become of *them* it must have been answered, All slain, or captives. And that result is a mode of military triumph, even for the co

quered. But through the presence of Josephus, a solitary man of rank, all this was transformed: a Jewish grandee, sitting on terms of amity amongst the victors, and countersigning their pretensions, had the inevitable effect of *disavowing* all his humbler countrymen; from heroes they became mutineers; and in an instant of time the fiery struggle of the ancient *El Koda* against the "abomination of desolation, standing where it should not"—*i. e.*, the Roman banners, expressing the triumph of an idolatrous nation, insolently hoisted aloft in the temple of Jehovah—was transfigured, through this one man's presence, into a capricious, possibly an ungrateful, rebellion.

Did this carrion find a peaceful grave?

The short paper entitled "Milton" defends that mighty poet upon two separate impeachments—arguing themselves (as the reader will please to recollect) not by scattered sentences occurring here and there, but to the whole texture of the "Paradise Lost," and also of the "Paradise Regained." One of these impeachments is—that the poet, incongruously as regarded *taste*, but also injuriously, or almost profanely, as regarded the *pieties* of his theme, introduces the mythologies of Paganism amongst the saintly hierarchies of Revelation; takes away, in short, the barrier of separation between the impure mobs of the Pantheon, and the holy armies of the Christian heavens. The other impeachment applies to Milton's introduction of thoughts, or images, or facts, connected with human art, and suggesting, however evanescently, the presence of man co-operating with man, and the tumult of social multitudes, amidst the primeval silence of Paradise; or again (as in the "Paradise Regained") amidst the more fearful solitudes of the Arabian wilderness. These charges were first of all urged by Addison, but more than half-a-century afterwards were indorsed by Dr Johnson. Addison was the inaugural critic on Milton, coming forward in the early part of the eighteenth century (viz., in the opening months of 1712, when as yet Milton had not been dead for so much as forty years); but

Dr Johnson, who followed him at a distance of more than sixty years, in the same century, told upon his own generation, and generally upon the English literature, as a critic of more weight and power. It is certain, however, that Addison, by his very deficiencies, by his feebleness of grasp, and his immaturity of development in most walks of critical research, did a service to Milton incomparably greater than all other critics collectively—were it only by its seasonableness; for it came at the very vestibule of Milton's career as a poet militant amongst his countrymen, who had his popular acceptation yet to win, after the eighteenth century had commenced. Just at this critical moment it was that Addison stepped in to give the initial bias to the national mind—that bias which intercepted any other.* So far, and perhaps se-

* "*Intercepted* or *other*:"—What other? the reader will ask. In writing the w—it—meant no more than, generally, that a very favourable bias, once established, would limit the openings for alienated or hostile feelings. But of such feelings, on second thoughts, it was obvious that one mode there was specially threatening to Milton's cordial and household welcome through Great Britain—that mode which secretly at all times, often avowedly, governed Dr Johnson—viz., the permanent feud with Milton through his political party. But the feud took often a more embittered shape than *that*. Milton's party was republican. But Milton individually had a worse quarrel to settle than this. All republicans were not regicides; and Milton *was*. Virtually he was regarded by numbers as a regicide, and even under a rancorous aggravation; one who evaded by a verbal refinement the penalties of any statutable offence connected with the king's death, whilst he exhibited a malice directed against the king's person more settled and inexorable than any other man throughout the three nations. It is true he had not sat in judgment on the king; he had not signed the warrant for his execution. Not through any scruples, legal or otherwise; but simply as not summoned, by any *official* station, to such a step. He had therefore given no *antecedent* sanction to the king's judicial treatment in Westminster Hall, or on the scaffold. But, extrajudicially, and *subsequently*, he had gone further in acrimonious invectives against the king, and in sharpening the offence charged upon him, than any man who stood forward prominently at the time. Very few went the length of Milton. Besides his vindication of the king's punishment, he had deeply and specially offended a great multitude of the royal partisans by his Eiconoklastes (image-breaker, or idol-breaker): breaker of what image? Of the

cretly through some other modes of aid, Addison had proved (as I have called him) the most *seasonable* of allies: but this critic possessed also another commanding gift towards the winning of popularity, whether for himself or for those he patronised—in his style, in the quality of his thoughts, and in his facility of explaining them luminously and with natural grace.

Dr Johnson, without any distinct acknowledgment, adopted both these charges from Addison. But it is singular that, whilst Addison—who does himself great honour by the reverential tenderness which everywhere he shows to Milton—has urged these supposed reproaches with some amplitude of expression and illustration, Dr Johnson, on the other hand—whose

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Eicōn Basilike—i. e., the royal image, which professed to publish the king's private memoranda and religious reflections upon the chief incidents of the war. Had the king really written or dictated such a work? That question remains wrapped up in mystery to this day. But Milton, aware of the doubts as to the authentic authorship of the little book, had so managed his Eiconoklast as to meet either hypothesis—viz., that Charles was, or that he was *not*, the author. The wrath, therefore, of those who worshipped the *Eicon*, as exhibiting the king in a character of saintly and forgiving charity, passed all bounds towards the man who had rudely unmasked the forgery, if it were a forgery, or unmasked the pretender to a charity which he counterfeited—if really the king.

Let me add, at the conclusion of this note, that, considering how many public men of the republican party were at that time assassinated, it remains a great mystery how it happened that Milton died in his bed. This was a great distinction, and (one would hope) conceded to his sublime intellectual claims, though as yet imperfectly established. But, a very few years after his death, a more conspicuous distinction was made in his favour. In the meridian heat of the Revolution, poor old General Ludlow (an honest man, if any there was in those frenzied days) ventured from his alpine asylum into the publicity of London, but was sternly (some think brutally) ordered off by Parliament, as a mode of advertising their discountenance to regicide. No other questionable act was imputed to the gallant old commander of Cromwell's cavalry. He had co-operated too ardently in promoting the king to martyrdom. At that very time, the Whigs, to their great honour—especially two of their most distinguished men, Somers and Addison—were patronising by a fervent subscription a splendid edition of Milton, who outran Ludlow as much in his regicidal zeal, as he did in the grandeur of his intellect.

malignity towards Milton is unrelenting, on account of his republican and regicide politics—dismisses both these reproaches with apparent carelessness and haste.* What he says in reference to the grouping of Pagan with Christian imagery or impersonations is simply this:—"The mythologic allusions have been justly censured, as not being always used with notice of their vanity." The word *vanity* is here used in an old-world Puritanical sense for falsehood or visionariness. In what relations the Pagan gods may be pronounced false, would allow of a far profounder inquiry than is suspected by the wording of the passage quoted. It is, besides, to be observed, that, even if undoubtedly and confessedly false, any creed which has for ages been the object of a cordial assent from an entire race, or from many nations of men, or a belief which (like the belief in ghostly apparitions) rests upon eternal predispositions and natural tendencies in man as a being surrounded by mysteries, is entitled by an irresistible claim to a secondary faith from those even who reject it; and to a respect, such as could not be demanded, for example, on behalf of any capricious fiction like that of the Rosicrucian sylphs and gnomes—invented in a known year, and by an assignable man.

None of us, at this day, who live in continual communication with cities, have any lingering faith in the race of fairies: but yet, as a class of beings consecrated by immemorial traditions, and dedicated to the wild solitudes of nature, and to the shadowy illumination of moonlight, we grant them a toleration of dim faith and old ancestral love—as, for instance, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—very much as we might suppose granted to some decaying superstition that was pro-

* An angry notice of the equivocation in "Lycidas" between Christian teachers, figuratively described as shepherds, and the actual shepherds of rural economy, recalls to the reader (as do so many other explosions of the doctor's temper) a veritable Malachi Malagrowther: he calls it *indecent*. But there is no allusion to the faulty intermingling of Pagan with Christian groups.

tected lovingly by the *children* of man's race, against the too severe and eiconoklastic wisdom of their parents.

The other charge of obtruding upon the reader an excess of scientific allusions, or of knowledge harshly technical, Dr Johnson notices even still more slightly in this very negligent sentence:—"His unnecessary and ungraceful use of terms of art it is not necessary to mention; because they are easily remarked, and generally censured." Unaccountably Dr Johnson forbears to press this accusation against Milton. But generally, even in the forbearances or indulgent praises of Dr Johnson, we stumble on the hoof of a Malagrowther; whilst, on the contrary, the direct censures of Addison are so managed as to furnish occasions of oblique homage. There is a remarkable instance of this in the very mechanism and arrangement of his long essay on the "Paradise Lost." In No. 297 of the "Spectator," he enters upon that least agreeable section of this essay, which is occupied with passing in review the chief blemishes of this great poem. But Addison shrank with so much honourable pain from this unwelcome office, that he would not undertake it at all, until he had premised a distinct paper (No. 291) one whole week beforehand, for the purpose of propitiating the most idolatrous reader of Milton, by showing that he sought rather to take this office of fault-finding out of hands that might prove less trustworthy, than to court any gratification to his own vanity in a momentary triumph over so great a man. After this conciliatory preparation, no man can complain of Addison's censures even when groundless.

With most of these censures, whether well or ill founded, I do not here concern myself. The two with which I *do*, and which seem to me unconsciously directed against modes of sensibility in Milton not fathomed by the critic, nor lying within depths ever likely to be fathomed by *his* plummet, I will report in Addison's own words:—"Another blemish, that appears in some of his thoughts, is his frequent allusion to heathen fables; which are not certainly of a piece with the divine subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these al-

lusions, where the poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. , A third fault in his sentiments is an unnecessary ostentation of learning; which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain" (indeed!) "that both Homer and Virgil were masters of all the learning of their time: but it shows itself in their works after an indirect and concealed manner." Certainly after a *very* concealed mannner; *so* concealed that no man has been able to find it.

These two charges against Milton being lodged, and entered upon the way-bill of the "Paradise Lost" in its journey down to posterity, Addison makes a final censure on the poem in reference to its diction. Fortunately upon such a question it may be possible hereafter to obtain a revision of this sentence, governed by canons less arbitrary than the feelings, or perhaps the transient caprices, of individuals. For the present I should have nothing to do with this question upon the Miltonic diction, were it not that Addison has thought fit to subdivide this last fault in the "Paradise Lost" (as he considers it) into three separate modes. The first* and the second do not concern my present purpose: but the third *does*. "This lies," says Addison, "in the frequent use of what the learned call technical words, or terms of art." And amongst other illustrations, he says that Milton, "when he is upon building, mentions Doric pillars, pilasters, cornice, frieze, architrave." This in effect is little more than a varied expression for the second of those two objections to the "Paradise Lost" which Addison originated, and Dr Johnson adopted. To these it is, and these only, that my little paper replies.

* It is a singular weakness in Addison, that, having assigned this first feature of Milton's diction—viz., its supposed dependence on exotic words and on exotic idioms—as the main cause of his failure, he then makes it the main cause of his success, since without such words and idioms Milton could not (he says) have sustained his characteristic sublimity.

December, 1857.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

EVERYTHING connected with our ordinary conceptions of this man, of his real purposes, and of his scriptural doom, apparently is erroneous. Not one thing, but all things, must rank as false which traditionally we accept about him. That neither any motive of his, nor any ruling impulse, was tainted with the vulgar treachery imputed to him, appears probable from the strength of his remorse. And this view of his case comes recommended by so much of internal plausibility, that in Germany it has long since shaped itself into the following distinct hypothesis:—Judas Iscariot, it is alleged, participated in the common delusion of the apostles as to that earthly kingdom which, under the sanction and auspices of Christ, they supposed to be waiting and ripening for the Jewish people. So far there was nothing in Judas to warrant any special wonder or any separate blame. If *he* erred, so did the other apostles. But in one point Judas went further than his brethren—viz., in speculating upon the *reasons* of Christ for delaying the inauguration of this kingdom. All things were apparently ripe for it; all things pointed to it; the expecta-

tion and languishing desires of many Hebrew saints—viz., the warning from signs; the prophetic alarms propagated by heralds like the Baptist; the mysterious interchange of kindling signals rising suddenly out of darkness, as secret words between distant parties—secret question, or secret answer; the fermentation of revolutionary doctrines all over Judea; the passionate impatience of the Roman yoke; the continual openings of new convulsions at the great centre of Rome; the insurrectionary temper of Jewish society, as indicated by the continual rise of robber leaders, that drew off multitudes into the neighbouring deserts; and, universally, the unsettled mind of the Jewish nation, their deep unrest, and the anarchy of their expectations. These explosive materials had long been accumulated; they needed only a kindling spark. Heavenly citations to war, divine summonses to resistance, had long been read in the insults and aggressions of paganism; there wanted only a leader. And such a leader, if he would but consent to assume that office, stood ready in the founder of Christianity. The supreme qualifications for leadership, manifested and emblazoned in the person of Jesus Christ, were evident to *all* parties in the Jewish community, and not merely to the religious body of his own immediate followers. These qualifications were published and expounded to the world in the facility with which everywhere he drew crowds about himself,* in the extraordinary depth of impression

"*Drew crowds about himself:*"—As connected with these crowds, I have elsewhere noticed, many years ago, the secret reason which probably governed our Saviour in cultivating the character and functions of a *hakim*, or physician. Throughout the whole world of civilisation at that era (ἡ οἰκουμένη), whatever might be otherwise the varieties of the government, there was amongst the ruling authorities a great jealousy of mobs and popular gatherings. To a grand revolutionary teacher, no obstacle so fatal as this initial prejudice could have offered itself. Already,

which attended his teaching, and in the fear as well as hatred which possessed the Jewish rulers against him. Indeed, so great was this fear, so great was this hatred, that, had it not been for the predominance of the Roman element in the government of Judea, it is pretty certain that Christ would have been crushed in an earlier stage of his career.

Believing, therefore, as Judas did, and perhaps had reason to do, that Christ contemplated the establishment of a temporal kingdom—the restoration, in fact, of David's throne; believing also that all the conditions towards the realisation of such a scheme met and centred in the person of Christ, what was it that, upon any solution intelligible to Judas, neutralised so grand a scheme of promise? Simply and obviously, to a man with the views of Judas, it was the character of Christ himself, sublimely over-gifted for purposes of speculation, but, like Shakspere's great creation of Prince Hamlet, not correspondingly endowed for the business of action and the clamorous emergencies of life. Indecision and doubt (such was the interpretation of Judas) crept over the faculties of the Divine Man as

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in the *first* place, a new and mysterious body of truth, having vast and illimitable relations to human duties and prospects, presented a field of indefinite alarm. That this truth should, in the *second* place, publish itself, not through books and written discourses, but orally, by word of mouth, and by personal communication between vast mobs and the divine teacher—already *that*, as furnishing a handle of influence to a mob-leader, justified a preliminary alarm. But then, *thirdly*, as furnishing a plea for bringing crowds together, such a mode of teaching must have crowned the suspicious presumptions against itself. One peril there was at any rate to begin with—the peril of a mob: *that* was certain. And, secondly, there was the doctrine taught: which doctrine was mysterious; and in that uncertainty lay another peril. Thirdly, beside the *opening* to a mob interest, there was a mob connection actually formed. So that, equally through what was fixed and what was doubtful, there arose that "fear of change" which "perplexes monarchs."

often as he was summoned away from his own natural Sabbath of heavenly contemplation to the gross necessities of action. It became important, therefore, according to the views adopted by Judas, that his master should be *precipitated* into action by a force from without, and thrown into the centre of some popular movement, such as, once beginning to revolve, could not afterwards be suspended or checked. Christ must be *compromised* before doubts could have time to form. It is by no means improbable that this may have been the theory of Judas. Nor is it at all necessary to seek for the justification of such a theory, considered as a matter of prudential policy, in Jewish fanaticism. The Jews of that day were distracted by internal schisms. Else, and with any benefit from national unity, the headlong rapture of Jewish zeal, when combined in vindication of their insulted temple and temple-worship, would have been equal to the effort of dislodging the Roman legionary force *for the moment* from the military possession of Palestine. After which, although the restoration of the Roman supremacy could not ultimately have been evaded, it is by no means certain that a *temperamentum* or reciprocal scheme of concessions might not have been welcome at Rome, such as had, in fact, existed under Herod the Great and his father.* The radical power,

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" *Under Herod the Great and his father:*"—It was a tradition which circulated at Rome down to the days of the Flavian family (*i. e.*, Vespasian the tenth Cæsar, and his two sons—Titus the eleventh, and Domitian the twelfth), that the indulgence conceded to Judea by the imperial policy from Augustus downwards arose out of the following little diplomatic secret:—On the rise of the Parthian power, ambassadors had been sent to Antipater, the father of Herod, offering the Parthian alliance and support. At the same moment there happened to be in Judea a Roman agent, charged with a mission from the Roman Government, having exactly the same objects. The question was most solemnly debated, for it was obvious, that ultimately this question touched the salvation of the

under such a scheme, would have been lodged in Rome; but with such external concessions to Jewish nationality as might have consulted the real interests of both parties. Administered under Jewish names, the land would have yielded a larger revenue than, as a refractory nest of insurgents, it ever *did* yield to the Roman exchequer; and, on the other hand, a ferocious bigotry, which was really sublime in its indomitable obstinacy, might have been humoured without prejudice to the grandeur of the *imperial* claims. Even little Palmyra in later times was indulged to a greater extent, without serious injury in any quarter, had it not been for the feminine arrogance in little insolent Zenobia that misinterpreted and abused that indulgence.

The miscalculation, in fact, of Judas Iscariot—supposing him really to have entertained the views ascribed to him—did not hinge at all upon political oversights, but upon a total spiritual blindness; in which blindness, however, he went no farther than at that time did probably most of his brethren. Upon *them*, quite as little as upon *him*, had yet dawned the true grandeur of the Christian scheme. In this only he outran his brethren—that, sharing in their blindness, he greatly exceeded them in presumption. All alike had imputed to their master views utterly irreconcilable with the grandeur of his new and heavenly religion. It was no religion at all which they,

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kingdom; since to accept an alliance with either empire would be to *insure* the bitter hostility of the other. With that knowledge fully before his mind, Antipater made his definitive election for Rome. The case transpired at Rome—the debate, and the issue of the debate—and eventually proved worth a throne to the Herodian family; for the honour of Rome seemed to be concerned in supporting that oriental man who, in this sort of judgment of Paris, had solemnly awarded the prize of superiority *(Detur meliori)* to the western potentate.

previously to the crucifixion, supposed to be the object of Christ's teaching; it was a mere preparation for a pitiably vulgar scheme of earthly aggrandisement. But, whilst the other apostles had simply failed to comprehend their master, Judas had presumptuously assumed that he *did* comprehend him; and understood his purposes better than Christ himself. His object was audacious in a high degree, but (according to the theory which I am explaining) for that very reason not treacherous at all. The more that he was liable to the approach of audacity, the less can he be suspected of perfidy. He supposed himself executing the very innermost purposes of Christ, but with an energy which it was the characteristic infirmity of Christ to want. He fancied that by *his* vigour of action were fulfilled those great political changes which Christ approved, but wanted audacity to realise. His hope was, that, when at length actually arrested by the Jewish authorities, Christ would no longer vacillate; he would be forced into giving the signal to the populace of Jerusalem, who would then rise unanimously, for the double purpose of placing Christ at the head of an insurrectionary movement, and of throwing off the Roman yoke. As regards the worldly prospects of this scheme, it is by no means improbable that Iscariot was right. It seems, indeed, altogether impossible that he, who (as the treasurer of the apostolic fraternity) had in all likelihood the most of worldly wisdom, and was best acquainted with the temper of the times, could have made any gross blunder as to the wishes and secret designs of the populace in Jerusalem.[1]

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[1] "*Of the populace in Jerusalem:*"—Judas, not less than the other apostles, had doubtless been originally chosen, upon the apparent ground of superior simplicity and unworldliness, or else of superior zeal in testifying obedience to the wishes of his master. But the other eleven were

This populace, however, not being backed by any strong section of the aristocracy, having no confidence again in any of the learned bodies connected with the great service of their national temple, neither in Scribes nor Pharisees, neither in Sadducees nor Levites, and having no leaders, were apparently dejected, and without unity. The probability meantime is, that some popular demonstration would have been made on behalf of Christ, had he himself offered it any encouragement. But we, who know the incompatibility of any such encouragement with the primary purpose of Christ's mission upon earth, know of necessity that Judas, and the populace on which he relied, must

probably exposed to no special temptation: Judas, as the purse-bearer, *was*. His official duty must have brought him every day into minute and circumstantial communication with an important order of men—viz., petty shopkeepers; what in modern Scotland are called *merchants*. In all countries alike, these men fulfil a great political function. Beyond all others, they are brought into the most extensive connection with the largest *stratum* by far in the composition of society. They receive, and with dreadful fidelity they give back, all Jacobinical impulses. They know thoroughly in what channels, under any call arising for insurrectionary action, these impulses are at any time moving. In times of fierce political agitation, these are the men who most of all are kept up *au courant* of the interior councils and policy amongst the great body of acting conspirators. Consciousness, which such men always have, of deep incorruptible fidelity to their mother-land, and to her interests, however ill understood, ennobles their politics, even when otherwise base. They are corrupters in a service that never can be utterly corrupt. Traitors to the government, they cannot be traitors to the country. They have, therefore, a power to win attention from virtuous men; and, being known to speak a representative language (known, I mean, to speak the thoughts of the national majority), they would easily, in a land so agitated and unreconciled, so wild, stormy, and desperately ignorant as Judea, kindle in stirring minds the most fiery contagions of principle and purpose. Judas, being thus, on the one hand, kept through these men in vital sympathy with the restless politics of the insurrectionist populace; on the other hand, hearing daily from his master a sublime philosophy that rested for its key-note upon the advent of vast revolutions among men—what wonder that he should connect these contradictory but parallel currents of his hourly experience by a visionary synthesis?

equally and simultaneously have found themselves undeceived for ever. In an instant of time one grand decisive word and gesture of Christ must have put an end peremptorily to all hopes of that kind. In that brief instant, enough was made known to Judas for final despair. Whether he had ever drunk profoundly enough from the cup of spiritual religion to understand the full *meaning* of Christ's refusal, not only the *fact* of this refusal, but also the infinity of what secretly it involved; whether he still adhered to his worldly interpretation of Christ's mission, and simply translated the refusal into a confession that all was lost, whilst in very fact all was on the brink of absolute and triumphant consummation, it is impossible for us, without documents or hints, to conjecture. Enough is apparent to show that, in reference to any hopes that could be consolatory for *him*, all was indeed lost. The kingdom of this world had melted away in a moment like a cloud; and it mattered little to a man of *his* nature that a spiritual kingdom survived, if in his heart there were no spiritual organ by which he could appropriate the new and stunning revelation. Equally he might be swallowed up by despair in the case of retaining his old worldly delusions, and finding the ground of his old anticipations suddenly giving way below his feet, or again in the opposite case of suddenly correcting his own false constructions of Christ's mission, and of suddenly apprehending a far higher purpose; but which purpose, in the very moment of becoming intelligible, rose into a region far beyond his own frail fleshly sympathies. He might read more truly; but what of that, if the new truth, suddenly made known as a *letter*, were in *spirit* absolutely nothing at all to the inner sense of his heart? The despondency of Judas might be of two different qualities, more or less

selfish; indeed, I would go so far as to say, selfish or altogether unselfish. And it is with a view to this question, and under a persuasion of a wrong done to Judas by gross mistranslation disturbing the Greek text, that I entered at all upon this little memorandum. Else what I have hitherto been attempting to explain (excepting, however, the part relating to the *hakim*, which is entirely my own suggestion) belongs in part to German writers. The whole construction of the Iscariot's conduct, as arising, not out of perfidy, but out of his sincere belief that some quickening impulse was called for by a morbid feature in Christ's temperament—all this, I believe, was originally due to the Germans; and it is an important correction; for it must always be important to recall within the fold of Christian forgiveness any one who has long been sequestered from human charity, and has tenanted a Pariah grave. In the greatest and most memorable of earthly tragedies, Judas is a prominent figure. So long as the earth revolves, he cannot be forgotten. If, therefore, there is a doubt affecting his case, he is entitled to the benefit of that doubt; and if he has suffered to any extent—if simply to the extent of losing a palliation, or the shadow of a palliation—by means of a false translation from the Greek, we ought not to revise merely, or simply to mitigate his sentence, but to dismiss him from the bar. The Germans make it a question—in what spirit the Iscariot lived? *My* question is—in what spirit he died? If he were a traitor at last, in that case he was virtually a traitor always. If in the last hours of his connection with Christ he perpetrated a treason, and even (which is our vulgar reading of the case) a mercenary treason, then he must have been dallying with purposes of treason during all the hours of his apostleship. If, in reality, when selling his mas-

ter for money, he meant to betray him, and regarded the money as the commensurate motive for betraying him, then his case will assume a very different aspect from that impressed upon it by the German construction of the circumstances.

The *life* of Judas, and the *death* of Judas, taken apart, or taken jointly, each separately upon independent grounds, or both together upon common grounds, are open to doubts and perplexities. And possibly the double perplexities, if fully before us, might turn out each to neutralise the other. Taking them jointly, we might ask—Were they, this life and this death, to be regarded as a common movement on behalf of a deep and heart-fretting Hebrew patriotism, which was not the less sincere, because it ran headlong into the unamiable form of rancorous nationality and inhuman bigotry? Were they a wild degeneration from a principle originally noble? Or, on the contrary, this life and this death, were they alike the expression of a base, mercenary selfishness, caught and baffled in the meshes of its own chicanery? The life, if it could be appreciated in its secret principles, might go far to illustrate the probable character of the death. The death, if its circumstances were recoverable, and could be liberated from the self-contradictory details in the received report, might do something to indicate retrospectively the character and tenor of that life. The life of Judas, under a German construction of it, as a spasmodic effort of vindictive patriotism and of rebellious ambition, noble by possibility in its grand central motive, though erring and worldly minded of necessity in the potential circumstances of its evolution, when measured by a standard so exalted as that of Christianity, would infer (as its natural sequel) a death of fierce despair. Read under the ordinary construction as a life

exposed to temptations that were petty, and frauds that were always mercenary, it could not reasonably be supposed to furnish any occasion for passions upon so great a scale as those which seem to have been concerned in the tragical end of Judas, whether the passions were those of remorse and penitential anguish, or of frantic wrath and patriotic disappointment. Leaving, however, to others the task of conjecturally restoring its faded lineaments to this mysterious record of a crime that never came before any human tribunal, I separately pursue a purpose that is narrower. I seek to recall and to recombine the elements, not of the Iscariot's life, nor of his particular offence, but simply of his death—which final event in his career, as a death marked by singular circumstances, might, if once truly deciphered, throw back some faint illustrative light, both upon the life and upon the offence.

The reader is probably aware that there has always been an obscurity, or even a perplexity, connected with the death of Judas. Two only out of the entire five documents, which record the rise and early history of Christianity, have circumstantially noticed this event. The evangelists Mark, Luke, and John, leave it undescribed. St Matthew and the Acts of the Apostles have bequeathed to us a picturesque account of it, which, to my own belief, has been thoroughly misunderstood; and, once *being* misunderstood, naturally enough has been interpreted as something fearfully preternatural. The crime, though great, of the Iscariot has probably been much exaggerated. It was, under my interpretation, the crime of signal and earthly presumption, seeking not to thwart the purposes of Christ, still less to betray them—on the contrary, to promote them; but how?—by means utterly at war with their central spirit. As far as can be judged, it

was an attempt to forward the counsels of God by weapons borrowed from the armoury of darkness. The crime being once misapprehended (as a crime without a name or a precedent), it was inevitable that the punishment, so far as it was expounded by the death of the criminal, should, in obedience to this first erroneous preconception, be translated into something preternatural. To a mode of guilt which seemed to have no parallel, it was reasonable enough that there should be apportioned a death which allowed of no medical explanation.*

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* *"No medical explanation:"*—In neutral points, having no relation to morals or religious philosophy, it is not concealed by the scriptural records themselves, that even inspired persons made grave mistakes. All the apostles, it is probable, or with the single exception of St John (which single exception I make in deference to many parts of the Apocalypse arguing too evidently an immunity from this error), shared in the mistake about the second coming of Christ, as an event immediately to be looked for. With respect to diseases, again, it is evident that the apostles, in common with all Jews, were habitually disposed to read in them distinct manifestations of heavenly wrath. In blindness, for instance, or, again, in death from the fall of a tower, they read, as a matter of course, a plain expression of the divine displeasure pointed at an individual. That they should even so far pause as to doubt whether the individual or his parents had been the object of this displeasure, arose only out of those cases where innocent infants were the sufferers. This, in fact, was a prejudice inalienable from their Jewish training; and as it would unavoidably lead oftentimes to judgments not only false, but also uncharitable, it received, on more occasions than one, a stern rebuke from Christ himself. In the same spirit, it is probable that the symptoms attending death were sometimes erroneously reported as preternatural, when, in fact, such as every hospital could match. The death of the first Herod was regarded by the early Christians universally as a judicial expression of God's wrath to the author of the massacre at Bethlehem, though in reality the symptoms were such as often occur in obstinate derangements of the nervous system. Indeed, as to many features, the malady of the French king, Charles IX., whose nervous system had been shattered by the horrors of the St Bartholomew massacre, very nearly resembled it, with such differences as might be looked for between an old, ruined constitution, such as Herod's, and one so full of youthful blood as that of Charles. In the Acts of the Apostles, again, the grand-

This demur, moreover, of obscurity was not the only one raised against the death of Judas: there was a separate objection—that it was inconsistent with itself. He was represented, in the ordinary modern versions, as dying by a double death—viz. (1.), by a suicidal death: "*he went and hanged himself*"—this is the briéf account of his death given by St Matthew; but (2.) by a death *not* suicidal: in the Acts of the Apostles we have a very different account of his death, not suggesting suicide at all, and otherwise describing it as mysteriously complex; that is, presenting us with various circumstances of the case, none of which, in the common vernacular versions (whether English or continental), is at all intelligible. The elements in the case are three: that he "fell down headlong;" that he "burst asunder in the middle;" and that "his bowels gushed out"—the first of these elements being unintelligible, as regards any previous circumstances stated in the report; and the two others being purely and blankly impossible.

These objections to the particular mode of that catastrophe which closed the career of Judas, had been felt pretty generally in the Christian Church, and probably from the earliest times; and the more so on account of that deep obscurity which rested upon the nature of his offence. That a man, who had been solemnly elected into the small band of the apostles, should so far wander from

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son of Herod the Great—viz., Herod Agrippa—is evidently supposed to have died by a judicial and preternatural death, whereas, apparently, one part of his malady was the *morbus pedicularis*—cases of which I have myself circumstantially known in persons of all ranks; one, for instance, being that of an English countess, rich beyond the scale of oriental sultans, and the other a female upper servant in my mother's household. Both died. Sylla, the great Roman leader, died of the same disease.

his duty as to incur forfeiture of his great office—this was in itself sufficiently dreadful, and a shocking revival to the human imagination of that eldest amongst all *moral* traditions—a tradition descending to us from what date we know not, nor through what channel of possible communication—viz., the obscure tale that even into the heaven of heavens, and amongst the angelic hosts, rebellion against God, long before man and human frailty existed, should have crept by some contagion metaphysically inconceivable. What search could be sufficient, where even the eye of Christ had failed to detect any germ of evil? Into the choir of angelic hosts, though watched by God—into the choir of apostles, though searched by Christ—had a traitor crept? Still, though the crime of Judas had doubtless been profound,* and evidently to me it had been the intention of the early church to throw a deep pall of mystery over its extent, charity—that unique charity which belongs to Christianity, as being the sole charity ever preached to men, which "hopeth all things"—inclined through every age the hearts of musing readers to suspend their verdict where the Scriptures had themselves practised a noticeable reserve, and where (if only through the extreme perplexity of their final and revised expressions) they had left an opening, or almost an invitation, to doubt. The doubt was left by the primitive church where Scripture had left it. There was not any absolute necessity that this should ever be cleared up to man. But it was felt from the very first that some call was made upon the church to explain and to har-

* "*Profound.*"—In measuring which, however, the reader must not allow himself to be too much biassed by the *English* phrase, "son of *perdition*." To find such words as shall graduate and adjust their depth of feeling to the scale of another language, and that language a dead language, is many times beyond all reach of human skill.

monise the apparently contradictory expressions used in what may be viewed as the *official* report of the one memorable domestic tragedy in the infant stage of the Christian history. *Official* I call it, as being in a manner countersigned by the whole confederate church, when proceeding to their first common act in filling up the vacancy consequent upon the transgression of Judas, whereas the account of St Matthew pleaded no authority but his own. And *domestic* I call the tragedy, in prosecution of that beautiful image under which a father of our English Church has called the twelve apostles, when celebrating the paschal feast, "the *family** of Christ."

This early essay of the church to harmonise the difficult expressions employed in the Acts of the Apostles—an essay which, therefore, recognises at once the fact that these expressions really *were* likely to perplex the simple-

* "*The family of Christ.*"—For the reader must not forget that the original meaning of the Latin word *familia* was not at all what we moderns mean by a *family*, but the sum total of the *famuli*. To say, therefore, in speaking of a Roman nobleman, "that his entire *familia*, numbering four hundred individuals, had been crucified," would not, to a Roman audience, convey the impression that his children or grandchildren, his cognati or agnati, those of his affinity or his consanguinity, could have entered into the list by the very smallest fraction. It would be understood that his slaves had perished judicially, and none beside. So again, whenever it is said in an ancient classic that such or such a man had a large family, or that he was kind to his family, or was loved by his family, always we are to understand not at all his wife and children, but the train and retinue of his domestic slaves. Now, the relation of the apostles to their master, and the awfulness of their dependency upon him, which represented a golden chain suspending the whole race of man to the heavens above, justified, in the first place, that form of expression which should indicate the humility and loyalty that is owned by servants to a lord; whilst, on the other hand, the tenderness involved in the relations expressed by the English word *family* redressed what might else have been too austere in the idea, and recomposed the equilibrium between the two forces of reverential awe and of child-like love which are equally indispensable to the orbicular perfection of Christian fealty.

hearted, and not merely to perplex such readers as systematically raised cavils—was brought forward in the earliest stage of the church, and under the sanction of the very highest authority—viz., by one who sat at the feet of the beloved apostle; by one, therefore, who, if he had not seen Christ, had yet seen familiarly him in whom Christ most confided. But I will report the case in the words of that *golden-mouthed* rhetorician, that *Chrysostom* of the English Church, from whose lips all truth came mended, and who, in spite of Shakspere himself, found it possible

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> And add another perfume to the violet."

The following is the account given by Jeremy Taylor of the whole history, in so far as it affects the Scripture report of what Judas did, and what finally he suffered:—"Two days before the passover, the Scribes and Pharisees called a council to contrive crafty ways* of destroying Jesus, they not daring to do it by open violence. Of which meeting, when Judas Iscariot had notice (for those assemblies were public and notorious), he ran from Bethany, and offered himself to betray his master to them, if they would give him a considerable reward. They agreed for thirty pieces of silver." In a case so memorable as this, nothing is or can be trivial; and even that curiosity is not unhallowed which has descended to inquire what sum, at

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"*Crafty ways:*"—Otherwise it must naturally occur to every reader—What powers could Judas furnish towards the arrest of Jesus beyond what the authorities in Jerusalem already possessed? But the bishop suggests that the dilemma was this:—By day it was unsafe to seize him, such was the veneration of the populace for his person. If done at all, it must be done during the darkness. But precisely during those hours, Christ withdrew into solitudes known only to his disciples. So that to corrupt one of these was the preliminary step to the discovery of that secret.

that era of Jewish history, this expression might indicate. The bishop replies thus:—"Of what value each piece was, is uncertain; but their own nation hath given a rule, that, when a piece of silver is named in the Pentateuch, it signifies a *sicle;* * if it be named in the Prophets, it signifies a *pound;* if in the other writings of the Old Testament, it signifies a *talent.*" For this, besides other less familiar authority, there is cited the well-known Arius Montanus, in the Syro-Chaldaic dictionary. It is, however, self-evident that any service open to Judas would have been preposterously overpaid by thirty Attic talents, a sum which exceeded five thousand pounds sterling. And since this particular sum had originally rested on the authority of a prophet, cited by one of the evangelists,† "it is probable," proceeds the bishop, "that the price at which Judas sold his Lord was thirty pounds weight of silver [that is, about ninety guineas sterling in English money]—a goodly price for the Saviour of the world to be prized at by his undiscerning and unworthy countrymen." Where, however,

* By which coin I conceive that the illustrious bishop understood a Hebrew *shekel*, which I have always represented to myself as a *rupee;* for each alike, shekel or rupee, was—1. a silver coin; 2. a most ugly coin; 3. when in its normal state, worth half-an-ounce of silver—*i. e.*, an English half-crown; 4. liable to sink into another coin, equal in ugliness, but less in value—viz., the modern English *florin*. Fifty years ago (as I by a lively experience remember), a sound *sicca* rupee passed current in Bengal for thirty English pence. But since then it has descended into decimal uses, being, for a whole generation back, uniformly accounted the exact tenth part of our pound. So that a *lac* of rupees, which means a *hundred thousand* rupees, is the ordinary expression all over India for ten thousand pounds sterling.

† Viz., St Matthew. Upon which the bishop notices the error which had crept into the prevailing text of Jeremias instead of Zecharias. But in the fourth century some copies had already corrected this reading; which, besides, had a traditional excuse in the proverbial saying that the spirit of Jeremias had settled and found a resting-place in Zecharias.

the learned bishop makes a slight oversight in logic, since it was not precisely Christ that was so valued—this prisoner as against the certain loss of this prisoner—but simply this particular mode of contending with the difficulty attached to his apprehension, since, in the very worst case, this opportunity lost might be replaced by other opportunities; and the price, therefore, was not calculated as it would have been under one solitary chance; that is, the price was not measured (as the bishop assumes it to have been) against the total and final value of Christ.

The bishop then proceeds with the rehearsal of all the circumstances connected with the pretended trial of Christ; and coming in the process of his narrative to the conduct of Judas on learning the dreadful turn which things were taking (conduct which surely argues that he had anticipated a most opposite catastrophe), he winds up the case of the Iscariot in the following passage:—"When Judas heard that they had passed the final and decretory sentence of death upon his Lord, he, who thought not it would have gone so far, repented him to have been an instrument of so damnable a machination, and came and brought the silver which they gave him for hire, and threw it in amongst them, and said, 'I have sinned in betraying the innocent blood.' But they, incurious of those hell-torments Judas felt within him, because their own fires burned not yet, dismissed him." I pause for a moment to observe that, in the expression "repented him to have been an instrument," the context shows the bishop intending to represent Judas as recoiling from the issue of his own acts, and from so damnable a machination, not because his better feelings were evoked, as the prospect of ruin to his master drew near, and that he shrank from that same thing when taking a definite shape of fulfilment,

which he had faced cheerfully when at a distance. Not at all: the bishop's meaning is, that Judas recoiled from his own acts at the very instant when he began to understand their real consequences now solemnly opening upon his horrorstricken understanding; not (understand me) as consequences to which he could no longer reconcile himself, now that they drew nearer, but as consequences to which he never *had* reconciled himself for a moment—consequences, in fact, to which he had never adverted as possibilities. He had hoped, probably, much from the Roman interference; and the history itself shows that in this he had not been at all too sanguine. Justice has never yet been done to the conduct of Pilate. That man has little comprehended the style and manner of the New Testament who does not perceive the demoniac earnestness of Pilate to effect the liberation of Christ, or who fails to read the anxiety of the several evangelists to put on record his profound sympathy with the prisoner. The falsest word that ever yet was uttered upon any part of the New Testament, is that sneer of Lord Bacon's at "*jesting* Pilate." Pilate was in deadly earnest from first to last; never for a moment had he "jested;" and he retired from his frantic effort on behalf of Christ, only when his own safety began to be seriously compromised. Do the thoughtless accusers of Pilate fancy that he was a Christian, or under the moral obligations of a Christian? If not, why, or on what principle, was he to ruin himself at Rome, in order to favour one whom he could not save at Jerusalem? How reasonably Judas had relied upon the Roman interference, is evident from what actually took place. Judas relied, secondly, upon the Jewish mob; and that this reliance also was well warranted, appears from repeated instances of the fear with which the Jewish rulers

contemplated Christ. Why did they fear him at all? Why did they fear him in the very lowest degree? Simply as he was backed by the people: had it not been for *their* support, Christ was no more an object of terror to them than his herald, the Baptist. But what I here insist on is (which else, from some expressions, the reader might fail to understand), that Jeremy Taylor nowhere makes the mistake of supposing Judas to have originally designed the ruin of his master, and nowhere understands by his "repentance" that he felt remorse on coming near to consequences which from a distance he had tolerated or even desired. He admits clearly that Judas was a traitor only in the sense of seeking his master's aggrandisement by methods which placed him in revolt against that master, methods which not only involved express and formal disobedience to that master, but which ran into headlong hostility against the spirit of all that he came on earth to effect. It was the revolt, not of perfidious malignity, but of arrogant and carnal blindness. It was the revolt (as Jeremy Taylor rightly views it) of one who sought to the last the fulfilment of his master's will, but by methods running counter to that master's will. In respect to the gloomy termination of the Iscariot's career, and to the perplexing account of it given in the Acts of the Apostles, the bishop closes his account thus:—"And Judas went and hanged himself; and the judgment was made more notorious and eminent by an unusual accident at such deaths; for he so swelled, that he burst, and his bowels gushed out. But the Greek scholiast and some others report out of Papias, St John's scholar, that Judas fell from the fig-tree on which he hanged before he was quite dead, and survived his attempt some while; being so sad a spectacle of deformity and pain, and a prodigious tumour, that his plague

was deplorable and highly miserable; till at last he burst in the very substance of his trunk, as being extended bevond the possibilities * and capacities of nature."

In this corrected version of Papias, we certainly gain an intelligible account of what otherwise is far from intelligible—viz., the *falling headlong*. But all the rest is a dismal heap of irrationalities; and the single ray of light which is obtained—viz., the suggestion of the fig-tree as an elevation, which explains the possibility of a headlong fall, or any fall whatever—is of itself an argument that some great disturbance must have happened to the text at this point; else how could so material a circumstance have silently dropped out of the narrative? There are passages in every separate book of the canon, into which accident, or the somnolence of copyists, or their blind stupidity, or rash self-conceit, has introduced errors seriously disturbing the sense and the coherence. Many of these have been rectified in the happiest manner by ingenious suggestions; and a considerable proportion of these suggestions has been since verified and approved by the discovery of new manuscripts, or the more accurate collation of old ones. In the present case, a much slighter change than might be supposed requisite will suffice to elicit a new and perfect sense from the general outline of that text which still survives. First, as to the phrase "*fell headlong*," I do not understand it of any fall from a fig-tree, or from any tree whatever. This fig-tree I regard as a purely fanciful and innovating resource; and evidently any innovation ranks to this extent amongst those conjectural audacities which shock the discreet reader, as unsatisfactory and licentious, because purely gratuitous, when they rest upon no traces that can be in-

* "*Possibilities:*"—*Quære*—whether the true reading is not more probably "passibilities;" *i. e.*, liabilities to suffering.

dicated as still lurking in the present text. *Fell headlong* may stand as at present: it needs no change, for it discloses a very good and sufficient sense, if we understand it figuratively as meaning that he came to utter and unmitigated ruin; that his wreck was total; for that, instead of dedicating himself to a life of penitential sorrow, such as would assuredly have conciliated the divine forgiveness, the unhappy criminal had rushed out of life by suicide. So far, at least, all is coherent, and under no further obligations to change, small or great, beyond the reading in a metaphorical sense that which, if read (as hitherto) in a literal sense, would require the very serious interpolation of an imaginary fig-tree.

What remains is equally simple: the change involves as little violence, and the result from this change will appear not at all less natural. But a brief preliminary explanation is requisite, in order to place it advantageously before the reader. The ancients use the term *bowels* with a latitude unknown generally to modern literature, but especially to English literature. In the midst of the far profounder passion which distinguishes the English from all literatures on the modern European continent, it is singular that a fastidious decorum never sleeps for a moment. It might be imagined, that this fastidiousness would be in the inverse ratio of the passion: but it is not so. In particular, the French, certainly the literature which ranges at the lowest elevation upon the scale of passion, nevertheless is often homely, and even gross, in its recurrences to frank elementary nature. For a lady to describe herself as laughing *à gorge deployée*, a grossness which with us, equally on the stage or in real life, would be regarded with horror, amongst the French attracts no particular attention. Again, amidst the supposed refine-

ments of French tragedy, and not the coarser (because earlier) tragedy of Corneille, but amidst the more feminine and polished tragedy of Racine, there is no recoil at all from saying of such or such a sentiment, "*Il me perce les entrailles*" ("it penetrates my bowels"). The Greeks and Romans still more extensively use the several varieties of expression for *the intestines*, as a symbolic phraseology for the domestic and social affections. We English even, fastidious as we are, employ the term *bowels* as a natural symbolisation for the affections of pity, mercy, or parental and brotherly affection. At least we do so in recurring to the simplicities of the scriptural style. But, amongst the Romans, the word *viscera* is so naturally representative of the household affections, that at length it becomes necessary to recall an English reader to the true meaning of this word. Through some prejudice, originating in the absurd physiology of our worshipful Pagan masters, Greek and Roman, it is true that the bowels have always been regarded as the seat of the more tender and sorrowing sympathies. But the *viscera* comprehended *all* the intestines, or (as the French term them) *les entrailles*. The heart even is a *viscus;* perhaps, in a very large acceptation, the brain might be regarded as a co-viscus with the heart. There is very slight ground for holding the brain to be the organ of thinking, or the heart of moral sensibilities, more than the stomach, or the bowels, or the intestines generally. But waive all this: the Romans designated the seat of the larger and nobler (*i. e.*, the moral) sensibilities indifferently by these three terms—the *pectus*, the *præcordia*, and the *viscera;* as to the *cor*, it seems to me that it denoted the heart in its grosser and more animal capacities: "Molle meum levibus *cor* est violabile telis;" the *cor* was the seat of sexual passion; but nobler and more reflective sensibilities

inhabited the *pectus* or *præcordia;* and naturally out of these physiologic preconceptions arose corresponding expressions for wounded or ruined sensibilities. We English, for instance, insist on the disease of *broken heart,* which Sterne, in a well-known passage, postulates as a malady not at all the less definite than phthisis or podagra, because it is not formally recognised in the bills of mortality. But it is evident that a theory which should represent the *viscera* as occupied by those functions of the moral sensibilities which *we* place in the central *viscus* of the heart, must, in following out that hypothesis, figure the case of these sensibilities when utterly ruined under corresponding images. Our "broken heart" will therefore to them become ruptured *viscera,* or *præcordia* that have burst. To burst in the middle, is simply to be shattered and ruined in the *central* organ of our sensibilities, which is the heart; and in saying that the *viscera* of Iscariot, or his middle, had burst and gushed out, the original reporter meant simply that his heart had broke. That was precisely his case. Out of pure anguish that the scheme which he meant for the sudden glorification of his master had recoiled (according to all worldly interpretation) in his utter ruin; that the sudden revolution, through a democratic movement, which was to raise himself and his brother apostles into Hebrew princes, had scattered them like sheep without a shepherd; and that, superadded to this common burden of ruin, he personally had to bear a separate load of conscious disobedience to God, and insupportable responsibility; naturally enough, out of all this he fell into fierce despair; *his heart broke;* and under that storm of affliction he hanged himself. Here, again, all clears itself up by the simple substitution of a figurative interpretation for one grossly and ludicrously physical.

All contradiction disappears; not three deaths assault him —viz., suicide, and also a rupture of the intestines, and also an unintelligible effusion of the viscera—but simply suicide, and suicide as the result of that despondency which was figured under the natural idea of a broken heart or ruptured præcordia. The incoherences are gone; the contradictions have vanished; and the gross physical absurdities, which under mistranslation had perplexed the confiding student, no longer disfigure the Scriptures.

Looking back to the foot-note on the oriental idea of the *hakim*, or itinerating *Therapeuta—i. e.* (if expressed by a modern idea), *missionary* physician—as a mask politically assumed by Christ and the evangelists, under the conviction of its indispensableness to the propagation of Christian philosophy, I am induced, for the sake of detaining the reader's eye a little longer upon a matter so deeply intertwisted with the birth-throes of dawning Christianity, to subjoin an extract from a little paper written by myself heretofore, but not published. I may add these two remarks—viz., first, that the attribution to St Luke, specially or exclusively, of this medical character, probably had its origin in the simple fact, that an assumption made by *all* the evangelists, and perhaps by all the apostles, attracted a more fixed attention in *him*, and a more abiding remembrance under causes merely local and accidental. One or two of the other apostles having pursued their labours of propagandism under the *avowed* character of *hakims*, many others in the same region would escape special notice in that character, simply because, as men notoriously ready to plead it, they had not been challenged to do so by the authorities; whilst other Christian emissaries, in regions where the government had not become familiar with the readiness to plead such a privilege as part of the apos-

tolic policy, would be driven into the necessity of actually advancing the plea, and would thus (like St Luke, obtain a traditionary claim to the medical title which in a later sense had belonged to all, though all had not been reduced to the necessity of loudly pleading it. Secondly, I would venture to suggest that the *Therapeutæ*, or healers, technically so called, who came forward in Egypt during the generation immediately succeeding to that of Christ, were neither more nor less than disguised apostles to Christianity, preaching the same doctrines essentially as Christ, and under the very same protecting character of *hakims*, but putting forward this character perhaps more prominently, or even retreating into it altogether, according to the increasing danger which everywhere awaited them: for this danger was too generally double; first, from the Pagan natives resenting the insults offered to their own childish superstitions; secondly, and even more ferociously, from the hostile bigotry of expatriated Jews, as they gradually came to understand the true and anti-national views of those who called themselves, or in scorn were by others called, Christians, sometimes Nazarenes, sometimes Galileans.

In short, abstracting altogether from the *hatred* to Christ, founded on the eternal enmity between the worldly and the spiritual, and looking only to the political uneasiness amongst magistrates which accompanied the early footsteps of Christianity, one may illustrate it by the parallel feelings of panic and official persecution which in our own generation (amongst the Portuguese, for instance) have dogged the movements of freemasonry. We in England unwarrantably view this panic as irrational, because amongst ourselves it would be so; for British freemasonry conceals nothing worse than it professes and broadly displays. But, on the

Continent, it became a mask for shrouding any or every system of anti-social doctrine, or, again, at any moment, for playing into the hands of treason and conspiracy. There was always, in the first place, a reasonable fear of secret and perilous doctrines—Communism, for instance, under some modification, or rancorous Jacobinism. And, secondly, suppose that for the present, or in the existing stage of the secret society, there really were no esoteric and mischievous doctrine countenanced, there was at any rate the custom established of meeting together in secret, of corresponding by an alphabet of conventional signals, and of acting by an impenetrable organisation, always applicable to evil purposes, even where it might not originally have been so applied or so designed. The machinery which binds together any secret society, as being always available for evil ends, must inevitably justify a little uneasiness, and therefore more than a little severity, in all political authorities.* And, under those circumstances, the public jealousy must have operated strongly against the free movement of early Christianity: nothing could have disarmed that jealousy except some counter-principle so managed as to insure the freedom of public meetings; for such meetings opened the *sine quâ non* channel to the free propagation of religious doctrines. Unless people could be brought together in crowds, and suffered by jealous authorities to attend in tranquillity upon the oral teachings of an impassioned (some thought, of an inspired) rabbi, what *publication* was possible for any new truth whatever? The fierce dilemma of the fanatical Mussulmans is always at hand—*What* new truth? If it is more than already we possess, then it is false. If the same,

* The Chinese *Triads*, which for some generations have lurked as the framework of a secret society, are only now coming into ruinous action.

then it is superfluous. And the Jewish Church, as it happened, was specially and redundantly armed to meet such a crisis—the crisis, I mean, of a new teacher arising with offers of new truth, whether it were new in the sense of *revolutionary* and *correcting*, or new in the humbler sense of *additional* and *supplementary*. For the Jews had a triple organ for uttering religious doubts, hopes, convictions, or sudden illuminations. There was, first of all (and generally by the sea-shore), the humble *Proseuché*, or oratory for private prayer. Secondly, in every city, domestic or alien, having any considerable resort of Jews (for the Jews were now spread all over the Mediterranean shores and islands, as well as all over Asia Minor), there was a Synagogue; and in this, duly as Saturday came—*i. e.*, the Sabbath—the Law and the Prophets were read, and (according to opportunity) were expounded by some rabbi more or less learned. Finally, for the crown in all *ornamental* senses, and for the *working* consummation as regarded truth and ceremonial shadows, points of law, casuistry, or personal vows, there was the glorious Temple and the temple service. In these circumstances, what opening was left to the prophet of new truth? Apparently none. To *publish* a truth, to diffuse it from an oracular centre—in other words, to diffuse it with power and corresponding pathos—was a mysterious problem. To solve this problem in any sense answering to the great postulates of Christ, seemed hopeless. Books, or newspapers, which *now* form our main resources for publication, could not, at the inaugural stage of Christianity, be looked for under a thousand and half-a-thousand years. As yet, to meet the necessities of a new doctrine that needed to be set afloat amongst mankind, but, above all, of a doctrine that sought popularisation amongst the poor, the unlearned, the abject, the de-

spised, of earth, what channels were there available, what organs known and tried, that might be translated to alien uses, and appropriated by Christianity? I know of but three; and all moving within severe restrictions of their powers, such as far removed them from any religious alliance. In Athens (and derivatively from her, in other great cities) had arisen *Theatres*, tragic and comic—great organs of publication for peculiar modes of truth, and for culture in very ennobling arts, but controlled by bigotry the most ferocious. Another organ of publication, with inferior powers, within even sterner limitations, was found in the dignified resources of the orator, Athenian or Roman, for giving depth and impressiveness to such narrow truths as he contemplated. A third organ lay in the position and sanctity of an Oracle; but of an oracle well accredited. To have any value as an organ of publication, the particular oracle must first possess—what is so important for a speaker in our British senate—"*the ear*" of its audience: and this very few oracles ever had, except the Delphic. Two centuries before the Christian era, a favourable opinion upon a man or a family from the oracle of Delphi was almost equal to a friendly review at present in the London "Quarterly." Perhaps the Delphic concern never rose exactly to the level of the London "Times." Spenser notices that, after all,

> "Not to have been dipp'd in Lethe flood
> Could save the son of Thetis from to die"—

απο τε θνησκειν. And so neither could a first-class estimate of Socrates by the venerable but palsy-stricken oracle of Delphi, save that cunning and libidinous old fellow from to die by hemlock. *Laudatur et alget.* The wicked old man finds his vanity tickled, but his feet getting rigid and cold.

Slight, therefore, and most inconsiderable, was the power

practically of the very greatest organs in Greece for publishing truth with effect. The very idol of Athens could reap no aid from the very Panhellenic organ of glorification and world-wide diffusion. All the power of Delphi and her delirious priestess was not good—did not *tell* in practice—to the extent of one hour's respite from a public execution. Four centuries later, this oracle had sunk into dotage: like Socrates, *laudatur et alget:* the oracle still received gifts and lying homage from princes, but, like Socrates, its feet were growing rigid and paralytically cold.*

In these circumstances, when all the known organs of publication—stage, bema, or rostrum, and the superhuman oracle—had failed jointly, failed memorably and laughably, to create a serviceable patronage on behalf of a man, a book, an event, a public interest, or a truth struggling with the perplexities of development, what engine, what machinery, could be set in motion, or suggested, having power to work as a co-agency with the internal forces of Christian truth? If there were none, then, under all human likelihoods, Christianity must perish in its earliest stage; or, rather, must collapse as a visionary *nisus*—as a spasm of dreamy yearning—before ever it reached such early stage.

* One symptom of increasing dotage had caused infinite laughter for many generations; and to those who detest the hellish religious bigotry of Athens, where free-thinking should rightfully have prevailed, but where it was in reality most of all dangerous, think with triumphant pleasure of the deadly mortification which this symptom inflicted upon the Athenian bigots, who could not deny it or hide it, whilst they beyond all people felt the ignominy and the profane inferences attending so vile a descent. The oracles had, from eldest days, been published in verse. In a rude age this verse had passed unchallenged, like village epitaphs amongst ourselves. But then came a literary age—a literary public, inexorable critics, all wide awake. What followed? Infinite laughter, and finally, on the part of the oracle, the most abject retreat into humble prose. Apollo, the very divinity that originated verse, could not cash a cheque upon himself for the sum of six hexameters: he was insolvent.

Standing at the outset of his career in this perplexity, and knowing well that countenance or collusion from the magistrate was hopeless in his own condition of poverty, Christ, from the armoury of his heavenly resources, brought forward a piece of artillery,* potent for his own purposes, and not evadable by any counter artifice of his opponents. Disease—was that separable from man? He that worked through that ally—could he ever need to shrink or to cower before his enemies in the gate? Nothing in this world was so much the object of dread—alike rational and groundless—as crowds and the gatherings of the people to the magistrates of the ancient world. Yet, on the other hand, without crowds that he might harangue, might instruct, might melt, might mould to his new views, how could the Founder of a new and spiritual faith advance by a solitary foot?

Here, now, are two of the parties interested—namely, the magistrate on the one side, and the Prophet† on the other.

* "*Artillery*" is a scriptural word; at least it is so in the vocabulary of our own vernacular translators. They were much too vigilantly on their guard against all *real* anachronisms not to have weighed scrupulously this term when applied by Jonathan, the son of Saul, and the youthful David, rather more than a thousand years B.C., to the systems of archery (perhaps including the cross-bow, the catapult, and other mechanic aids) in those days known to the warlike tribes of Palestine.

† "*The Prophet:*"—Make no mistake, reader. You, according to modern slang, understand probably by a *prophet* one who foretells coming events. But this is not the scriptural sense of the word; nor am I aware that it is *once* used in such a sense throughout the entire Bible. A *prophet* is that man, in contradistinction to another man, originally creating and moulding a new truth, who comes forward to utter and expound that truth. The two co-agents move in couples—move dualistically. Each is essential to the other. For instance, such a dualism rose like a constellation—rose like the *Gemini*—like the twin brothers Castor and Pollux—in two great Hebrew leaders, simultaneously to guide the hopes and the efforts of Israel, when Israel first moulded himself into a nation—a nation that should furnish in a new sense an old deliverance, a second ark, with a nobler mission—an ark in which might tilt over the

The two parties were directly at issue; and thus, in any ordinary case, no result would follow. But here there was a third party interested—namely, the whole world: after which number one (the magistrate) could no longer be allowed to neutralise number two (the Builder of Truth). It is noticeable, and accordingly it has been often noticed, that nowhere are mobs more terrific and peremptory than in bloody despotisms. And the same truth is illustrated in the English history. During periods in which as yet the multitude enjoyed few absolute rights recognised by the law, mobs, when once put in motion, listened to no checks of authority. Seeing their way clearly under simple indications of blank necessity, or rightful claim, or old traditional usage, headlong they went forward, without fear of consequences, or regard to collateral results.

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angry seas of our mysterious planet that mighty doctrine of God, the Trinity in Unity, which else, perishing in storms, would have left man himself to founder. This dualism of brethren—Aaron the priest, and Moses the lawgiver—luminously illustrate the great dualistic system of functions. Aaron cannot think; Moses cannot speak. The first is blind; the second is dumb. But, moving as a co-operating duad, they become the salvation of Israel: the dumb man, dumb as he is, can see; the blind man, blind as he is, can speak. Moses it is that furnishes the great ideas, the vast scheme of legislation for Israel: Aaron it is that publishes, that gives vocal utterance to these colossal ideas. Failing a Moses, there would be no ideas to manifest: failing an Aaron, there would be no manifestation of these august entities—they would die, and be confounded amidst the clouds of their almighty birth. Now, in Scripture, both Old and New, he that gives utterance to these else perishing conceptions is called a prophet, and is said to prophesy. How else could be explained those multiplied passages in which St Paul notices "gifts of prophecy" as endowments of ordinary occurrence amongst his contemporaries? How absurd, in the common acceptation of the word *prophecy!* And what encouragement would the apostle be thus giving to false and blundering enthusiasm! "Prophesy unto us who it is that struck thee:"—that is, reveal, make manifest, as a thing hidden; not predict as a thing remote from our present time. How shameful, amidst the real and inevitable difficulties of Scripture, to leave sincere and simple-hearted students in conflict with mere idle, and, strictly speaking, false, usages of language!

Pretty nearly the same was doubtless the character of a Jerusalem mob, and precisely because it moved under the same elementary laws of human nature. "I," would say one man, "am not going to weather the torments of a cancer." "Nor will I suffer my poor daughter to pine away under a palsy, only because you are politically jealous of this young man from Nazareth, whom else, I and all my neighbours know equal to the task of relieving her in one hour." "Do not fancy," another would exclaim, "that I will tamely look on in patient acquiescence, whilst my little grand-daughter is shaken every day by epileptic fits; and why? because the Sanhedrim are afraid of the Romans and therefore of gathering mobs? To the great fiend with your Sanhedrim, if *that* is to be the excuse for keeping the blind from seeing, and the lame from walking."

Asking for bread, it is likely enough that the mobs of Judea would have received from their rulers a stone; but asking for what seemed a stone, and by comparison was not much more, indirectly and under a mask they obtained what in a far higher and spiritual sense was bread. A tumult of the people for daily bread, what is traditionally known to all nations as a *bread riot*, cannot be met (it is well understood) by any remedy short of absolute concessions to the rebellious appetite. So, also, and in any land, would be the process and the result, such the fury, such the inexorable demand, such the inevitable concession, for the sake of appropriating instant and miraculous relief offered to agonising diseases.

Once announcing himself, and attesting by daily cures his own mission as a *hakim*, Christ could not be rejected as a public oracle of truth and heavenly counsel to human weakness. This explains what else would have been very obscure, the undue emphasis which Christ allowed men to place upon

his *sanitary* miracles. His very name in Greek—namely, Ἰησους—presented him to men under the idea of the *healer;* but then, to all who comprehended his secret and ultimate functions, as a healer of unutterable and spiritual wounds. That usurpation, by which a very trivial function of Christ's public ministrations was allowed to disturb, and sometimes to eclipse, far grander pretensions, carried with it so far an erroneous impression. But then, on the other hand, seventy-fold it redeemed that error, by securing (which nothing else could have secured) the benefit of a perpetual passport to the *religious* missionary: since, once admitted as a medical counsellor, the missionary, the *hakim,* obtained an *unlimited* right of intercourse. The public police did not *dare* to obstruct the bodily healer; and exactly through that avenue slipped in the spiritual healer. And thus, subsequently, the apostles and their successors all exercised the same medical powers with the same religious results; and each in turn benefited in his spiritual functions by the same privileged character of *hakim.*

RICHARD BENTLEY.*

MANY years ago, walking in the sequestered valleys of Cumberland, with an eminent author† of the present day, we came to a long and desolate sort of gallery, through a wilderness of rocks, which, after rising and narrowing for about two miles, suddenly opened right and left into a little pastoral recess, within the very heart of the highest mountains. This verdant circus presented in its centre a beautiful but tiny lake, locally called a *tarn*,‡ with a wild

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* "Life of Richard Bentley, D.D." By J. H. Monk, D.D. About the time of publication, the author of this Life was raised to the Bishopric of Gloucester.

† "*Eminent author:*"—Viz., who? On second thoughts, there is no call for secresy; and therefore, in this third edition, I abjure it. The eminent author was Robert Southey; the beautiful but litigious solitude (a valley, to which the only road, far from descending, as in making for a valley it should have done, slowly ascended for miles) was *Watenlath*, six miles from Keswick, and three from the foot of Lodore Waterfall.

‡ "*Tarn:*"—Any small lake among mountains much above the level of the larger lakes, and fed, not (as *they* are) by one main stream, but by a number of petty rills trickling down the side of the surrounding hills: from the Danish *taarn*, a *trickling*. The original word is *taar*, Danish for *a tear*. Consequently the notion under which a tarn has been regarded, is that of a *weeping* from the surrounding cliffs; and this is faithful to that differential feature which I have indicated as distinguishing the tarn from the lake—viz., that the latter is the discharge from a per-

brook issuing from it through the road by which we had approached, a few quiet fields upon the margin of the lake, solemn hills looking down upon it from every side; and, finally, a hamlet of seven cottages clustering together, as if for mutual support, in this lovely, but still awful, solitude. A solitude, indeed, so perfect I had never seen; nor had I supposed it possible that, in the midst of populous England, any little brotherhood of households could pitch their tents so far aloof from human society, from its endless tumults, and (one might hope) from its angry passions. Though a valley, and fenced by barriers verdant indeed, but almost insuperable, this little chamber in the hills was yet far above the ordinary elevation of inhabited ground; road there was none, except the rude sort of sheep-track by which we had come; the nearest town, and that a small one, was at six miles' distance; and here, if anywhere, it seemed possible that a world-wearied man should find a perfect rest. "Yes," said our distinguished guide, who had guessed our thoughts—"yes, nature has done *her* part to create in this place an absolute and perpetual Sabbath. And, doubtless, you conceive that, in those low-roofed dwellings her intentions are accomplished. Be undeceived then: lawsuits, and the passions of lawsuits, have carried fierce dissension into this hidden paradise of the hills; and it is a fact, that not one of those seven households will now speak to any one of the other six. I turned away at these words with a pang of misanthropy, and for

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manent river (or possibly brook), whilst the tarn is simply a rocky basin, into which from its cincture of rocky walls are continually weeping down the rains that wash them for ever. Lakers! be thankful to me for solving a question which has hitherto eluded all conjectures. The Danes had a settlement, and have left deep impressions of their language, in its old Icelandic form, amongst the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The names of the mountains are generally Danish.

one moment assented to the King of Brobdingnag—that men are "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

Something of the same sentiment accompanied us at intervals through this "Life of Bentley," and the records which it involves of Cambridge. Where upon this earth shall peace be found, if not within the cloistral solitudes of Oxford and Cambridge? Cities of Corinthian beauty and luxury; with endowments and patronage beyond the revenues of considerable nations; in libraries, in pictures, in cathedrals, surpassing the kings of the earth; and with the resources of capital cities, combining the deep tranquillity of sylvan villages;—places so favoured by time, accident, and law, approach the creations of romance more nearly than any other known realities of Christendom. Yet in these privileged haunts of meditation, hallowed by the footsteps of Bacon and Milton, still echoing to those of Isaac Barrow and Isaac Newton, did the leading society of Cambridge, with that man at their head who, for scholarship, was confessedly "the foremost man of all this world," through a period of forty years fight and struggle with so deadly an *acharnement;* sacrificed their time, energy, fortune, personal liberty, and conscience, to the prosecution of their immortal hatreds; vexed the very altars with their fierce dissensions; and went to their graves so perfectly unreconciled, that, had the classical usage of funeral *cremation* been restored, we might have looked for the old miracle of the Theban Brothers, and expected the very flames which consumed the hostile bodies to revolt asunder, and violently refuse to mingle.* Some of the combatants

* On the expulsion of Œdipus from the throne of the Grecian Thebes, his two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, succeeded him, under an agree-

were young men at the beginning of the quarrel; they were grey-headed, palsied, withered, doting, before it ended. Some had outlived all distinct memory, except of their imperishable hatreds. Many died during its progress; and sometimes their deaths, by disturbing the equilibrium of the factions, had the effect of kindling into fiercer activity those rabid passions which, in a Christian community, they should naturally have disarmed or soothed.

Of feuds so deadly, so enduring, and which continue to interest at the distance of a hundred and forty years, everybody will desire to know who, in a criminal sense, was the author. The usual way of settling such questions is to say, that there were "faults on both sides"—which, however, is not always the case; nor, when it is, are the faults always equal. The Bishop of Gloucester, who gives the fullest materials yet published for a just decision, leaves us to collect it for ourselves. Meantime, I suspect that his general award would be against Bentley; for, though disposed to be equitable, he is by no means indulgent to his hero; and he certainly thinks too highly of Colbatch, the most persevering of all Bentley's enemies, and a malicious old toad. If that, however, be Dr Monk's leaning, there are others (with avenues, perhaps as good, to secret information) whose bias was the other way. In particular, I find Dr Parr, about forty years after Bentley's death, expressing his opinion thus to Dr Charles Burney: "I re-

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ment to reign alternately. Once, however, in possession, the scoundrel Eteocles ignored the compact. His defrauded brother sought military aid, and, by the potent favour of his father-in-law Adrastus, assembled seven armies—one against each of the seven Theban gates. But finally the quarrel was settled by a duel between the two brothers. Both perished. And such was their reciprocal hatred, that, on the common funeral-pyre where the two corpses were placed, even the flames parted asunder to the right and the left, refusing to ascend together.

ceived great entertainment from your account of our Aristarchus; it is well written and well directed; for, in spite of vulgar prejudice, Bentley was eminently right, and the College infamously wrong."—["Dr Parr's Works, vol. vii., p. 389."] My own belief sets in stormily towards the same conclusion. But, even if not, I would propose that at this time of day Bentley should be pronounced right, and his enemies utterly in the wrong. Whilst living, indeed, or whilst surviving in the persons of his friends and relations, the meanest of little rascals has a right to rigorous justice. But when he and his are all bundled off to Hades, it is far better, and more considerate to the feelings of us public, that a little dog should be sacrificed than a great one; for by this means the current of one's sympathy with an illustrious man is cleared of ugly obstructions, and enabled to flow unbroken, which might else be unpleasantly distracted, between his talents, on the one hand, and his knavery, on the other. And one general remark I must make upon the *conduct* of this endless feud, no matter who began it, which will show Bentley's title to the benefit of the rule I have proposed. People, not nice in discriminating, are apt to confound all the parties to a feud under one undistinguishing sentence of reproach; and whatever difference they are compelled to allow in the *objective* features of a quarrel (*i. e.*, its grounds), yet in all the *subjective* features (temper, charity, candour) they see none at all. But, in fact, between Bentley and his antagonists the differences were vital. Bentley had a good heart; generally speaking, his antagonists had not. Bentley was overbearing, impatient of opposition, domineering, sometimes tyrannical. He had, and deservedly, a very lofty opinion of himself; he either had, or affected, too mean a one of his antagonists. *Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis*, was the

motto which he avowed. Coming to the government of a very important college, at a time when its discipline had been greatly relaxed and the abuses were many, his reforms (of which some have been retained even to this day) were pushed with too high a hand; he was too negligent of any particular statute that stood in his way; showed too harsh a disregard to the feelings of gentlemen; and too openly disdained the arts of conciliation. Yet this same man was placable in the highest degree; was generous; needed not to be conciliated by sycophantic arts; and, at the first moment when his enemies would make an opening for him to be so, was full of forgiveness. His literary quarrels, which have left the impression that he was irritable or jealous, were (without one exception) upon *his* part mere retorts to the most insufferable provocations; and though it is true that, when once teased into rousing himself out of his lair, he *did* treat his man with rough play, left him ugly remembrances of his leonine power, and made himself merry with his distressed condition, yet, on the other hand, in his utmost wrath, there was not a particle of malice. How should there? As a scholar, Bentley had that happy exemption from jealousy which belongs *almost* inevitably to conscious power in its highest mode. Reposing calmly on his own supremacy, he was content that pretenders of every size and sort should flutter through their little day, and be carried as far beyond their natural place as the intrigues of friends or the caprice of the public could effect. Unmolested, he was sure never to molest. Some people have a "letch" for unmasking impostors, or for avenging the wrongs of others. Porson, for example—what fiend of mischief drove him to intermeddle with Mr Archdeacon Travis? How Quixotic again in appearance—how mean in its real motive—was Dr Parr's

defence of Leland and Jortin; or, to call it by its true name, Dr Parr's attack upon Bishop Hurd! But Bentley had no touch of this temper. When instances of spurious pretensions came in his way, he smiled grimly and good-naturedly in private, but forbore (sometimes after a world of provocations) to unmask them to the public.*

Some of his most bitter assailants, as Kerr, and Johnson of Nottingham, he has not so much as mentioned; and it remains a problem to this day, whether, in his wise love of peace, he forbore to disturb his own equanimity by reading the criticisms of a malignant enemy, or, having read them, generously refused to crush the insulter. Either way, the magnanimity was equal—for a man of weak irritability is as little able to abstain from hearkening after libels upon himself, as he is from retorting them. Early in life ("Epist. ad Mill.") Bentley had declared, '*Non nostrum est* χειμένοις

* Take, for instance, his conduct to Barnes, the Cambridge Professor of Greek. Bentley well knew that Barnes was an indifferent scholar, whose ponderous erudition was illuminated by neither accuracy of distinction nor elegance of choice. Yet Barnes spoke of himself in the most inflated terms, as though he had been the very Laureate of the Greek muses; and, not content with these harmless vaunts, scattered in conversation the most pointed affronts to Bentley, as the man under whose superiority he secretly groaned. All this Bentley refused to hear; praised him whenever he had an opportunity, even after Barnes intruded himself into the Phalaris dispute, and did him effectual services. At length Barnes published his Homer, and there shot his final arrow against Bentley, not indeed by name, but taking care to guide it to his mark, by words scattered in all companies. Bentley was now roused to put an end to this petty molestation. But how? He wrote a most masterly examination of a few passages in the new edition, addressed it as a confidential letter to Dr Davies, a common friend, desiring him to show it to the professor, by way of convincing him how easy a task such a critic would find it to ruin the character of the book, and thus appealing to his prudence for a cessation of insults; but at the same time assuring Dr Davies that he would on no account offer any public disparagement to a book upon which Barnes had risked a little fortune. Could a more generous way have been devised for repelling public insults?

ἐπεμβαίνειν"—("*It is no practice of mine to trample upon the prostrate*"); and his whole career in literature reflected a commentary upon that maxim. To concede, was to disarm him. How opposite the temper of his enemies! One and all, they were cursed with bad tempers and unforgiving hearts. Cunningham,* James Gronovius, and Johnson, Conyers Middleton,† and Colbatch, all lost their peace of

* With respect to this elegant and acute scholar, the most formidable of Bentley's literary opponents, the following remarkable statement is made by Dr Monk (p. 461):—"Between Alexander Cunningham, the historian, and Alexander Cunningham, the editor of Horace, there are so many particulars of resemblance, that Thompson, the translator of the history, was forced, after a minute inquiry, to remain in suspense whether or not they were the same individual. It appears that they were both Scotchmen, had both been travelling tutors, both resided at the Hague, both at the same period, both were intimate with certain distinguished public characters, both were eminent chess-players, both accomplished scholars, and both lived to an advanced age. These and *many other* coincidences long baffled all inquiry respecting the identity or diversity of the two namesakes: and it has, I believe, but recently been ascertained beyond a doubt, that the critic died at the Hague in 1730, and the historian died in London in 1737." How truly disgusting that they would not die at the same time and place! For in that case the confusion or false identity of the two men would have been permanent and inextricable. As it is, I understand from a learned Scottish friend, that in certain papers which he communicated some years ago to Dr Irving for his Life of Buchanan, and which doubtless will there be found, this curious case of Doppelgänger is fully cleared up. This was written about seven-and-twenty years ago; and the whole case has had time to slip away from my remembrance. But "the learned Scottish friend" must have been Sir William Hamilton: for he was an inexhaustible fountain of interesting literary *memorabilia*. Yet, on the other hand, it is remarkable that Sir William had for many years ceased to hold any friendly intercourse with Dr Irving, being most justly incensed by his obstinate mismanagement of the Advocates' Library. Sir William was early in life one amongst the official "curators" of that great national institution.

† This celebrated man was the most malignant of a malignant crew. In his Review of Bentley's Proposals for Editing the Greek Text of the Greek Testament, he stings like a serpent—more rancorous party pamphlets never were written. He hated Waterland with the same perfect

mind, all made shipwreck of their charity, during the progress of this dispute; some of them for life. But from Bentley, whether wrong or right, as to the *materia litis*, the manner of conducting it drew into light no qualities but those which did him honour: great energy; admirable resources and presence of mind; the skill and address of a first-rate lawyer: and courage nearly unparalleled under the most disastrous turns of the case; those turns, even, which on two memorable occasions (the deprivation of his degrees, and his ejection from the mastership of Trinity College) seemed to have consigned him to ruin. In the very uttermost hurly-burly of the storm, it is not upon record that Bentley's cheerfulness forsook him for a day. At a time when Colbatch and Middleton were standing before judges as convicted delinquents, absconding from arrests, surrendering to jailers, sneaking to great men's levees, or making abject interest for the reversion of some hollow courtier's smile, Bentley was calmly pursuing his studies in the Master's Lodge of Trinity College, which was at once his fortress and his hermitage; sat on uncon-

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malignity; and his letters to Warburton, published in a quarto collection of his Miscellaneous Tracts, show that he could combine the part of sycophant, upon occasion, with that of assassin-like lampooner. It is, therefore, no unacceptable retribution in the eyes of those who honour the memory of Dan. Waterland and Bentley, men worth a hetacomb of Middletons, that the reputation of this venomous writer is now decaying —upon a belief *at last* thoroughly established, that in two at least, and those two the most learned of his works, he was an extensive plagiarist. This detection first threw light upon a little anecdote often related by Mr Prebendary Lowth, brother to Bishop Lowth. Just before the publication of the "Life of Cicero," Lowth happened to be with Middleton. A gentleman came in, and abruptly asked him if he had read the works of a Scottish writer, not so well known as he deserved to be—viz., Bellenden—belonging to the court of Charles I. Middleton *turned pale, faltered*, and acknowledged that he had. The whole scene was a mystery to Lowth. Parr's Preface to Bellendenus made all clear. So much for Conyers Middleton!

cernedly even after public officers were appointed to pull him out; and never allowed the good-humour of his happy fireside to be disturbed by the quarrels which raved outside. He probably watched the proceedings of "the enemy" with the same degree of interest with which we all read the newspapers during a foreign war: and the whole of the mighty process, which the bad passions of the other faction made gall and wormwood *to them*, to him appears to have given no more than the pleasurable excitement of a game at backgammon.

Having thus bespoke the favourable opinion of my readers for Dr Bentley, and attempted to give that friendly bias to the judgments upon his conduct, which the mere statement of the circumstances might not always suggest, I shall draw up a rapid sketch of his life, reserving an ampler scale of analysis for the Phalaris controversy, and the college quarrel, as the two capital events which served to diversify a passage through this world else unusually tranquil, fortunate, and uniform.

Richard Bentley was born on the 27th of January, 1662, at Oulton, not far from Wakefield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Between his grandson, the celebrated Mr Cumberland, and his present biographer, there is a difference as to the standing of his parents. Cumberland labours to elevate the family to a station of rank and consideration, for which he receives stern moral rebukes from Dr Monk, who pronounces them to have belonged to "the higher description of English yeomen," and thinks it more honourable to Bentley "to have raised himself from obscurity by the force of genius and merit," than "to have been born of gentle blood." Dr Monk lays down the orthodox morality on this subject, in a way not at all surpassed by the copy-head of any possible writing-master:

but the two cases, contrasted by his lordship, stand in no real opposition. For a man with Bentley's object, low birth is not otherwise an obstacle to success in England, than as the poverty, which it generally presumes, may chance to exclude him from the universities. Once there, he will find that the popular provisions of those great bodies insure the fullest benefit to any real merit he may possess; and without *that*, even noble blood would have failed in procuring those distinctions which Bentley obtained. Besides, for Dr Monk's purpose, Bentley was not *low enough*—his friends being, at any rate, in a condition to send him to college. The zeal of Cumberland, therefore, I think rightly directed. And, after all, since the question is not, which sort of parentage would be the most creditable to Bentley, but which answers best to the facts, I incline to Cumberland's view, not only as better directed in the character of its ambition, but also as better grounded in its facts. Finding it made out that, during the Parliamentary War, Bentley's family adhered to the royal cause, and that of his two grandfathers both held commissions in the Cavalier army—one as a captain, and the other as a major—I must think it probable that they belonged to the *armigerous* part of the population, and were entitled to write themselves Esquire in any bill, quittance, &c., whatsoever. On the paternal side, however, the family was impoverished by its loyalty.

From his mother, who was much younger than his father, Bentley learned the rudiments of Latin grammar. He was afterwards sent to the Grammar School of Wakefield; and, upon the death of his father, Bentley (then thirteen years old) was transferred to the care of his maternal grandfather, who resolved to send him to college. This design he soon carried into effect; and in the summer

of 1676, at what would now be thought too early an age by three years at the least, Bentley was matriculated at St John's College, Cambridge. Of his studies at college nothing further is recorded than that he applied himself even thus early to the *res metrica;* and amongst his familiar companions, the only one mentioned of any distinction is the prodigious William Wotton. Of this monster in the annals of premature erudition, I remember to have seen several accounts; amongst others, a pretty good one in Birch's "Life of Tillotson." But Dr Monk mentions some facts which are there overlooked: for instance, that at six years of age he read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, together with *some* Arabic and Syriac; *some* observe, not too much, I will answer for it. In his tenth year he entered at Catherine Hall, in Cambridge, on which occasion he was matriculated by the head of that college as *Gulielmus Wotton infra decem annos nec Hammondo nec Grotio secundus.* As this could be true only with a limited reference to languages, the entry seems childish and precipitate. At thirteen, being then master of twelve languages, and his proficiency in several of these attested by undoubted judges, he took his degree of B.A., an honour for which there was no precedent. It is evident, however, from Wotton's case, that attainments of this kind are found generally (as Butler says of Hebrew in particular) "to flourish best in barren ground." Dr Monk, indeed, seems to think that Wotton did not afterwards belie the splendour of his promise. I cannot agree with him. Surely his book on "Ancient and Modern Learning," the most popular of his works, though necessarily entertaining from its subject, is superficial in a degree scarcely to be explained in one of so much reading, and commanding so much powerful assistance. Another of his works, a His-

tory of the Roman Empire, written expressly for the Duke of Gloucester, then heir apparent,* has no conspicuous merit of any kind, either of popular elegance on the one hand, or of learned research on the other. In fact, Wotton's position in the world of letters was most unfortunate. With accomplishments that were worth little except for show, he had no stage on which to exhibit them, and, sighing for display, he found himself confounded in the general estimate with the obscure drudges of the age. How much more useful, and finally how much more brilliant, to have possessed his friend Bentley's exquisite skill in one or two languages, than a shallow mediocrity in a score!

Bentley took his first degree with distinction, his place in the arrangement of honours corresponding with that of *third wrangler* in the present system. Having now closed his education, he was left to speculate on the best way of applying it to his advancement in life. From a fellowship in his own college, the most obvious resource of a young scholar, he was unfortunately excluded by a by-law, not rescinded until the reign of George IV. At length, after two years' interval, spent (as Dr Monk supposes) at Cambridge, he was appointed by his college to the head mastership of the Spalding Grammar School. This situation, after holding it about a year, he quitted for the very enviable one of domestic tutor to the son of Stillingfleet, then Dean of St Paul's. For this also he was indebted to the influence of his college: and perhaps no sort of preferment could have been more favourable to Bentley's

* His Royal Highness was the last child of Queen Anne, who "*touched*," of course, for scrofula, and suffered herself to heal myriads of her subjects, but could not heal her own children. All died; and finally in his eleventh year died the duke. Else we might perhaps have needed no Hanoverians.

views. Stillingfleet was a truly good man; a most extensive and philosophic scholar; a gentleman, and acquainted with courts; and with a liberal allowance of the claims of a tutor, having himself officiated in that character. Another great advantage of the place was the fine library belonging to the dean, which, excepting the celebrated ones of Moore, Bishop of Ely, and of Isaac Vossius, was perhaps the best private collection in the kingdom. It was besides a library of that particular composition which suited Bentley's pursuits; and in the dean's conversation he had the very best directions for using it to advantage. Meantime, with this ample provision for intellectual wants, worldly ones were not likely to be overlooked. How possible it was at that day for a private tutor to reap nothing from the very highest connections, was seen in the case of Dr Colbatch, one of Bentley's future enemies. This man had held that situation successively in the families of Bishop Burnet and of the proud Duke of Somerset; and yet neither from the intriguing bishop, though all-powerful with Queen Mary, nor from the proud duke, though chancellor of his university, could he obtain any preferment. But Stillingfleet loved real merit; and, fortunately for Bentley, in the next reign, being raised to the mitre, possessed the ear of royalty beyond any ecclesiastical person of his own time.

It was in this fortunate situation that Bentley acquired that biblical learning which afterwards entitled him to the Divinity Professorship, and which warranted his proposals for a revised text of the New Testament, even after that of his friend Mill. About six years being spent in this good man's family, most delightfully no doubt to himself—and then chiefly laying the foundations, broad and deep, of his stupendous learning—Bentley removed with

his pupil early in 1689 to Oxford. Wadham College was the one selected; and both pupil and tutor became members of it. Stillingfleet was now raised to the see of Worcester; and from his extensive connections Bentley had the most useful introductions in every quarter. In particular, he had the privilege of disporting himself, like Leviathan, in the ocean of the Bodleian Library: and it is certainly not going too far to say, that no man ever entered those sacred galleries so well qualified to make a general use of their riches. Of his classical accomplishments it were needless to speak. Mathematics, it is thought, by Dr Monk, that he studied at Cambridge; and it is certain, that in Dean Stillingfleet's family he had, by a most laborious process of study, made himself an eminent master of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac.

Dealing much in cattle, a man's talk is of oxen; and living in this Eldorado of books, it was natural that a man should think of writing one. Golden schemes floated in Bentley's mind; for he was a golden scholar, and these were the golden hours of his early manhood. Amongst other works, he projected at this period an entire edition of the Fragments of the Greek Poets, and also a Corpus of the Greek Lexicographers (Hesychius, Suidas, Pollux, &c.). To the irreparable loss of Grecian literature, neither scheme was accomplished. Already in his "Epist. ad Mill." he speaks of the first as abandoned—"*Sed hæc fuerunt*," is the emphatic expression. It was in the fates that Bentley's maiden performance as an author should be in other and more obscure society. Amongst the manuscript riches of the Bodleian there was a copy—the one sole*

* By the way, it should be borne in mind, that, over and above the translations which yet survive into the Arabic (a resource obviously of

copy in this world—of a certain old chronicler, about whose very name there has been a considerable amount of learned dust kicked up. Properly speaking, he ought to be called *Joannes Malĕlas Antiochenus:* but, if you are not particular about your Greek, you may call him *Malela,* without an *s.* This old gentleman, a fellow of infinite dulness, wrote a chronicle beginning with Adam, and coming down to the 35th year of Justinian. And here lies the necessity of calling him either *Malela* or *Malelas;* for, strange to say, as there were two Alexander Cunninghams, who at this very time were going about the world mere echoes or mocking-birds of each other, so there were two Johns, both of Antioch, both chroniclers, both asses (no distinction there), and both choosing to start from Adam. The publication of this chronicle had been twice meditated before, but interrupted by accidents. At length, in 1690, it was resumed under the superintendence of Mill, who claimed from Bentley a promise he had made to throw together any notes which might occur to him upon the proof-sheets, as they came reeking from the press. These notes took the shape of an "Epistola ad Millium:" and thus the worthy old jackass of Antioch had the honour of coming forth to the world with the notes of Chilmead (one of the two early projectors of an edition), *Prolegomena* by Hody, a learned chaplain of Bishop Stillingfleet's, and with

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little hope, except in the case of scientific books), there are first and last four avenues by which we may have a chance for recovering any of the lost classics: 1. The Palimpsests, as in repeated instances of late in the Ambrosian Library at Milan; 2. The Pompeii MSS. (for the sensible way of dealing with which, see a letter of Lord Holland to Dr Parr); 3. *The great chests of Greek MSS. in the Sultan's Library at Constantinople,* packed up ever since the triumph of the Crescent in 1453; and, finally, the MSS. lurking in the Christian monasteries of Mount Athos.

this very masterly collection of disquisitions by Bentley upon topics* either closely connected with the work, or remotely suggested by it.

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* Amongst these is the name *Malelas*, which Hody disputed, contending for *Malela*. Bentley replies by arguing the case on two assumptions: 1. *That the names were Greek.* Here the sum of his pleading is this—that naturally the Latin language had no such termination as that of *as* with a parisyllabic genitive; that, in compliance with this original structure, all Greek names in *as* were in early Latin rendered *a;* and that this conformity to the popular idiom might be looked for the more certainly, as the situation of the usage was one which appealed to the populace: whence it is that, in the *comic* drama of Rome, we meet with Phædria, Chæria, Sosia, &c., to so great an extent. But, in proportion as literature prevailed, a practice arose of giving to Greek names in *as* their real Greek termination, without any Roman deflexion. Hence even Varro, though somewhat of an antiquarian bigot in old Romanisms, has Archytas, Athenagoras, &c.; and Cicero is overrun with such names. One exception, however, in even Cicero's usage, is alleged upon the authority of Quintilian—viz., *Hermagora.* "Ego vero," says Bentley, "Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne ipsi quidem Ciceroni affirmanti crediderim." "But for *my* part that Cicero had so written the name, I would not concede as a credibility even to Cicero himself insisting on it to my face." And certainly the hiatus of *Hermagora inventor* makes it probable that Cicero wrote "Hermagoras." Bentley grants, however, that Cicero wrote "Phania Appii libertus;" but why? Because names of slaves, being household words, naturally followed the mother idiom, and not the learned idiom of books. 2. Let it be assumed *that the name is not Greek, but Barbarous,* like that of ὁ Σισέρα in the Old Testament, ὁ Ζαρδὰ in the New. Bentley argues the case on this footing. "But this," says he, "I marvel at, 'quod, ut de Græco nomine cognitio habeatur, ad barbaras nationes provocant'"—("that, although the judicial investigation we are holding concerns a Greek name, yet the appeal is made to barbarians"). "However, no matter," says he, "as they choose to take the Huns for umpires, to the Huns we will go." And he then shows that the name of *Attila* became in Greek always ὁ Ἀττιλᾶς. Yet here, again, he makes a subtle distinction. The ancient patriarchal names of the Old Testament, Ἰαχὼβ, Ἰωσὴφ, Σαοὺλ, &c., are retained in Greek unmodified. But the very same names, borne by modern persons, become Ἰάκωβος, Ἰώσηφος, Σαοῦλος, &c. Upon that analogy, also, semi-barbarous names in *a*, as Abdalla, Mustapha, Juba, &c., which, had they been ancient, would have retained their final *a*, being

Here, by the way, I have a crow to pluck with Dr Monk. How he came to make so monstrous and laughable a mistake I know not. *Primâ facie*, one would suppose he had not read the work; but this is impossible, for he states very well the substance of the most important discussions in the epistle: yet certainly in the following sentence he prefers a charge against Bentley which is altogether without foundation:—"In addressing his learned correspondent," says Dr Monk, "he is not satisfied with marking their intimacy by the terms φίλη κεφαλη, *Milli jucundissime suavissime*, &c.; but in one place he accosts him ὦ Ἰωαννιδίον—an indecorum which neither the familiarity of friendship, nor the license of a dead language, can justify towards the dignified head of a house." Certainly Dr Monk *aliud agebat* ("*was attending to something else*") when he wrote this censure, which at any rate from him, who elsewhere attempts to cheapen the dignity of academic heads, would come with a peculiar want of grace. The case is this:—From a long digression, which Bentley confesses to be too discursive, he suddenly recalls himself to the old chronicler—*Sed ad Antiochensem redeo* (p. 486 of Lennep's republication); and then, upon an occasion of an allusion to Euripides, he goes on to expose some laughable blunders of Malelas: one of these is worth mentioning: the passage,

> "Ἱκεσιν εἰς γῆν κυανεᾶν Συμπληγάδων
> Πέτρᾶν φυγόντες"*—

it seems, the old boy had so construed, as to make κυανεᾶν not a genitive but an accusative, and thus had made a pre-

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modern, all become *as* in Greek. Such is the outline of the refinements in this piece of learned special pleading, which is universally allowed to have settled the question.

* An emendation of Bentley's for Πλάτη φυγόντες.

sent to geography of the yet undiscovered country of the Cyanean land. Upon this, and a previous discovery of a "*Scythian** *Aulis*," by the sharp-sighted man of Antioch, Bentley makes himself merry; rates the geographers for their oversights; and clapping *old Malelas* on the back, he thus apostrophises him—"Euge vero, ὦ Ἰωαννιδίου; profecto aptus natus es ad omnia abdita et retrusa contemplanda!" (*"Well done, little Johnny! you are the boy for seeing through a millstone!"*) Manifestly, then, the I. M. that he is here addressing is not his correspondent John Mill, but the subject of his review, John Malelas, the absurd old donkey of Antioch. This passage, therefore, in mere prudence, Dr Monk will cancel in his next edition: in fact, I cannot conceive how such a mistake has arisen with a man of his learning.

I must also very frankly state my disagreement with Dr Monk upon the style (meaning the temper) of this epistle. He charges it with "flippancy," and thinks some of the expressions "boastful." I have lately read it carefully with a view to these censures; and I cannot find any foundation for them in a single instance. *Se faire valoir* (to make himself of some account) is peculiarly the right of a young man on making his *début*. The mere history of the case obliges Bentley sometimes to make known the failure of Isaac Casaubon, suppose, of Vossius, or of Gataker, where he had himself brilliantly succeeded. And, supposing that the first of these heroes had declared a corruption desperate, which Bentley restored with two strokes of his pen, was it altogether a point of duty for him to dissemble his triumph? Mere criticism, and a

* This blunder of Jack's grew out of the confusion between the two Iphigenias of Euripides—that in Aulis, and in Tauris. Little Johnny was thinking of Tauris, no doubt.

page covered with Greek, do not of themselves proclaim the pretensions of a scholar. It was almost necessary for Bentley to settle his own rank by bringing himself into collision (consequently into comparison) with the Scaligers, father and son, with Salmasius, with Pearson. Now, had this been done with irreverence towards these great men, I should have been little disposed to say a word in his behalf. But far otherwise. In some passage or other he speaks of all the great critics with filial duty. "*Erravit*" (says he of one) "*in re levi gravioribus opinor studiis intentus, vir supra æmulationem nostram longissime positus.*" ("*Here upon a trivial matter our author, one raised by many degrees beyond any competition of mine, whilst too earnestly fixing his attention, I imagine, upon weightier subjects of research, has made an oversight.*") Of Pearson in like manner, at the very moment of correcting him, he said on another occasion that the very dust of his writings was gold. Æmilius Portus, indeed, he calls *Hominum futilissimus* ("the most frivolous of men"), justly incensed with him for having misled a crowd of great writers on a point of chronology. But, speaking of himself individually, he says, "*Nos pusilli homines*" ("*I, for my own part, am one of humble pretensions*"); and that is always his language when obliged to stand forward as an opponent of those by whose labours he had himself confessedly grown wise.

On this work, as Bentley's first, and that which immediately made him known to all Europe, I have thought it allowable to spend more words than I shall be able to do upon the rest. In dismissing it, however, I cannot but express a hope that some future editor will republish this and other critical essays of Bentley, with the proper accuracy and beauty: in which case, without at all disturbing the present continuity of text, which exhibits faithfully

the arrangement adopted by Bentley, it will yet be easy by marginal figures and titles to indicate the true logical divisions and subdivisions of this elaborate epistle; for want of which it is at present troublesome to read.

It sometimes happens to men of extraordinary attainments, that they are widely talked of before they personally came forward on the public arena. Much "buzz" is afloat about them in private circles: and, as in such cases many are always ready to aid the marvellous, some small minority on the other hand are sure to affect the sceptical. Under these circumstances, when parties have formed, and even schisms in parties, just at the most critical moment of public expectation, a first appearance is everything. If this is likely to be really splendid, it is mistaken policy, in fact, it is a profound misreading of human nature, which would deprecate the raising of great expectations. On the contrary, they are of enormous service—pushed even to the verge of extravagance. Raised artificially even to furnace heat, they promote the real subsequent success, and make people view it as greater than it was, if that success really *is* a splendid one. Many a man is read and rated by the quality of his earliest forerunning reputation. Such a result happened to Bentley. Unfathered rumours, rumours unacknowledged and untraceable, had been wandering up and down "the circles" about an astonishing chaplain of the very learned Dr Stillingfleet. This doctor, at that time Bishop of Worcester, was himself both good and great. To be *his* chaplain was already an ample certificate of character, which ran like the king's writ—not fearing anywhere check or repulse. And now, just in this hush of expectation, came the first augury of Bentley's qualifications, so quiet in its expression of effort, so clamorous in its expression of power,

that in a moment the loudest of the antecedent trumpetings and heraldings seemed countersigned redundantly. This state of public opinion very soon notified itself to Bentley through an overt expression, which he rightly regarded down to the last day of his life as conferring the most signal of all his triumphs. It was this:—On the penultimate day of the year 1691—viz., on the 30th of December in that year—died Robert Boyle, illustrious as one of these who first broke ground as a pioneer in the great field of Natural Philosophy, and also as a loyal servant in the household of Christianity. By his last will this great man founded for ever a lecture in defence of the Christian faith against infidels; an order of philosophers who by that time mustered in great force up and down Christendom. It was startling, besides, to Christian thinkers, that *Pondere quam numero* might be fairly assumed as a motto by these antichristian philosophers; that if *weighed* they told more signally than if *counted;* and that by the *quality* of their intellectual triumphs they formed a gloomier array even than by the mere numerical *quantity* of those triumphs. Amongst the *acute* intellects of Christendom, Hobbes, for instance, was somewhat of a leader; but for subtlety and power no intellect could be named on a level with the Jew Spinosa. Such a lecture, therefore, consequently of necessity such a lecturer, as Boyle now endeavoured to raise up, formed a *championship* on behalf of the Christian faith, such as crowned heads appoint for the defence of disputed worldly pretensions. The annual endowment was £50 for each course of lectures. But the money was nothing: the responsibility, the credit, the glory, lay in the weight and solemnity of the service. If, then, the appointment was in general a great distinction, even more so the *first* appointment.

That there could have been little of hesitation in this great inaugural choice, is evident by the result: Boyle died at the close of 1691; on the 19th of February, 1692, Bentley was appointed to the office. The series of lectures which he preached in discharge of his duty is deservedly valued to this day—presenting as much, as various, and even as profound philosophy, as perhaps is compatible with a *popular* treatment of its peculiar themes.* Bentley flattered himself that after this assault the atheists "were silent, and sheltered themselves under deism." But this was imaginary. Spinosa, in particular, could not have had that influence which Bentley, Sam. Clarke, and so many others have fancied; for a "B. D. S. Opera Posthuma,† 1677," where only his philosophic system can be found, has always been a very rare book:‡ and it was never reprinted until Professor Paulus, in our own days, published a complete edition of Spinosa's works. Bayle, it is true, gave some

* Boyle's lecture, as first preached by Richard Bentley, I can venture to assure the reader, will very much amuse and instruct him; and he may often pick it up for a shilling.

† "*B. D. S. Opera Posthuma*" is the masquerade title-page to the main body of Spinosa's works. The meaning is, Benedicti de Spinosa (not Benedicti Spinosæ, as I have heard that some bibliographers imagine) Opera Posthuma. The volume, a quarto, was published in 1677, being the year after Spinosa's sudden death. The object in thus disguising the authorship of the book was, to evade the scoundrel bigots who would else have smoked the purport of the book, and would then assuredly have hounded on the intolerant magistrates still scattered through Holland to smoke it in another sense—viz., in the centre of a tar-barrel, which was a thing standing idle by crowds on the quay of Amsterdam, &c., and which, if no longer good for the philosopher, as one already past burning, was excellent when applied as a Burkian mouth-plaster to his philosophy.

‡ *How* rare is evident from this, that at a great book sale in London, which had congregated all the *Fancy*, on a copy occurring, not one of the company but myself knew what the mystical title-page meant. Oh, reader, I was proud (be you assured) for at least three minutes: for so long a period I was worshipped as a Delphic oracle.

account of the philosophy, but a most absurd, and, besides, a contemptuous one. In fact, Bayle—spite of the esteem in which his acuteness was held by Warburton, and even by Leibnitz—must be now classed as a spirited *litterateur* rather than philosopher. Hobbists, however, we may believe Bentley, there were in abundance: but they were a weak cattle; and on Bentley's particular line of argument, even their master hardly knew his own mind.

The lectures were triumphant. They strengthened the public opinion of Bentley's talent, and exhibited him in a character more intimately connected than works of mere erudition with his sacred calling. Once only they were attacked from a quarter of authority. Dr Monk, it appears to me, undervalues the force of the attack, and, perhaps unduly, ascribes it to an impulse of party zeal. Keill, a Scotchman of talent, whose excellent lectures on Natural Philosophy are still quoted as a text-book in Germany, was led (and, my impression is, led naturally), in his examination of Burnet's "Theory of the Earth," to notice two errors of Bentley; one of which, as Dr Monk puts it more on the footing of a verbal ambiguity than my impression of it would have warranted, I will not insist on. The other, unless my memory greatly deceives me, was this:—Bentley, having heard that the moon always presents the same face to our earth, so that there is one hemisphere of our moon, *or nearly so*, which none of us ever *did* see, or ever *will* see, inferred from that fact, that she had no revolution upon her own axis; upon which Keill told him, that the fact he stated was a ground for the very opposite inference, since the tendency of the moon's motion about the earth to bring a different face before us could not possibly be counteracted but by a coincident revolution on her own axis. Keill was a coarse man, who

called a spade a spade, and apparently meant by nature for a very scientific butcher, instead of which he chose to make himself a butcherly man of science, as was afterwards sufficiently shown in his almost brutal treatment of Leibnitz on behalf of Sir Isaac Newton, Keill's idolised friend. And it is possible, undoubtedly, that, being a professor at Oxford, Keill might have conceived some personal pique to Bentley while resident in that university. But I really see no reason for ascribing to any ungenerous motive a criticism which, though peevishly worded, was certainly called for by the conspicuous situation of the error which it exposed.

In this year, Bentley was appointed a prebendary at Worcester, and in April, 1694, keeper of all the king's libraries. During the same year, he was a second time summoned to preach the Boyle lecture; and in the following year was made one of the chaplains in ordinary to the king.

Early in the year 1696, Bentley quitted the town-house of the Bishop of Worcester, and commenced housekeeping in his own lodgings as royal librarian. These lodgings, had he reaped nothing else from his office, were to him, when resident in London, a royal preferment. They were in St James's Palace, adjoining to those of the Princess (afterwards queen) Anne, and looked into the Park. In this year Bentley took the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and somewhere about the same time appeared the edition of Callimachus by his friend Grævius, with contributions from himself, of memorable splendour.

In 1697 commenced, on Bentley's part, that famous controversy about the "Epistles of Phalaris," which has chiefly conferred immortality on his name. The circumstances in which it originated are briefly these:—The well-known dispute in France, upon the intellectual pretensions,

in a comparison with each other, of the ancients and moderns, had been transferred to England by Sir William Temple, the accomplished progenitor of our present minister, Lord Palmerston. This writer, just then at the height of his popularity, had declared for the Ancients with more elegance than weight of matter; and, by way of fortifying his judgment, had alleged two separate works—viz., the "Epistles of Phalaris," and the "Fables of Æsop"—as proofs that the oldest parts of literature are also the best. Sir William was not unaware that both works had been challenged as forgeries. However, the suspicions of scholars were as yet unmatured; and, in a question of taste, which was the present shape of the dispute, Sir William Temple's opinion seemed entitled to some consideration. Accordingly, the Honourable Charles Boyle, nephew to the illustrious philosopher of that name, who was at this time pursuing his studies at Christ Church in Oxford, and, upon the suggestion of Aldrich, the head of that college, had resolved to undertake an edition of some Greek book as an academic exercise, was directed to Phalaris in particular by this recent opinion of Sir William Temple, a friend to whom he looked up with filial confidence and veneration. That he might insure as much perfection to his edition as was easily within his reach, Boyle directed Bennet, his London publisher, to procure a collation of a MS. in the King's Library. This brought on an application to Bentley, who had just then received his appointment as librarian; and his behaviour, on this occasion, scandalously misreported by Bennet, furnished the first ground of offence to Boyle. How long a calumny can keep its ground, after the fullest refutation, appears from the preface to Lennep's Latin version of Bentley's Dissertation (edit. of 1781), where, in giving a brief

history of the transaction, the writer says: "Bentleius tergiversari primum; et ægre quod sæpius efflagitatum erat concedere;" and again—"ecce *subito* Bentleius iter parans Londino, maxima ope contendere a Benneto ut codex ille statim redderetur"—("Bentley first of all took to shuffling, and next to granting with a very ill grace what had been repeatedly requested; behold, all at once, Bentley, meditating a journey from London, begins most earnestly to insist with Bennet that the MS. should be instantly returned"). All this is false. Let us here anticipate the facts as they came out on both sides some years after. Bentley, by the plainest statements, has made it evident that he gave every facility for using the MS.; that he reclaimed it only when his own necessary absence from London made it impossible to do otherwise; that this necessity was foreseen and notified at the time of lending it; and that, even on the last day of the term prefixed for the use of the MS., sufficient time for despatching the business twice over * was good-naturedly granted by Bentley, after his first summons had been made in vain.

These facts are established. That he lent the MS. under no sort of necessity to do so, nay, at some risk to himself, is admitted by Bennet; that he reclaimed it under the

* Bentley ascertained, by an experiment upon one-third of the MS., that, without any extraordinary diligence, it could be collated throughout in a space of four hours. Now, his first summons had been for noon, but he indulgently extended the term to "candle-light." How soon was that? The day has since been ascertained to be Saturday, May 23. But as the year was upwards of half-a-century before the English reformation (1752) of the calendar, that day would correspond to the 2d of June at present. Being, therefore, within three weeks of the longest day, we may assume that, in the latitude of London, "candle-light" could not be understood as earlier than half-past nine o'clock P.M. Allowing the collator, therefore, one hour for any other sort of collation (for instance, a beef steak collation), he had just double the time requisite for the collation of the MS.

highest necessity to do so, is not denied by anybody. At what point of the transaction is it, then, that the parties differ? Simply as to the delay in lending, and on the matter of giving notice that on such a day it would be resumed. Some procrastination in lending, or even the neglect to give notice, would not have justified a public stigma, had either one or the other been truly imputed to Bentley. But both imputations he solemnly denied. It is painful that the stress of any case should rest upon a simple comparison of veracity between man and man; yet, as Mr Bennet has made this inevitable, let me state the grounds of comparison between himself and Dr Bentley. In external respectability there was, in the first place, a much greater interval between them than the same stations would imply at this day.* Dr Bentley, in the next place, was never publicly convicted of a falsehood; whereas Bennet was, in this case at any rate, guilty of *one*. Thirdly, whilst the doctor had no interest at stake which required the protection of a falsehood (since, without a falsehood, he was clear of the discourtesy charged upon him), Bennet had the strongest: he had originally brought forward a particular statement, in a private letter, as a cloak for his own and his collator's indolence, without any expectation that it would lead to public consequences; but now, what

* Exactly one hundred and sixty years have passed since the day of this feud; and during that interval no classes have so much advanced in social consideration as bankers and booksellers (meaning *publishers*). The bankers of that day were goldsmiths; whence the phrase, hardly yet obsolete among elderly people, of "*bankers' shops*." Booksellers, again, having rarely stood forward, until Pope's time, in the character of enlightened co-operators with literary men, naturally took their place amongst the mechanical agents of the press. At present, an influential publisher belongs to a *profession*, which it rests with himself to render dignified. In Bennet's time, he had not ceased to be a mere mercenary *tradesman*. After all, Gibson, the collator, has confessed in Bentley's favour.

he had begun in policy, he clung to from dire necessity; since, unless he could succeed in fastening some charge of this nature upon Dr Bentley, his own excuse was made void; his word of honour was forfeited; and from the precipitate attack on Bentley, into which he had misled his patron, all colour of propriety vanished at once.

Meantime, Bennet's private account was as yet uncontradicted; and, on the faith of *that*, Boyle acquainted the public, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, that, up to the fortieth of the letters, he had taken care to have the book collated with the king's MS.; but that beyond *that* the librarian had denied him the use of it, *agreeably to his peculiar spirit of courtesy*. Upon the very first publication of the book Bentley saw it, and immediately wrote to Mr Boyle, explaining the matter in a polite and satisfactory manner. Boyle replied in gentlemanly terms, but did not give him that substantial redress, which Bentley had reason to expect, of cancelling the leaf which contained the affront. No further steps were taken on either side for some time; nor does it certainly appear that any would have been taken, but for an accidental interference of a third party. This was Wotton, Bentley's college friend. His book on "Ancient and Modern Learning," originally published in 1694, and called out by Sir William Temple's essay on the same subject, was now (1697) going into a second edition; and, as a natural means of increasing its interest, he claimed of Bentley the fulfilment of an old promise to write a paper exposing the spurious pretensions of Phalaris and Æsop. This promise had been made before the appearance of Mr Boyle's book, and evidently had a reference to Sir William Temple's strange judgment upon those authors. But, as matters had altered since then, Bentley endeavoured to evade a task which would oblige

him to take a severe notice of Mr Boyle's incivility and injustice. Wotton, however, held him to his engagement, and Bentley (*perhaps* reluctantly) consented. Here, again, the foreign editor of Lennep is far too rash: he says of Bentley that "*cupide occasionem amplexus est*" ("he caught eagerly at the opportunity"). But we are not to suppose that the sincerity with which a man declines a fierce dispute, is always in an inverse ratio to the energy with which he may afterwards pursue it. A keener knowledge of human nature will teach us a far different doctrine. Many a man shrinks with all his heart from a quarrel, for the very reason that he feels too sensibly how surely it will rouse him to a painful activity, if he should once embark in it, and an inevitable irritation fatal to his peace. In the following year, Boyle, or the Christ Church faction that used his name, replied at length. And certainly a more amusing* book, upon a subject so unpromising, has rarely been written. As to learning, doubtless the joint-stock of the company made but a poor exchequer for defraying a war upon Bentley; yet it was creditable to wits and men of fashion: and in one point of view it was most happily balanced, for it was just shallow enough to prevent them from detecting their own blunders; yet, on the other hand, deep enough to give them that colourable show of being sometimes in the right, which was indispensable for drawing out Bentley's knowledge. They,

* Hardly less amusing is the *first* Dissertation of Bentley, as published in the second edition of Wotton (but in the third edition, 1705, and all subsequent ones, omitted). This, where the heads only of the arguments are touched, without that elaborate array of learning which was afterwards found necessary, and where the whole is treated with irresistible fun and merriment, is a most captivating piece of criticism. A general reader, therefore, who is careless of the minute learning of the case, should read merely this first Dissertation, and Boyle's answer.

being a little better enlightened, would have conceived, whilst yet in time, a seasonable terror of their great antagonist. He, on the other hand, meeting with an assailant by one degree weaker than the Christ Church faction, would have felt too lofty a disdain to reply. On any such change in the proportions, the one party would not have dared to advance, nor the other condescended to pursue. Partly from the real merit of the book in those points which the public could appreciate, partly from the extensive and brilliant connections of the writers, it was eagerly read—a second edition was immediately demanded, and Bentley was supposed to have been defeated. He, meantime, "hushed in grim repose," was couchant; and, with his eyes upon the gambols of his victims, was settling himself at leisure for his fatal spring. Spite of the public applauses, some ominous misgivings were muttered: one or two of the Boyle party began to "funk;" they augured no good from the dead silence of Bentley; and Boyle, in particular, who was now in Ireland, sent to Atterbury some corrections furnished by his earliest tutor, Gale, the Dean of York; an intimation of error which Atterbury, who had been a chief contributor to the book, deeply resented. But errors or corrections were now alike past notice. Pelides was now armed for the field: the signal was given; and at length, with the fullest benefit of final revision, which left no room for friend or foe to point out a flaw, that immortal Dissertation (*immortalis ista Dissertatio*, to speak the words of Porson) descended like a thunderbolt upon the enemy,

> "And in one night
> The trumpets silenced, and the plumes laid low."

In 1699, being then in his thirty-eighth year, Bentley received that main preferment which was at once his reward and his scourge for the rest of his life. At the latter

end of that year, Dr J. Montague was transferred (I refuse to say, with Dr Monk, promoted) from the mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge,* to the Deanery of Durham. Learning, services to religion, and (according to one rather scandalous tradition †) the firmness which he had manifested in governing the family of Bishop Stillingfleet, all conspired to point out Bentley as a person pre-eminently

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* "*Trinity College, Cambridge:*"—The Bishop of Gloucester must have had some under purpose of sneering to serve in this passage. And yet no: there is malice latent in a sneer; and that is what one ought not to suspect in the episcopal heart: "Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?" Juno might be vindictive: but I will never believe that a bishop can be elaborately and circuitously malicious. And yet, beyond all question, a master of Trinity, who is confessedly the greatest man in Cambridge *(absente illustrissimo Cancellario)*, is at least ten times as great a man as any possible Dean of Durham. The reader who is unacquainted with our two magnificent English universities bequeathed to us from ancient days, must understand that in Oxford the college of Christ Church takes undisputed precedency of all the rest. But in Cambridge this precedency is not so determinately settled, St John's contesting the place of honour with Trinity. This last, however, having greatly the advantage architecturally, and in the resort of noblemen, it is acknowledged by all strangers as virtually the paramount college.

† The story is this:—Bishop Stillingfleet is reported to have said, "We must send Bentley to rule the turbulent fellows of Trinity College. If anybody can do it, he is the person; for I am sure that he has ruled my family ever since he entered it." Upon this Dr Monk argues, that the anecdote is doubly refuted; first, by the fact that Stillingfleet had been some time dead when the vacancy occurred; secondly, because the fellows had not been turbulent before Bentley's accession to the headship. Now, a little consideration will show that the anecdote may be substantially true for all *that*, and probably was so (since it rests on too pointed and circumstantial an allusion to have been invented). Full two years before Bentley's instalment, it appears that a vacancy had been anticipated, and a canvass made, upon the rumoured appointment of Dr Montague to the see of Worcester. That was the occasion, no doubt, of Stillingfleet's remark. Then, as to the word *turbulent:* besides that allowance must be made for the laxity of an oral story, the fellows might be riotous in another sense than that of resisting the master's authority; and throughout Dr Montague's time, who perhaps was as riotous as they, it is pretty certain that they were so.

eligible to this station. Accordingly he received the appointment; and on the first day of February, 1700, he was solemnly installed in his office. It is evident that he rated its value somewhat differently * from Dr Monk; for he refused, in after years, to exchange it for the poor Bishopric

* Dr Monk's undervaluation of college headships is so pointedly affected, and really so extravagant, that I cannot but suspect some personal pique or jealousy, how caused I pretend not to guess, as the foundation of it. Everywhere he speaks of deaneries as *of course* superior in dignity to headships, forgetting that he himself has occasion to mention one dean (a Dean of York) who looked to the mastership of Trinity as an object of ambition. And in one place he takes a flight beyond my comprehension; for, according to him, in a dispute between the head of a college and an archbishop, the parties "stand upon such unequal ground," that it is matter of astonishment to find it lasting beyond a moment. How! is it in England that we hear such language, and in 1830? Why, but the other day we had the edifying spectacle of an archbishop descending to a newspaper altercation with a mob orator, on the subject of his own money concerns! There *was* unequal ground. But, with justice on his side, I really see nothing alarming in an archdeacon and a head of a college maintaining a controversial correspondence with a prince of the blood. A master of Trinity College, Cambridge, presumptuous in disputing with an archbishop on a matter of literature and academic interest!! What false impressions would a foreigner carry away on the relations of English dignities from Dr Monk's book! The fact is, that, in popular consideration, a head of one of the smaller colleges, in either Cambridge or Oxford, is equal at the least to a dean; and the head of Christ Church in Oxford, or Trinity in Cambridge, perhaps the heads of the single colleges, which constitute the whole university in Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, are equal to bishops. I appeal to Dr Monk himself, to say candidly which is the greater man in Oxford—the Dean of Christ Church, or the Bishop of Oxford? But Oxford is a poor bishopric. True; and *that* introduces a fresh ground of comparison. As stations of profit, sometimes the headships have the advantage (united, as they often are, with complementary livings), sometimes the bishopries. As stations of comfort, however, they stand in no comparison. A college head in Oxford or Cambridge has the most delightful sinecure in the world; whereas bishopries, by those who are determined to do the work of them, are found to be the most laborious situations in the whole administration of the national business. But here there are secrets. See the very opposite reports, for instance, of the see of Worcester, when held by bishops of different character.

of Bristol; and, being asked by the minister what preferment he would consider worth his acceptance, wisely replied, in a sentence that might have been pointed by Diogenes, that which would leave him no reason to wish for a removal.

This appointment was made under the unanimous recommendation of an Episcopal Commission, to whom King William, better fitted for a guard-room than the civil duties of the cabinet, had delegated the disposal of all church preferment within the gift of the crown. By the public it could not but have been approved; but it was unpopular in the college, composed chiefly of indolent sots, who were not likely to anticipate with pleasure the disadvantageous terms on which they would stand with so accomplished a head. And my own conviction is, that the appointment would hardly have been carried, had it not been backed by the support of the Princess Anne. Since the death of Queen Mary, whose rancorous quarrel with her sister had never been settled, even on her death-bed, the natural influence of the princess had been allowed to revive. That orthodox lady regarded with particular favour the learned champion of Christianity; and had designed that her sole surviving son, the Duke of Gloucester, should be sent, at a proper age, to the college over which so meritorious a person presided. In this scheme so much stress was laid on the personal co-operation of Bentley, that, by an arrangement unheard of in English universities, his Royal Highness was to have resided under the master's roof. But these counsels were entirely defeated by the hand of Providence, which then lay heavy upon that illustrious house: in six months after Bentley's installation, the young prince was summoned to the same premature death which had carried off all the children of his parents.

Finding himself now able to offer a suitable establishment to the woman of his heart, on the 4th of January, 1701, Bentley married Mrs (or, in modern language, Miss) Joanna Bernard, daughter of Sir John Bernard of Brampton, in the County of Huntingdon. This lady, whom he had been accustomed to meet in the family of Bishop Stillingfleet, brought him four children—two daughters and two sons—of whom one died in infancy. In her he found a most faithful companion through the storms of his after life; and as her family connections were of considerable distinction, and two years afterwards emerged into a blaze of court favour, she had the happiness of giving a powerful assistance to her husband at a moment of imminent danger. There is a story current, that during his courtship Bentley had nearly forfeited her favour by speaking sceptically of the book of Daniel *—a story resting, it seems, on the slight authority of "wicked † Will Whiston," and which, as Dr Monk observes, is "exceedingly improbable."

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* "*Book of Daniel:*"—Things alter strangely in the course of a century. At present the most orthodox people make no secret of viewing Daniel as far too precise and punctilious in historic circumstantiality to be admissible as a prophet, who should naturally wrap himself in mighty shadows. Dr Arnold of Rugby, notoriously a pious (and, generally speaking, an orthodox) man, was one of those who did not receive Daniel as a prophet.

† This epithet, bestowed playfully upon Whiston by Swift, in ridicule of his sanctimony, would almost seem to have been seriously justified by his general bad faith in scattering injurious anecdotes about everybody who refused to fall in with his follies. His excuse lies in the extreme weakness of his brain. Think of a man, who had brilliant preferment within his reach, dragging his poor wife and daughter for half-a-century through the very mire of despondency and destitution, because he disapproved of Athanasius, or because the "Shepherd of Hermas" was not sufficiently esteemed by the Church of England! Unhappy is that family over which a fool presides. The secret of all Whiston's lunacies may be found in that sentence of his Autobiography, where he betrays the fact of his liability, from youth upwards, to flatulency. What he mistook for conscience was flatulence, which others (it is well known) have mis-

About five months after his marriage, he was collated to the Archdeaconry of Ely, which brought with it not only honour, but (which is better) two church livings.

After this, Dr Bentley never actively solicited any further preferment, except once. This was in 1717, when the Regius Professorship of Divinity, by far the richest in Europe, became vacant by the death of Dr James. It was held that Bentley, as head of Trinity, was ineligible; for it might have happened, by the letter of the statutes, that he himself, in one character, would become judge of his own delinquencies in the other. However, there was at least one precedent in his favour; and as the real scruples of his opponents grew out of anything but principle, whilst his very enemies could not deny that his qualifications for the place were unrivalled, it is agreeable to record, that the intrigues for defeating him were met and baffled by far abler intrigues of his own; and, on the 2d of May, 1718, he was installed in this most lucrative office.

Referring to the earlier years of his connection with Trinity College, I may characterise his conduct generally as one continued series of munificent patronage to literature, beneficial reforms in college usages and discipline (many of which are still retained at this day with gratitude), and, finally, by the most splendid and extensive improvements of the college buildings. His acts of the first class were probably contemplated by the fellows with indifference; but those of the second, as cutting off abuses from which they had a personal benefit, or as carried forward with too high a hand, and by means not always sta-

taken for inspiration. This was his original misfortune: his second was, that he lived before the age of powerful drastic journals. Had he been contemporary with Christopher North, the knout would have brought him to his senses, and extorted the gratitude of Mrs Whiston and her children.

tutable, armed the passions of a large majority against him; whilst the continued drain upon their purses for public objects, which, it must be confessed, was in some instances immoderately lavish, sharpened the hostile excitement by the irritation of immediate self-interest. Hence arose a faction so strongly organised for the purpose of thwarting him in future, and of punishing him for the past, as certainly no delinquencies of the most eminent state criminal have ever yet called forth in any small community. Bentley, however, resisted with one hand, and continued to offend with the other. The contest soon became a judicial one; and as it was the most memorable one in all respects that England has ever witnessed—if regard be had to its duration, and the inexhaustible resources of the person whose interest was chiefly at stake upon its issue—I shall give a faithful abstract of its revolutions, condensed from many scores of pages in Dr Monk's quarto. In any life of Bentley, this affair must occupy a foremost place; and, considering the extreme intricacy of Dr Monk's account, and the extreme falsehood of that in all former biographies, I hope to earn the thanks of my readers by this close yet brief analysis.

On the 21st of December, 1709, the feuds of Trinity College, which had been long ripening to a crisis, were first brought under the eye of a competent manager. On that day, Mr Edmund Miller, a fellow of Trinity, coming on a Christmas visit to his old friends, happened to enter the college at the very moment when a fresh encroachment of Dr Bentley's had flung the whole society into agitation. To Miller, as a lawyer and a fellow, their grievances were submitted by the college; and as he lost no time in avowing himself their champion, and in very insolent terms, Dr Bentley lost as little in forcibly dispos-

sessing him of his fellowship—an act of violence which was peculiarly mistimed; for it did not lessen Miller's power, whilst stimulating his zeal, and adding one more to the colourable grounds of complaint: Miller's name was struck off the college boards on the 18th of January; on the 19th it was restored by the vice-master and some senior fellows; and on the 24th it was again struck off by Bentley. Matters, it may be supposed, were now coming to extremities; and about this time it was that Bentley is said to have exclaimed, "Henceforward, farewell peace to Trinity College!"

For all important disputes which can arise in the different colleges (about forty-five in number) which compose the English universities, the final appeal lies to the particular *visiter* of each college. But in the present case a previous question arose: "Who *was* the visiter?" the Crown, or the Bishop of Ely? Two separate codes of statutes, each in force, held a language on this point inconsistent with each other, and the latter code was even inconsistent with itself. However, as it happened that the particular statute which met the present case spoke unequivocally of the bishop as visiter, it was resolved to abide by that assumption. And therefore, after communicating with the bishop, a formal petition was addressed to his lordship, and on the 6th of February, 1710, signed by the vice-master and twenty-nine fellows. The bishop having received the petition without delay, made as little in sending to Bentley a copy of it. And to this Bentley replied in a printed letter addressed to the bishop. The two general heads, under which the charges against Bentley had been gathered, were dilapidation of the college funds, and violation of the statutes. These charges in the present letter are met circumstantially; and, in particular, on that principal attempt

of Bentley's to effect a new and reformed distribution of the college income, which had in fact furnished the determining motive to the judicial prosecution of the quarrel, Dr Monk admits that he makes out a very powerful case. Mortified vanity and disappointed self-interest, Bentley describes as the ruling impulses of his enemies. "Had I," says he, "herded and sotted with them; had I suffered them to play their cheats in their several offices—I might have done what I would, I might have devoured and destroyed the college, and yet come away with their applauses for a great and good master." Bentley, in fact, stood in the unhappy situation of a most unpopular head succeeding to one who had been memorably popular. From whatsoever motive, he had not courted the society of his fellows: that of itself was a slight that could not be forgiven, and which I do not defend; but perhaps, on the whole, it is true that, from pure mortified self-esteem, united with those baser impulses which Bentley points out, fastening upon such occasions as the rashness of Bentley too readily supplied, the prosecution against him *did* radically take its rise.

What was the prevailing impression left by Bentley's pamphlet, we do not learn. However, as it was well understood to be really his, it did not fail to provoke numerous answers; amongst which Mr Miller's was eminent for the closeness of its legal arguments, and Blomer's for wit and caustic personality. After the petition, however, with the exception of some attempts on Bentley's side to disunite his enemies, by holding out temptations, which, as often as they failed, were immediately carried to account by the opposite faction as meditated breaches of the statute, it does not appear that either side made any movement until the 11th July, 1710, when the charges against

Bentley were finally digested into fifty-four separate articles. These, having first been presented to the Bishop of Ely, were published in the shape of a pamphlet, supported by such extracts from the statutes as seemed necessary to illustrate or substantiate the charges. The bishop's first step was to send a copy of the articles to Bentley, who, on his part, appears "to have taken no notice of them whatever." This, be it observed, for many a good year, continued to be a right-hand mode of manœuvring with Bentley: unless stirred up by a very long pole, he would not roar for any man.

Meantime, in this year (1710) had occurred that most memorable of all intrigues, which, out of no deeper root than the slippery tricks of a waiting-woman, had overset the policy of Europe. The Whigs were kicked out; the Tories were kicked in. So far the game went just the wrong way for Bentley, his name being always, for fancy, borne on the Whig lists: but all *that*, in a man not seriously political, or having any leisure for politics as a grave pursuit, was practically a mere verbal flourish. Any public disadvantages of his party being ousted, were compensated a thousand times over by the private benefit that his wife happened to be related to Lord Bolingbroke (then Mr Secretary St John), and also to Mr Masham, husband of Queen Anne's new and momentary favourite. "On this hint" Bentley moved. By one or both of these channels (a man cannot have too many strings to his bow) he reached the ear of Mr Harley, the now Earl of Oxford, and the new Lord Treasurer. The Queen was already won over to his cause; for she had been acquainted of old with the doctor; and Mrs Bentley's court connections took care that the scandalous lives of some amongst Bentley's opponents should lose nothing in the telling. The doc-

tor was "invited" by the Prime Minister to sketch a scheme of conciliation; and, in obedience, he drew up the model of a royal letter, which has since been found amongst the Harleian Papers. Let it not offend the reader to hear that in this letter each separate point in dispute was settled in favour of the doctor himself. Reasonable as that was, however, *Diis aliter visum est:* the minister was far too tortuous himself to approve of such *very* plain dealing. Indeed, as a lesson upon human nature, the "royal letter" must have been a perfect curiosity: for, by way of applying a remedy to the master's notorious infirmity of excessive indulgence and lax discipline, the letter concluded with strictly enjoining him "to chastise all license among the fellows"—viz., the very men in whose hostility to himself the whole mighty feud had arisen—and promising royal countenance and co-operation in the discharge of duties so salutary.

Whether this bold stroke came to the knowledge of the enemy, is hard to say; for Dr Monk gives us reason to think that it did, and did not, in the very same sentence. Certain it is that Bentley's royal letter was forwarded to the premier on the 10th November, 1710; and on the 21st of that month he received a peremptory summons from the Bishop of Ely to answer the articles against him by the 18th of December. At one time Bentley avowed a design of appealing to the Convocation; but for this, when steps were taken to baffle him, he substituted a petition to the queen, explaining that Her Majesty was the true visiter of Trinity College; that as to the Bishop of Ely—who was he? nothing more, nothing less, than a dangerous usurper; and that he, Richard Bentley, resisting this usurpation, threw himself on her royal protection.

This petition met with immediate attention, and was

referred by Mr Secretary St John to the Attorney and Solicitor-General, who meantime stayed the bishop's proceedings. Five months were spent in hearing all parties; and on May 29, 1711, the two officers made their report, which was favourable to the bishop's claim as respected Bentley, but pointed out to the queen and the doctor a legal mode of resisting it. As this decision left Bentley to no more than a common remedy at law, he determined to obtain higher protection; and on July 12 he addressed a letter to Harley, now Earl of Oxford, congratulating him on his recent escape from assassination (viz., by the French Count Guiscard), stating his own situation, and concluding with the offer of dedicating to his lordship the edition which he had been long preparing of Horace. In those pleasant days, a dedication from an author of weight was what the French used to understand by a *pot-de-vin;* in fact, "spelt short," it was a bribe; and in these days, would not only miss fire, and produce a sudden blaze of indignant virtue from the Viscount Palmerston, but would also be prosecuted by Her Majesty's Attorney-General. Far different was its fate at present. This appeal obtained for him the minister's active protection; the bishop was again directed to stay proceedings; and on the 8th of December the Horace was published, with a dedication, taking due notice of Harley's honours * of descent from the Veres and Mortimers. Bentley avowed his own change of party, by saying, that "Horace was not less in favour with Mæcenas from his having once served under the banners of Brutus and Cassius."

In 1712, after above seven months' deliberation, the

* I know not how true Harley's pretensions in this particular may be; certainly Lord Bolingbroke ridicules them harshly, in his letter to Sir William Wyndham, as mere jovial inspirations from the fumes of claret.

crown lawyers made a report on the question of—*Who was visiter?* It was unfavourable to Bentley; for though declaring the Crown visiter in a general sense, it decided, notwithstanding, for the Bishop of Ely, in one solitary contingency—viz., in any case of delinquency charged upon the master. But *that* was the very case now in question; and one of the lawyers, Sir Joseph Jekyll, declared for the bishop unconditionally. At last, then, it was expected that the interdict on the bishop would be immediately taken off. However, it was not; and some speculations arose at that time upon this apparent mystery, which have since appeared to be unfounded. Mrs Bentley's influence was supposed to be at work. But the secret history of the intrigue was very different. The truth was this: Bentley's enemies had now found their way to Lord Oxford's ear. This should naturally have operated to Bentley's ruin; but, fortunately for him, the treasurer viewed the whole case as one not unworthy of his own management upon Machiavelian principles. A compromise of the dispute was probably what the minister designed; and if that were found impossible, an evasion, by a timely removal of Bentley to some other situation.

Meantime, these conciliatory intentions on the part of the premier were suddenly defeated by a strong measure of Bentley's. In the winter of 1712, he refused his consent to the usual division of the college funds. Attacked in this quarter, the fellows became desperate. Miller urged an application to the Court of Queen's Bench, with a view to compel the Bishop of Ely to proceed as visiter; for it was believed that the royal interdict would not be recognised by that court. Upon this the ministers shrank from the prospect of being publicly exposed as partisans in private cabals; and Lord Bolingbroke wrote hastily to

the Bishop of Ely, giving him the queen's permission to proceed "as far as by law he was empowered." Thus warranted, the fellows brought their cause before the Queen's Bench, and before the end of Easter term, 1713, obtained a rule for the bishop to show cause why a mandamus should not issue to compel him to discharge his judicial functions.

Two considerable advantages had been obtained by Bentley about this time: he had been able to apply the principle of *divide et impera* in the appointment to an office of some dignity and power;—a success which, though it really amounted to no more than the detaching from his enemies of that single member who benefited by the bribe, he had dexterously improved into a general report that the party arrayed against him were penitent and disunited. The other advantage was of still higher promise. Early in the summer of 1712, the negotiations for peace then pending at Utrecht had furnished the Whigs with an occasion for attack upon ministers which was expected to unseat them. How sanguine were the hopes embarked upon this effort, appears by the following passage from Swift's "Journal to Stella:"—"We got a great victory last Wednesday in the House of Lords, by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; *and the Whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see Lord Treasurer*" (viz., Oxford) "*carried to the Tower.*" In this critical condition, it was important to Oxford and Bolingbroke that their security should appear to stand not merely upon parliamentary majorities, but also on the general sense of the country. Addresses, therefore, expressing public confidence were particularly welcome at court; and Bentley managed one for them at Cambridge, which he was deputed to present.

But these were advantages which could avail him no-

thing in the new posture of the dispute. The Court of Queen's Bench had relieved the Bishop of Ely from the royal interdict. The bishop lost no time in throwing Bentley upon his defence. Bentley replied laconically (June 13, 1713); and after some further interchange of written pleadings with his accusers, he attempted to bring the whole affair to an abrupt issue at Cambridge; in which case, for want of mature evidence, an acquittal must have followed. But the bishop was on his guard. He had engaged the late Whig Lord Chancellor (Lord Cowper), and Dr Newton, an eminent civilian,* as his assessors; and he replied drily, that, if it suited their convenience, November would be the time of trial; but, at all events, London would be the place, as best furnished for both sides with the proper legal aids.

However, it happened, from the political agitations of that period, that the trial did not in fact come on until May, 1714. The great hall of Ely House was the court-room, and eight of the most eminent lawyers of the day assisted on one side or other as counsel. On the charge of wasting the college goods, Bentley made out a strong case. He produced the sanction of a majority; and the funds, it appeared, had been applied, at any rate, to the adorning and repairing of the college. As to the other charge of violating the statutes, it had been Bentley's custom to palliate his strong measures by shifting between the

* "*Civilian:*"—Under the fashionable, and most childish, use of this word now current (viz., to indicate simply a non-military person)—a use which has disturbed and perplexed all our past literature for six centuries—it becomes necessary to explain that, by *civilian* is meant in English—1. one who professes and practises the *civil law*, as opposed to the *common*, or municipal law of England; 2. one who teaches or expounds this civil law; 3. one who studies it. In this place, as applied to Dr Newton, it bears the *first* sense.

statute and the practice, just as either happened to afford him most countenance; but there were some acts oppressive beyond the countenance of either precedent or statute. Public opinion, and, it is supposed, the private opinion of the bishop, had hitherto powerfully favoured Bentley, but forsook him as the trial advanced; and tradition records, that on some remarkable expression of this change Bentley fainted away—a thing not very credible to me. At length, after six weeks' duration, the visiter was satisfied that the case had been established, and ordered a sentence of ejection from the mastership to be drawn up. This was done, and the sentence was afterwards found amongst his papers. Meantime, the good Bishop Moore had caught cold during the long sittings; and on the 31st of July, before any of his apparitors could execute the sentence, he was himself summoned away by a sterner apparitor to another world. On the day following died Queen Anne; and in one moment the favour of Oxford and Bolingbroke had become something worse than worthless. Thus suddenly did Bentley see both friends and foes vanish from the scene; and the fine old quarrel of Trinity College fell back to the *status quo ante bellum*, and was welcome to begin the world again. And there is an end to the first campaign.

So passed the first five years of the feud. Fleetwood, the new Bishop of Ely, declined to act as visiter of the master, unless he could also *visit* the fellows. Upon this significant hint, the prosecutors of Bentley, now reduced by six, who had died during the struggle, acceded to a compromise. Sensible, however, that so long as Miller continued to be a fellow the stifled fire would be continually rekindled, Bentley applied the whole force of his mind to eject him. A former pretext had been quashed; he now found a new one—but all in vain. The result for

the present was simply to refresh the fury of Miller. He was now become a sergeant; and he laid fresh articles before the bishop, who persisted, however, in declining to act.

At this point of the history, a new actor came upon the stage, who brought to the management of the quarrel, self-devotion like that of a Christian martyr, and malignity like that of a Pagan persecutor. This was Dr Colbatch, professor of casuistry. As a fellow of Trinity College, he had unavoidably taken some interest in the affair from the first; but, either through duty and gratitude, he had supported the master; or had passed into a state of strict neutrality; or, finally, had acquiesced with reluctance in the measures of Miller. At length, however, it is said that some affair of college leases, in the terms of which Bentley seemed to sacrifice reversionary to present interests, put an end to his languor; and he parted from the master in a state of enmity that in this life was destined to experience neither gradual decay nor momentary lull.

Now, then, the college was in perfect anarchy; yet the Bishop of Ely still refused to interfere, unless ordered by the king—viz., O Bezonian reader, that hast been perfidiously slumbering, a new king from Hanover, whom Mr Walter Savage Landor describes as "the wretch with white eyebrows,"

> "Whom the inclement winds
> Blew blighting from north-east."

In this dilemma, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Wake (the same, I think, who entertained the mad project for some sort of union between the Anglican and Gallican Church), pointed out the steps to be taken; amongst which the first was a petition to the king in council. His grace had himself lately received an affront from Dick, and he now de-

clared the jolly old doctor to be "the greatest instance of human frailty that he knew of." After some delay, caused by the weakness of the fellows in neglecting a prudent caution of the archbishop, the petition was called for by the council, and read. Then came a scene in the history of public business worthy of Swift. The council remits the case to Sir Edward Northey, at that time attorney-general; Mr Attorney remits to the Bishop of Ely; the bishop remits back again to Mr Attorney; and finally exit Mr Attorney in a hurry, with all the papers in a bundle—for Sir Edward was soon dismissed from office, and carried off the quarrel in his pocket. This was in 1716: for the three years which succeeded, Colbatch allowed himself to be amused with the merest moonshine by the chancellor, Lord Macclesfield, who secretly protected Bentley. In 1719 the petition came again to light; and being read at the council board, was referred by the Lords Justices, who represented the absent king, to a committee of the Privy Council. This resurrection from Sir Edward Northey's pocket was a sad blow to Bentley: three years' slumber gave him hopes that the petition had been applied to what Coleridge styles some "culinary or post-culinary purpose," in which case he was well assured that another of equal weight could no longer be substituted. However, the next step was to get it *laid*, and that could be done only by a compromise with Sergeant Miller. This had been attempted in vain some years back, as it happened that the sergeant was at that time discharging his wrath in a book against the doctor. That book, however, hurt nobody but its author; and the sergeant now listened favourably to an overture, which offered him a profitable retreat. He retired for ever from the contest, with the reputation of a traitor, and £528 sterling in his purse; he

rose afterwards to be a member of Parliament, and a baron of exchequer in Scotland; but in Cambridge he never retrieved his character.

For eleven years the quarrel had now raged in the courts; for the next seven, in consequence of this compromise with Miller, and the Bishop of Ely's *inertia*, it was conducted by the press; and strange it is to record, that all attempts in this way of Bentley's enemies, though practised authors, recoiled heavily on themselves: how many pamphlets, so many libels. Sergeant Miller had already paid dearly for *his*. Next came Conyers Middleton, who, in two particular sentences, seemed to intimate that justice could not be had (or even a hearing) from the king in council. In November, 1721, the king and Richard Bentley taught him in Westminster Hall to take a new view of the subject. He was compelled to ask pardon, and heavily amerced in costs. Colbatch, with this warning before his eyes, committed exactly the same fault, in *not* exactly the same shape, for it was a more dangerous shape. He was prosecuting Bentley as the supposed author of a supposed libel on himself in the university courts; and in support of the university jurisdiction, he published a book called "Jus Academicum." Circumstances arose, however, to convince him that more danger was at hand to himself than his antagonist, and he declared himself willing to drop the proceedings. "Are you so?" said Bentley; "but so am not I." There is a vulgar story of a gentle Quaker, who, finding a dog in the act of robbing his larder, declined rough modes of punishment, but said he would content himself with a parting admonition; upon which, opening the door to the dog, he cried after him, "Mad dog! good people, a mad dog!" In the same fashion did Bentley, not troubling himself to institute prosecutions, quietly

beg leave, by his counsel, to read a sentence or two from the "Jus Academicum" before the judges of the King's Bench. That was enough: the judges bounced like quicksilver, for their jurisdiction was questioned; and Dr Colbatch, in Mr Thurtell's language, was "booked." The troubles he went through in skulking from justice, and running after great men's intercession, would really make a novel. The following extracts from Dr Monk's account lift up the veil upon the wretched condition of him who is struggling in the meshes of penal law. After mentioning that the two Secretaries of State had promised their intercession with the Chief Justice, the account goes on thus:—

"He himself preferred his application to the Lord Chancellor, now Earl of Macclesfield, who, however great might be his faults, was remarkably accessible and affable. He indulged Colbatch with many interviews; and although he condemned without reserve the offending passages of his book, promised him his good offices with the Chief Justice,* to make the consequences light. But the patronage of these great ministers was not calculated to render the unfortunate divine any real service. The distinguished judge who presided on the bench entertained a high notion of the dignity of his court. He had also too just an opinion of the sanctity of the judicial character, not to be jealous of the interference of persons in power with the administration of justice. He therefore heard the representations of the cabinet ministers without the least disposition to attend to them; insomuch, that the Premier accounted for his inflexibility by observing, that *Pratt had got to the top of his preferment, and was therefore refractory, and not to be governed by them.*"

Soon after this, the publisher, Wilkin, was brought to the bar.

"The affrighted bookseller made an effort to save himself, by declaring that Dr Colbatch was the author; but the Chief Justice told him that he might do as he pleased about giving up the author,

* Viz., Pratt, Lord Camden.

for it should not save him from the punishment due to the offence of circulating the pamphlet; and that his fate should be a warning to other publishers; adding, that the court would serve the author in the same way if brought before them. Wilkin's terrors were greatly augmented, when, upon applying in the evening at the chambers of Mr Justice Fortescue to be bailed, he was informed by his lordship that he had that day taken as bail of the publisher of the "Freeholder's Journal" (a treasonable paper) £1000, and £500 for each of his sureties; and he was actually required to produce the same amount, the judge saying that his offence was as great, or greater."

The danger now thickened; and Colbatch was advised to keep out of the way, and with the utmost speed to procure the king's pardon, which had been promised him by *both* Secretaries of State. In what manner great men kept their promises in those days the reader shall hear:—

"When he renewed his application for the interference of the great ministers in his favour, he found their tone much altered. Lord Carteret, in particular, had at first been profuse in his assurances of protection in case of the worst. "*Should the doctor be sent to prison, here,*" said he, brandishing his pen, "*is Mercury's wand which will soon fetch him out.*" Now, however, his lordship's language was altered; he advised so and so, and he would undertake that nothing should hurt him. But Dr Friend, whose heart misgave him on this point, begged his lordship to pledge his word, that, in case of the worst, *Mercury's wand* should be put in operation. Re-encouraged by a fresh promise, the delinquent, who had changed his lodgings to escape notice, now put on his gown, and appeared publicly in the streets and in Westminster Hall. But here some lawyers, upon learning the grounds of his security, told him to *despair his charm*, for that, if he confessed himself the author of 'Jus Academicum,' the king himself could not hinder his being sent to prison."

Well, Colbatch, how do you find yourself by this time? I think you'll not meddle with our Dick again. And through the rest of that eighteenth century, perhaps you'll

see cause to let decent people go along the high road unmolested in future.

Colbatch, in fact, was shaking in his shoes; and in 1722 he thought it his best plan to strengthen himself with new friends, such as the Archbishop of York, the President of the Council, and many others. But at length he discovered "that there was a lion in his path, which intercepted all his prospects of powerful mediation." And who should this lion be? Why, simply that friend (the chancellor, to wit) who was the warmest of all in professions. What a picture of courts does the following passage expose!—

"The minister (Lord Townshend) then sent him to wait upon the Chief Justice, with a message from himself, intimating that the Crown would interfere to stay proceedings, and wishing to know in what manner that object could most properly be effected. Colbatch proceeded immediately to Sir John Pratt's, but found that he was just gone out; whereupon an unfortunate idea came across his mind, that he ought to go and communicate the minister's designs to the Lord Chancellor, lest he should appear to distrust the promise of the latter. This wily lord, having learned the state of the case, determined to counteract what was doing; and, under pretence of smoothing the way, made the doctor promise not to deliver Lord Townshend's message to the Chief Justice, till he had himself seen him upon the subject. Colbatch, however, presently perceiving that he had been surprised and tricked by this exalted personage, went back to Lord Townshend, and candidly told him what had passed. The minister revived his spirits by promising to procure him the king's pardon the next day, and directed him to call upon him again in the evening at his office, when he (Colbatch, to wit) should see and talk with the chancellor. Going at the time appointed, he found a cabinet meeting just broken up. Lord Townshend, as soon as he saw him, ordered Lord Macclesfield to be recalled; and the two great men held a long conversation apart, in which the chancellor contrived to intercept the favour designed for the unfortunate Colbatch. They then joined him, and Lord Macclesfield urged that nothing more was required of him but to make a reasonable apology to the court, and that he would be committed to satisfy form; that

this would be only nominal, as he would regain his liberty the next day; and earnestly advised him to undergo this trivial ordeal. Lord Townshend then joined in the recommendation, saying, "*Do, good doctor, do.*" Thus pressed, he had no alternative but to acquiesce, although he was no longer deceived, but saw himself the victim of a hard-hearted policy."

Certainly, if the doctor's friends were knaves, *ou à-peu-pres*, the doctor himself was a fool, *ou à-peu-pres*. And the very perfection of folly—pig-headed folly (opposed to equal pig-headedness in the judge)—appears in the final scene of this little drama, which I transcribe as a fair rival to any of the same kind in "Gil Blas," or other cynical painters of high civilisation:—

"After, &c. &c., Dr Colbatch was again brought up before the King's Bench, to petition for his discharge; whereupon Sir Littleton Powis, the senior puisne judge, delivered him his final objurgation. His lordship had just been reading "Jus Academicum," and was master of its contents; but, unfortunately for the author, he considered some of the reflections, intended for Dr Bentley, as levelled against the court. He termed the appeals made to *foreign* lawyers quite *foreign* to the purpose;—a conceit which took his lordship's fancy so much, that he repeated it three or four times in the course of his speech. But the most disastrous point was the motto of the book, '*Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat*'—('Laws he refuses to regard as having any existence for himself, there is nothing which he does not insolently claim'). He accused Colbatch of applying to the Court of King's Bench the most virulent verse in all Horace, '*Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non* ABROGAT'—(*'Nothing that he does not* ABrogate'). The culprit immediately set him right as to Horace's word; and told him, besides, that the motto was intended to apply, not to the judges, but to Dr Bentley. Sir Littleton, however, would not be driven from what he considered his stronghold; he thrice recurred to this unhappy quotation, which accused their lordships of *abrogating* the laws, and *each time* Colbatch was imprudent enough to interrupt and correct him—['*arrogat*, my lord, *arrogat*—not abrogat']. At last the court remarked to his counsel, Kettelbey, that his client did not appear to be sen-

sible of being in contempt; and, to convince him of that fact, sentenced him to pay £50, to be imprisoned till it was paid, and to give security for his good behaviour for a year."

It will appear like judicial infatuation in Bentley's enemies, that, on that same day when this scene took place in the King's Bench, another process was commenced against Conyers Middleton for a libel upon the same court. "The pamphlet being handed to the bench, the Chief Justice pronounced, that, if Dr Middleton were really the author, he must be the most ungrateful man alive, considering that the court had already treated him with so much lenity." In fact, this unhappy coincidence in time of the two cases gave to the reverend libellers the appearance of being in a conspiracy. However, though Middleton would not take a lesson from his friend to avoid his offence, he *did* as regarded the management of his defence. He applied to no Lord Macclesfields or Secretaries of State; and, in consequence, he met precisely the same punishment as Colbatch, without the same protracted suffering. And thus ended the sixth suit which Bentley had prosecuted to a triumphant issue, within three years, in the King's Bench, himself enjoying all the time the most absolute *otium cum dignitate*, whilst his malicious enemies were mere footballs to the fury of law.

These, however, were no more than episodes in the great *epos* of the original quarrel. In the latter end of 1727, after a seven years' rest, this began to revive. Like a snake from a long, long winter, unwinding his venomous links at the genial touch of a vernal noon, the old original feud, quickening into cruel life, began to look around for new victims. Bishop Fleetwood had been succeeded in the see of Ely by Greene, who was willing to act, provided his expenses were guaranteed, and certain legal questions an-

swered favourably. His demands were granted; and five eminent lawyers, having separately returned satisfactory answers, preparations were making for assault. Though managed silently, Bentley heard of them; and immediately petitioned the king, telling him that the Bishop of Ely was going to rob him of his rights. Dick had protected one great sovereign, last of the Stewarts, from the tricks of usurpers; and now prepared to do the same loyal service for another, the founder of a new dynasty. After three months' waiting for the result, the bishop in turn petitioned the king to be heard on behalf of his see. A committee of the Privy Council was then appointed. Delays, as usual, were devised by Bentley; and not before March, 1729, did the committee decide, that "they could not advise His Majesty to interfere at all; but that the bishop was at liberty to proceed as he thought proper."

Richard Bentley had come to a different decision, as he soon made Bishop Greene understand. In November his lordship began to stir; but Bentley soon pulled him up, by moving the King's Bench for a prohibition, on the ground that, before he could be "visited," he must be twice admonished by the vice-master: now, as he took care to have a vice-master of his own choosing, this was not likely to happen before the Greek calends. The judges at length refused the prohibition, holding that the preliminary admonition was required only in cases of petty delinquencies. Bishop Greene was therefore once more declared at liberty to proceed; and at last it was thought, says Dr Monk, "that all Bentley's resources were at an end."

Little did they know of Richard Bentley who thought thus. On the 2d June, 1729, steps were again taken at Ely House, and a further day assigned. Before that day came, again had Bentley put a spoke in the bishop's

wheel. He applied to the King's Bench for a writ of prohibition on new grounds; and this time he succeeded. Next term, the bishop applied to have the prohibition taken off. But that was more easily asked than granted. Bentley had bothered the judges with a paper which cost a week even to copy. The judges had no time to read it, and were obliged to continue the prohibition; and then came the long vacation. In November, 1729, the campaign opened again; but the court declared that no case like this had ever come before them, and declined to pronounce judgment until it had been argued by way of declaration and answer.

In 1730, with the vernal resurrection of nature, up rose the everlasting process. "Up rose the sun," says Chaucer, in "Palamon and Arcite"—"up rose the sun, and up rose Emilie." Up rose verdant Dr Greene, and up rose the ever-verdant process. Bishop Greene put in his plea. Bentley took no notice of it; nor would to this hour, had not a rule been applied for to compel him. At the last minute of the time allowed, he replied, by asking for time—a month, for instance. The court granted a week. At the last minute of the week he put in a *replication*, which, in Strange's Reports, is described as "immaterial."

Upon this the bishop, in technical phrase, *demurred*. But here, again, Bentley got Bishop Greene under his arm, and "fibbed" him cruelly. It is presumed in law, that, for his own interest, a plaintiff will proceed quickly; so that, if he should not, the rules of court make no provision for compelling him. Now, it is true that Bentley was defendant on the main case; yet, on that part of it which came before the Court of King's Bench, he was plaintiff; of course he made no sign of proceeding. In Trinity term

measures were taken to compel him. But next came another step, which also belongs to plaintiff. Plaintiff failed. As this was no more than making up what is called a "paper book," defendant did it for him. But this Bentley would not hear of. "By no means," said he; "it is my duty to do it. I have failed; and I insist on being compelled to do my duty." And in this way again he whiled away the year until the long vacation arrived, when all men rest from their labour. Who will deny that his friends in Cambridge did right in giving the unconquerable old man a triumphal reception, meeting him at Bourn Bridge, and preparing him a welcome in Trinity College, "in a manner similar to that of His Majesty's late reception in Cambridge?"

Michaelmas term, 1730, the judges, after hearing three days' argument, gave judgment against two of Bentley's pleas; on the third, they postponed their decision.

Easter term, 1731, arrived, and new light dawned for Bentley. The charges against him all went upon a presumed validity of certain statutes, known as Queen Elizabeth's, which had superseded the elder statutes of Edward VI.; and no question had arisen, but as to which set of statutes were valid for this particular case. Suddenly the judges themselves started a question—Were these statutes valid for *any* case? Counsel on neither side had heard a whisper in that direction. Being uninstructed, they were silent. The judges differed amongst themselves, and the result seemed doubtful. But all at once they discovered a screw loose in another quarter. It was this: the bishop had described himself as "visiter especially authorised and appointed by the 40th of Queen Elizabeth's statutes." Now, waiving the other question, at any rate it was the elder statutes which had created his jurisdiction, the Eliza-

bethan (supposing them valid) having at most recognised it. This flaw was held fatal by the whole bench, in other respects not unanimous; and a sufficient reason thus rose suddenly as if on wings for continuing the prohibition.

So terminated this stage of the interminable process; damages to the prosecutors—little less than £1000; and to Bentley, whose costs fell on the college (and in their proportion, therefore, upon the prosecutors), £1300. Prosecutors had to pay Bentley £289, as costs contracted in discussing objections of *his* raising, notwithstanding every one of these objections had been dismissed. Such a result of their malice it is delightful to record.

How Dr Monk reconciles it with the fact of the continued prohibition, I do not pretend to guess; so it is, however, that I now find him speaking of Bishop Greene, as being at liberty to proceed "at discretion." However, we must take things as we find them. In July, 1731, Bentley, on suspicion that Bishop Greene was meditating a choice of courses, resolved to spare Bishop Greene any course at all. With that view he petitioned the king to prohibit him by a *fiat* of the attorney-general. This new attack exhausted Bishop Greene's entire stock of patience, which never had been much of a burden to carry. Bishop Greene began to sing out furiously; and, when our Richard's petition, after two hearings, was dismissed as illegal in its prayer, his lordship resolved to go in to his man, and finish him in as few rounds as possible. Yet how? After much deliberation, it was resolved to adopt the plan of an appeal to the House of Lords for a reversal of the late judgment of the King's Bench.

It is ludicrous to mention, that, whilst this grand measure was pending, a miniature process occurred, which put all parties to the great one through what had now become

their regular facings. Bentley had expelled a gentleman from Trinity College. Of course the man appealed to the Bishop of Ely; of course, the Bishop of Ely cited Bentley before him; of course, Bentley treated the citation with contempt, and applied to the King's Bench for his old familiar friend—the rule to prohibit; and, of course, the court granted it. Upon which this feud merged quietly into the bosom of the main one, which now, ancient toad as it was, with all the little tadpoles riding on its back, awaited the decision of the Upper House of Parliament.

On the 6th of May, the case opened before this illustrious court, who were now to furnish a *peripeteia*, or dramatic catastrophe, to an affair which had occupied and confounded all sorts of courts known to the laws or usages of this kingdom. "The interest attached to the cause, and the personage whose fortunes were at stake," says Dr Monk, "produced full houses on almost every day that it was argued." The judges were ordered to attend the House during its continuance; and, from the novelty of the case or some other reason, it was followed by the Peers with singular zest and attention.

On the 8th of May, the judgment of the King's Bench was reversed, chiefly (it is believed) through a speech of Bishop Sherlock's. The House then undertook, after some debate, to deliberate separately upon all the articles of accusation preferred against Bentley. This deliberation extended into the next session; and, upon the 15th of February, 1733, final judgment was pronounced, giving to the Bishop of Ely permission to try the Master of Trinity on twenty of the sixty-four articles. The first court was held at Ely House on the 13th of June, 1733; and on the 27th of April, 1734, the whole trial being concluded, Bishop Greene—unsupported, however, by his assessors, both of

whom, it is known, were for a sentence of acquittal—"in terms of great solemnity," declared that Dr Bentley was proved guilty both of dilapidating the goods of his college, and violating its statutes; and accordingly *pronounced him to be deprived of the mastership of Trinity College.*

At length, then, after infinite doubles through a chase of five-and-twenty years, the old fox is hunted to earth: but who shall be the man to smoke him out? Bentley saw no reason why the matter of execution might not be made to yield as good sport as the matter of trial. He had already provided an evasion; it was this: the statute says that, when convicted, the master shall, without delay, be stripped of his office by the vice-master. He only was authorised to execute the sentence. The course then was clear: a vice-master was to be provided who would *not* do his duty. The bishop had a sort of resource in such a case. But Bentley had good reasons for believing that it would be found unserviceable. Wanted, therefore, immediately, for Trinity College, a stout-hearted son of thunder, able to look a bully in the face. How ardently must Bentley have longed to be his own vice! As that could not be, he looked out for the next best man on the roll.

Meantime, the bishop issued three copies of his sentence —one to Dr Bentley, one for the college gates, and a third to Dr Hacket, the vice-master, requiring him to see it executed. The odious Colbatch already rioted in his vengeance: more than delay he did not suspect; yet even this exasperated his venom; and he worried the poor vice with his outcries, which night and day ascended to the skies.

Bentley, be it remembered, was now in his seventy-third year: his services to Trinity College, to classical literature, to religion, were greater than can be readily

estimated. Of his prosecutors and judge, on the other hand, with a slight change in Caligula's wish, any honest man might desire for the whole body one common set of posteriors, that in planting a single kick he might have expressed his collective disdain of them, their acts, and their motives. Yet, old as Bentley was, and critical as he found his situation, he lost no jot of his wonted cheerfulness. "He maintained," says his biographer, "not only his spirits, but his accustomed gaiety;" and, in allusion to his own predicament, gave to the candidates for a scholarship, as a subject for a theme, the following words of Terence:—

"Hoc nunc dicis
Ejectos hinc nos: omnium rerum, heus, vicissitudo est!"

"This, now, is what you are saying—that I am served with a writ of ejectment? Well: ups and downs are what we must look for in all things."

Hacket, however, was not a man to depend upon; he "felt uneasy, and had no mind to become a victim in defence of one whom he regarded with no affection." Luckily, he was willing to resign; luckily, too, just then, Dr Walker became eligible—a devoted friend, of whom Dr Monk believes that he "would have cheerfully risked his life in the protection of his master." *

Dr Walker was elected. He was not a man to be terrified by ugly words nor by grim faces. Bishop Greene sent his mandate to Dr Walker, requiring him immediately to deprive the master: *no attention was paid.* Colbatch put bullying questions: Dr Walker "*declined to give any reply.*" Then Bishop Greene petitioned the House of

* Much drollery is extracted by Pope in the "Dunciad" from the relations between Bentley and Walker; but these relations are misrepresented, perhaps were misunderstood, by Pope. The dependency of Walker was one of love and burning admiration, not of obsequiousness or servility.

Lords, the very court which had directed him to try the doctor: the House kicked the petition out-of-doors. Then Bishop Greene turned to the Court of King's Bench; and the court granted a mandamus to Dr Walker to do his duty. But that writ was so handled by Bentley's suggestions, that the judges quashed it. Then Bishop Greene procured another *mandamus* in another shape,—viz., a mandamus to himself to compel himself to compel Dr Walker to do his duty. But that writ was adjudged, after long arguments, to be worse than the other. Then Bishop Greene obtained a third mandamus, which included some words that were thought certain to heal all defects: but, upon argument, it was found that those very words had vitiated it. And in this sort of work Bentley had now held them in play four years since the sentence. Now, then, all mankind, with Bishop Greene at their head, and Colbatch at their tail, verily despaired. Dr Bentley had been solemnly sentenced and declared to be ejected; yet all the artillery of the supreme courts of the kingdom could not be so pointed as to get him within range. Through four consecutive years after his sentence, writ upon writ, *mandamus* surmounting *mandamus*, had been issued against him; but all in vain: budge he would not for gentle or simple: the smoke of his pipe still calmly ascended in Trinity Lodge. There is an amusing scene in Beaumont and Fletcher, where a care-hating old boy, being asked who he fancied was likely to furnish coats and trousers, breakfasts and dinners, year after year, to *him* that would take no thought or care for himself, replies, that always in past years he had remarked, when he grew hungry, that he found breakfast or dinner waiting for him; always, again, when his coat began to look seedy, he found a new one lying in his bedroom: it ever had been

so according to some law of gravitation, and doubtless ever would be so. Pretty much in the same cheerful and enjoying frame of mind did Bentley sit by his happy fireside in Trinity Lodge through more than forty years, whilst uproars and storms were raving outside. At length, when the third writ was quashed by the judges of the King's Bench, after a solemn hearing on the 22d of April, 1738, his enemies became finally satisfied that "this world was made for Cæsar;" and that to dislodge our incomparable Dick, by any forms of law yet discovered amongst men, was a problem of sheer desperation. From this day, therefore, that idle attempt was abandoned by all human beings except Colbatch, who could find nobody to join him: and from this date, twenty-nine years from the opening of the process, and about thirty-eight from the opening of the quarrel, its extinction may be dated. The case appears to have been fatal to the see of Ely; for Bishop Moore had lost his life in trying Bentley; Bishop Fleetwood saved *his* by letting him alone; and Bishop Greene, after floundering in his own sentence for four years, departed this life in a few days after finding out that it never would be executed.

Thus ended this great lawsuit, which occupied about two-thirds of Dr Bentley's manhood.* After this, he amused himself with prosecuting old Colbatch for 3s. 6d., which Colbatch (upon principles of ecclesiastical polity) vehemently desired to cheat him of. It is gratifying to add,

* As evidence of the violent and unjust hostility to Bentley which prevailed in Cambridge, it ought to be mentioned that, during the progress of this main feud, without a trial, and on the merest *ex parte* statement, Bentley was solemnly degraded and stripped of his degrees, to which he was restored only after a struggle of five and a-half years, by a peremptory *mandamus* from the King's Bench.

that he "trounced" Colbatch, who was sentenced to pay 3s. 6d., together with 2s. 6d. arrears, and £20 costs.* Colbatch talked of applying to a higher court: but afterwards thought better on that subject, and confined his groans to a book—which it is to be hoped no mortal ever read.

This last of his thousand-and-one lawsuits terminated in 1740: after which, he enjoyed a clear space of more than two years for assoiling himself from the irritation of earthly quarrels, and preparing for his end. His last appearance of a public nature was on occasion of something which I must not call foolery in the offending parties, since Dr Monk considers it "alarming;" and here it was that he delivered his final jest. A youth, whose name has not reached posterity with much lustre, one Strutt, had founded a sect of atheists, by a book published in 1732. The Struttian philosophy had been propagated by Mr Tinkler Ducket, a fellow of Caius† College. Tinkler, ambitious (it seems) of martyrdom in the cause of Struttism, privately denounced his own atrocities: a great fuss ensued: bishops and archbishops were consulted: and, finally, Tinkler was brought to trial upon a charge of Strutting. He was fully proved to have Strutted, though he attempted to deny it: and on the last day of trial, Dr Bentley being wanted to make up a

* By the way, Colbatch must have been pretty well "cleaned out" by this time, which is pleasing to believe; for Dr Monk, by examining the bursary books of Trinity College, has found that the costs of the suit were nominally £3057, but really not less than £4000: so that, at one time, a pleasant prospect of starvation was before the college. Over and above his share of all this, Colbatch had little pet libels of his own to provide for. Well is it that malice is sometimes a costly luxury!

† Which, take notice, O reader, that art a greenhorn, is not pronounced as it looks, but as if written *Keys*.

quorum of heads, and by way of paying honour to the father of the university, who could not easily go to *them*, the court, with its appendages, atheist and all, adjourned to *him*.. Court being seated, Bentley begged to know which was the atheist: and, upon Tinkler being pointed out to him, who happened to be a little meagre man, "Atheist!" said he, "how! is that the atheist? Why, I thought an atheist would be at least as big as Burrough the beadle!" Burrough, it may readily be supposed, was a burly personage, fitted to enact the part of leader to a defying philosophy.

This incident occurred early in 1739. Some time further on in the same year is fixed, conjecturally, as the period of a paralytic attack, from which it is certain that he suffered at *some* time in his latter years. That it was a slight one, is evident from the fact that he acted as an examiner for a scholarship within a month of his death.

About the beginning of the next year he lost his wife, in the fortieth year of a union memorably happy. His two daughters, both married, united their pious attentions to soothe his old age, and to win his thoughts from too painful a sense of this afflicting trial: and one of them, Mrs Cumberland, having four children, filled his else desolate mansion with the sounds, long silent, of youthful mirth and gladness. "Surrounded with such friends, the doctor experienced the joint pressure of old age and infirmity as lightly as is consistent with the lot of humanity. He continued to amuse himself with reading; and, though nearly confined to his arm-chair, was able to enjoy the society of his friends, and several rising scholars (Markland, John Taylor, Thomas Bentley, his nephew, &c.), who sought the conversation of the veteran Grecian: with

them he still discussed the readings of classical authors, recited Homer, and expounded the doctrine of the Digamma."

Mr Cumberland's portrait of his grandfather's amiable old age I forbear to quote, as probably familiar to most of my readers: but one or two peculiarities in the domestic habits of his latter years, as less known, I add from Dr Monk:—"It is recorded that Bentley enjoyed smoking with his constant companion (Dr Walker); a practice which he did not begin before his seventieth year; he is stated also to have been an admirer of good port wine, while he thought contemptuously of claret; *which*, he said, *would be port if it could*. He generally wore, while sitting in his study, a hat with an enormous brim—as a shade to protect his eyes; and he affected more than ever a fashion of addressing his familiars with the singular pronouns *thou* and *thee*."

There is, it seems, a tradition in Cambridge that Bentley was accustomed to describe himself as likely to attain the age of fourscore years; but on what particular ground is not said. In making this remark, he would observe, by way of parenthesis, that a life of that duration was long enough to read everything worth reading; and then reverting to the period he had anticipated for himself, he would conclude—

"Et tunc magna mei sub terris ibit imago."

If this anticipation were really made by Bentley, it is a remarkable instance of that unaccountable spirit of divination which has haunted some people (Lord Nelson, for instance, in the obstinate prediction before his final victory —*that the 21st of October would be his day*); Bentley *did* accomplish his eightieth year, and a few months more. About the 10th of July, he was seized with what is supposed to have been a pleuritic fever. Dr Heberden, at

that time a young physician in Cambridge, for some reason not stated (perhaps the advanced age of the patient), declined to bleed him—a measure which Bentley himself suggested, and which is said to have been considered necessary by Dr Wallis. That the indications of danger were sudden and of rapid progress, is probable from the fact that Dr Wallis, who was summoned from Stamford, arrived too late. Bentley expired on the 14th of July, 1742; and in his person England lost the greatest scholar by far that she ever has produced; greater than she *will* again produce, according to all likelihood, under the tendencies of modern education. Some account of his principal works, and a general estimate of his services to literature, and of his character and pretensions as a scholar, I reserve to a separate section.

PART II.

The age is past in which men rendered a cheerful justice to the labours of the classical scholar. Joseph Scaliger, Isaac Casaubon, and the monster of erudition, Claudius Salmasius, are supposed by multitudes of sciolists to have misdirected their powers. In that case, Richard Bentley must submit to the same award. Yet it would perhaps be no difficult achievement to establish a better apology for the classical student than is ever contemplated by those who give the tone to the modern fashion in education.

What it is proposed to *substitute* for classical erudition, we need not too rigorously examine. Some acquaintance with the showy parts of Experimental Philosophy and

Chemistry—a little *practical* Mathematics—a slight popular survey of History and Geography—a sketch of empirical Political Economy—a *little* Law—a *little* Divinity—perhaps even a *little* Medicine and Farriery; such are the elements of a fashionable education. All that is really respectable in a scheme of this complexion, the mathematics and the mechanical philosophy, judging by the evidence of the books which occasionally appear, should seem to be attained with any brilliant success only in that university (Cambridge) where these studies are pursued jointly with the study of classical literature. The notion of any hostility, therefore, between the philological researches of the Greek and Latin literator on the one hand, and the severe meditations, on the other, of the geometrician and the inventive analyst—such a hostility as could make it necessary to weigh the one against the other—is, in practice, found to be imaginary. No *comparative* estimate, then, being called for, we may confine ourselves to a simpler and less invidious appreciation of classical erudition upon the footing of its *absolute* pretensions.

Perhaps a judicious pleading on this subject would pursue something of the following outline:—

First, it is undeniable that the progress of *sacred* literature is dependent upon that of profane. The vast advances made in biblical knowledge, and in other parts of divinity, since the era of the Reformation, are due, in a great proportion, to the *general* prosecution of classical learning. It is in vain to attempt a distinction between the useful parts of this learning and the ornamental: all are useful; all are necessary. The most showy and exquisite refinements in the doctrine of Greek choric metre, even where they do not directly avail us in expelling anomalies of syntax or of idiom from embarrassed passages, and thus

harmonising our knowledge of this wonderful language, yet offer a great indirect benefit: they exalt the standard of attainment, by increasing its difficulty and its compass; and a prize placed even at an elevation useless for itself, becomes serviceable as a guarantee that all lower heights must have been previously traversed. Mark *that*, my dashing traducer of classic studies, and answer it at your "earliest convenience."

Secondly, the general effect upon the character of young men from a classical education, is pretty much like that which is sought for in travelling; more unequivocally even than *that*, coming at the age which is best fitted for receiving deep impressions, it liberalises the mind. This effect is derived in part from the ennobling tone of sentiment which presides throughout the great orators, historians, and *litterateurs* of antiquity; and in part it is derived from the vast *difference* in temper and spirit between the modern (or Christian) style of thinking, and that which prevailed under a Pagan religion, connected, in its brightest periods, with republican institutions. The mean impression from *home-keeping*, and the contracted views of a mere personal experience, are thus, as much as by any other conceivable means, broken and defeated. Edmund Burke has noticed the illiberal air which is communicated to the mind by an education exclusively scientific, even where it is more radical and profound than it is ever likely to be under those theories which reject classical erudition. The sentiments which distinguish a *gentleman* receive no aid from any attainments in science; but it is certain that familiarity with the classics, and the noble direction which they are fitted to impress upon the thoughts and aspirations, *do* eminently fall in with the few other chivalrous sources of feeling that survive at this day. It is not im-

probable, also, that a reflection upon the "uselessness" of such studies, according to the estimate of coarse utilitarians —that is, their inapplicability to any object of mercenary or mechanic science—co-operates with their more direct influences in elevating the taste. *To be useless*, is not unfrequently a gorgeous emblazonry of honour on the very face and frontispiece of difficult accomplishments. Thence we may explain the reason of the universal hatred amongst plebeian and coarse-minded Jacobins to studies and institutions which point in this direction. They hate the classics for the same reason that they hate the manners of chivalry, or the characteristic distinctions of a gentleman.

Thirdly, a sentiment of just respect belongs to the classical scholar, if it were only for the numerical *extent* of the items which compose the great total of his knowledge. In separate importance, the acquisitions of the mathematician transcend *his;* each several proposition in that region of knowledge has its distinct value and dignity. But in the researches of the scholar, more conspicuously than in any other whatsoever, the details are truly and literally without end. Simply on that basis, simply for the *infinity* of separate acts on the part of the memory and the understanding, which must be presumable in any extensive scholarship, even if otherwise each act for itself separately were less important, the scholar or poly-histor has a special station of honour.

Fourthly, the *difficulty*, as derived from peculiar idiom and construction, of the two classical languages of antiquity, more especially the Greek, is in itself a test of very unusual talent. Modern languages are learned inevitably by simple efforts of memory, or of pure parrot-like imitation. And, if the learner benefits by a rational plan of tuition—viz., falls under the tuition of circumstances,

which oblige him to speak the language, and to hear it spoken, for all purposes of daily life—there is perhaps no living idiom in Europe which would not be mastered in three months. Certainly, there is none which presupposes any peculiar talent as a *conditio sine quâ non* for its attainment. Greek *does;* and I affirm peremptorily, that none but a man of singular talent can attain (what, after all, goes but a small way in the accomplishments of a scholar) the power of reading Greek fluently at sight. The difficulty lies in two points: first, in the peculiar perplexities of the Greek construction; and, secondly, in the continual inadequation (to use a logical term) of Greek to modern terms: a circumstance which makes literal translation impossible, and reduces the translator to a continued effort of compensation. Upon a proper occasion, it would be easy to illustrate this point. Meantime the fact must strike everybody, be the explanation what it may, that very few persons ever *do* arrive at any tolerable skill in the Greek language. After seven years' application to it, most people are still alarmed at a sudden summons to translate a Greek quotation; it is almost ill-bred to ask for such a thing; and we may appeal to the candour of those even who, upon a case of necessity, are able to "do the trick," whether, in reading a Greek book of history for their own private amusement, they do not court the assistance of the Latin version at their side. Greek rarely becomes as familiar as Latin. And, as the modes of teaching them are pretty much the same, there is no way of explaining this but by supposing a difficulty *sui generis* in the Greek language, and a talent *sui generis* for contending with it.

Upon some such line of argument as I have here sketched—illustrating the claims of the classical student

according to the several grounds now alleged—viz., 1. the difficulty of his attainments in any exquisite form; 2. their vast extent; 3. their advantageous tendency for impressing an elevated tone upon the youthful mind; and 4. their connection with the maintenance of that "*strong book-mindedness*" and massy erudition which are the buttresses of a reformed church, and which failing (if they ever *should* fail), will leave it open to thousands of factious schisms—possibly a fair pleader might make out a case, stronger than a modern education-monger could retort, for the scholar, technically so called, meaning the man who has surrendered his days and nights to Greek, Latin, or the biblical languages, and to the researches, more multitudinous than the sands of the sea-shore, for which those languages are the only portals.

Such a scholar, and modelled upon the most brilliant conception of his order, was Bentley. Wisely concentrating his exertions, under a conviction that no length of life or reach of faculties was sufficient to exhaust that single department which he cultivated, he does not appear to have carried his studies, in any instance, beyond it. Whatsoever more he knew, he knew in a popular way; and doubtless for much of that knowledge he was indebted to conversation. Carried by his rank and ecclesiastical preferments (and, from a very early age, by the favour of Bishop Stillingfleet) into the best society, with so much shrewd sense, and so powerful a memory, he could not but bear away with him a large body of that miscellaneous knowledge which floats upon the surface of social intercourse. He was deficient, therefore, in no information which naturally belongs to an English gentleman. But the whole of it, if we except, perhaps, that acquaintance with the English law, and the forms of its courts, which

circumstances obliged him to cultivate, was obtained in his hours of convivial relaxation; and rarely indeed at the sacrifice of a single hour, which, in the distribution of his time, he had allotted to the one sole vocation of his life—the literature of classical antiquity. How much he accomplished in that field, will be best learned from a *catalogue raisonné* of his works (including his contributions to the works of others), and from a compressed abstract of that principal work to which he is indebted for much of the lustre which still settles upon his memory.

His *coup d'essai* in literature, his inaugural effort, as I have already mentioned, was his appendix to the "Chronicle of Malelas." It was written in the winter of 1690, but not published until June, 1691. Bentley was at this time twenty-nine years old, and could not therefore benefit by any consideration of his age. But he needed no indulgences. His epistle travels over a prodigious extent of ground, and announces everywhere a dignified self-respect, combined with respect for others. In all that relates to the Greek dramatic poets, Euripides, in particular, and in the final disquisition (which I have already analysed) on the laws which govern the Latinisation of Grecian proper names, the appendix to Malelas is still worthy of most attentive study.

He soon after began to prepare editions of Philostratus, of Hesychius, and of the Latin poet Manilius. From these labours he was drawn off, in 1692, by his first appointment to preach the Boyle Lecture. Those sermons are published. They were serviceable to his reputation at that time, and are still worthy of their place as the inaugural dissertations in that distinguished series of English divinity. It would be idle to describe them as in any eminent sense philosophical; they are not so; but they

present as able a refutation of the infidel notions then prevalent,* and (in the two latter lectures) as popular an application to the same purpose of the recent Newtonian discoveries, as the times demanded, or a miscellaneous audience permitted.

In 1694, Bentley was again appointed to preach the Boyle Lecture: but his sermons on that occasion have not been printed. On various pleas he delayed preparing them for the press so long, that, before he found himself at leisure for that task, the solicitations of his friends had languished, and his own interest in the work had probably died away. Seventy-nine years ago, when the Life of Bentley was published in the "Biographia Britannica," they were still in existence; but his present biographer has not been able to ascertain their subsequent fate.

By this time the Philostratus was ready for the press, but an accident put an end to that undertaking. The high duties upon paper, and other expenses of printing in England, had determined Bentley to bring out his edition at Leipsic; and accordingly one sheet was printed in that

* Misled by Dr Monk (who, though citing the passage from Bentley's letters about the Hobbists, yet, in the preceding page, speaks of "the doctrines of *Spinoza*," as having contributed to taint the principles of many in the higher classes), I had charged Bentley with the common error of his order, in supposing a book so rare as the "B. D. S. Opera Posthuma" to have been, by possibility, an influential one in England. But I now find, on consulting Dr Burney's collection of Bentley's letters (p. 146 of the Leipsic edition, 1825), that Bentley expressly avowed my own view of the case. His words to Dr Bernard are as follows:—"But are the atheists of your mind, that they have no books written for them? Not one of them but believes Tom Hobbes to be a rank one; and that his corporeal God is a mere sham to get his book printed. I have said something to this in my first sermon, and I know it to be true, by the conversation I have had with them. *There may be some Spinozists, or immaterial fatalists, beyond seas; but not one English infidel in a hundred is other than a Hobbist.*"

university. But Bentley, who had the eye of an amateur for masterly printing, and the other luxuries of the English and Dutch press, was so much disgusted with the coarseness of this German specimen, that he peremptorily put an end to the work, and transferred his own collations of two Oxford MSS. to Olearius of Leipsic. In the edition published by this person in 1709, there will be found so much of Bentley's notes as were contained in the specimen sheet; these, however, extend no farther than page 11; and what has become of the rest—a matter of some interest to myself—it has become impossible to learn.

In 1695, Bentley assisted his zealous friend Evelyn in the revision of his "Numismata."

In July, 1696, on taking his doctor's degree, Bentley maintained three separate theses: one "On the Rationality of the Mosaic Cosmogony and Deluge;" a second "On the Divine Origin of the Christian Miracles;" and a third "On the Relation between the Christian and Platonic Trinities." These themes (at any rate the last) appear to me somewhat above the reach of Bentley's philosophy, or indeed of any English philosophy since the days of Henry More, Cudworth, and Stillingfleet. The last of these persons, however, his own friend and patron, had no doubt furnished Bentley with directions and materials for treating the question. This dissertation it would be delightful to read; but it seems to have vanished as completely as the public breakfast which accompanied it. On the Sunday following, he preached before the university what is called the Commencement Sermon ("Of Revelation and the Messiah"). Many years afterwards, this was added as an appropriate sequel to an edition of his Boyle Lectures in 1692. It is a powerful and learned (however imperfect) defence of the Christian faith, and

of its founder's claim to the character of the Jewish Messiah.

Meantime, his professional exertions had not abated his zeal for literature. In the course of this year, he finished his notes and emendations to the text of Callimachus. These, together with a complete digest of that poet's fragments, admirably corrected, he transmitted to his learned friend Grævius of Utrecht, for the improvement of what may be called a Variorum Callimachus, which Grævius was then carrying through the press. This had been originally projected, and some part already printed, by a son of Grævius, who died prematurely. In the very first letter of Grævius, September 17, 1692,* thus much had been explained to Bentley, and that amongst the ornaments of the edition would be a copious commentary by Ezechiel Spanheim, a distinguished Prussian, envoy at one time to England from the Court of Berlin, and next after Bentley, perhaps, the best Grecian of the age. Dressed in this pomp of learned apparel, the muse of Callimachus came forth with unexpected splendour: *pars minima est ipsa puella sui—("the least part of the attractions lay in the central object itself");* and Bentley was perhaps sincere in assuring

* Of all biographers, Dr Monk is the most perversely obscure in fixing dates. As one instance, at p. 21, I defy any critic to explain the reference of the words—"This happened in the latter part of 1690." *What* happened? The words immediately preceding are, "that Bentley should publish his remarks on Malelas." Naturally, therefore, every reader would understand the reference as pointing to the actual publication of those remarks; but in the middle of the next page he finds that this did not occur until June, 1691. Here, again, with respect to Callimachus, the wit of man could not make out, from the sentence which opens chapter v., whether the publication took place in the August of 1696 or of 1697. But by a letter of Grævius, dated on the 6th of September, 1697, and stating that he had three weeks before despatched six copies of the Callimachus as presents to Bentley, I, the writer of this biographical sketch, ascertain that 1697 was the true date.

Grævius (15th February, 1698) that, according to the judgment of one learned friend, no writer of antiquity had been so richly endowed with editorial services.

In May, 1697, was published the original Dissertation on Phalaris, as a supplement to the second edition of Wotton's "Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning." By way of suitable accompaniments, were added shorter dissertations on the spurious Letters of Themistocles, Socrates, and Euripides; and finally on the Fables, and the personal deformity, imputed to Æsop. At the beginning of 1699 appeared the second (or complete) Dissertation on Phalaris; from which (on account of the great expansion given to the principal theme) all supplementary parts were now unavoidably retrenched.

Soon after this period, the manifold business which occupied Bentley, upon his promotion to the headship of Trinity College, Cambridge, and upon various university appointments, appears to have interrupted his literary pursuits; and perhaps he surrendered himself the more tractably to these avocations from the ordinary tenor of his life, in consideration of that excessive price which now affected English paper. Already in 1698 this exorbitant price had seemed to Bentley, and had been formally alleged in his letters to Grævius, as a sufficient motive for *then* (*i. e.*, provisionally) renouncing the press.* However,

* It is to be observed that Bentley had one reason more than most authors for giving weight to this consideration, and a reason honourable to his æsthetic sensibility: he was peculiarly affected by typographic beauty. Next after the beauty of woman ranked in his estimate the beauty of a finely-printed book. One literary man I have personally known and loved, as indeed he was most worthy to be loved, who rivalled Bentley in his enthusiasm for that supreme of luxuries—a finely-printed book. It was Robert Southey. And it may be seen, by looking back to such of his early works as he had an opportunity of at all controlling, through his residence on the spot and his personal intimacy with the

when he did not work himself, he was always ready to assist those who did; and in 1701, we find him applying his whole academic influence to the promotion of the Prussian (Kuster's) edition of Suidas, which he enriched partly from the MSS. of the deceased Bishop Pearson, and partly from his own stores.

In the summer of the year 1702, Bentley first formed the design of editing a body of classics for the use of the students in his own college; and a Horace, which occupied him at intervals for the next ten years, was selected as the leader of the series.

In 1708, by way of assisting his old friend, Ludolf Kuster, in a hasty edition of Aristophanes, he addressed to him three critical epistles on the "Plutus" and the "Clouds." These were dislocated and mangled by Kuster, under the pressure of haste and the unfortunate arrangements of the printer. Two, however, of the three have been preserved and published, exactly as Bentley

printer, what a just conception he had of various ideals in this art, especially of a title-page, in its severe classical simplicity and beauty of proportions. Bentley, with the same sensitive eye for chaste typographic beauty (and anticipating Southey, by the way, in his love for a sparing use of the old black-letter types in suitable situations, together with many ornamental devices of the great old patriarchs of the art—the Venetian Aldi, the Parisian Stephani, the Juntæ, the Dutch Elzevirs, &c.), had, for this very reason, an instinct of horror and hatred for anything tending to enhance the cost of paper: for concurrently with *that* would rise again the old original enemy of printing. Thousands of years had that very cause fought against the birth of any diffusive literature; and if again it should prevail, farewell to books, except as costly rarities, on a level with diamonds and rubies. Strange it is, and awful to think of, upon what slender causes are suspended the mightiest of destinies. Let a particular current from the far south-west alter its direction, and the climate of our British Isles is ruined. Let the cotton-plant droop like the potato, and gone is the political supremacy of England. Let the constituents of paper become permanently retrograde in quantity, and simultaneously would all literature decay.

wrote them; and in this instance I am happy to agree with Dr Monk that these letters (and, I may add, the general tone, and much of the peculiar merit which belongs to the Phalaris Dissertation) point out Aristophanes, beyond all other writers of antiquity, as that one who would have furnished the fullest arena for Bentley's various and characteristic attainments. About the same time, Bentley had the honour of giving a right direction to the studies of Tiberius Hemsterhuis, the founder of a distinguished school of continental scholars, whose metrical deficiencies had been made known by his recent edition of Julius Pollux. The two letters of Bentley have since been published by Ruhnken.

In the year 1709 he assisted Davies in his edition of the Tusculan Questions of Cicero, by a large body of admirable emendations; and in the same year he communicated to Needham, who was then editing Hierocles, a collection of conjectures on the text of that author, which, though not equally sound, have the unfailing Bentleian merit of extraordinary ingenuity.

It is one illustration of the universal favour which Bentley extended to the interests of knowledge, even in those departments which promised no glory to himself, that he had long laboured to obtain a second and improved edition of Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia." Sir Isaac, however, was at this time engrossed by his employments at the Mint; but at length, in this year (1709), Bentley had the satisfaction of engaging Professor Cotes in that task, and of opening a long correspondence* between the

* This correspondence is still preserved in Trinity College, and I am sure that every reader will join me heartily in praying for its publication.

professor and Sir Isaac, which arranged the whole alterations and additions.

In the spring of 1710 was published one of Bentley's occasional works, which caused at that time, and yet continues to cause, some speculation. An unexplained mystery hung even then over the mode of publication, and a mystery still hangs over its motive. In the latter end of 1709, the well-known Clericus, or Le Clerc, whose general attainments Dr Monk rates far too highly, published an edition of the Fragments of Menander and Philemon, with a brutish ignorance of Greek. Simple ignorance, however, and presumption cannot be supposed sufficient to have provoked Bentley, who uniformly left such exposures to the inevitable hand of time. Yet so it was, that, in December of the same year, Bentley sat down and wrote extemporal emendations on three hundred and twenty-three passages in the Fragments, with a running commentary of unsparing severity upon the enormous blunders of Le Clerc. This little work, by a circuitous channel, in the spring of 1710, he conveyed into the hands of Peter Burman, the bitterest enemy of Le Clerc. It may readily be conceived that Burman, thirsty as he was at that particular moment for vengeance, received with a frenzy of joy these thunderbolts from the armoury of Jove. He published the work immediately, under the title of "Emendationes in. Menandri et Philemonis Reliquias," *auctore Phileleuthero Lipsiensi*, and with an insulting preface of his own. Before the press had completed its work, Le Clerc heard of the impending castigation. The author's name also was easily guessed in the small list of Greek scholars, even amongst those who might not recognise in *Phileleutherus Lipsiensis* an avowed pseudonyme of Bentley's. Le Clerc—who himself conducted a severe review, and

thought it perfectly fair that he, seating himself on a critical judgment-seat, should periodically pronounce damnatory sentences upon learned contemporaries, but viewed it as an offence calling for the magistrate's interference, if any of these insulted authors should quietly retaliate—on this occasion wrote in his usual spirit of dictatorial insolence to Bentley, calling upon him to disavow so shocking an attack. Bentley replied, by calmly pointing out to him his presumption as an editor of Grecian literature, and his arrogant puerility as a bully. Meantime the book was published, and read with so much avidity (although in a learned language), that in three weeks the entire impression was exhausted. Received with gratitude and enthusiasm by the rest of the world, the book met with a natural assailant in the old hornet James Gronovius, who hated Le Clerc and Bentley with an equal hatred, and also in the scoundrel De Pauw. But, said Bentley, with the most happy application of a line from Phædrus, "Nondum eorum ictus tanti facio, ut iterum a me vapulent:

Multo majoris colaphi mecum vencunt."

On the 8th December, 1711, Bentley put the finishing hand to his edition of Horace—the most instructive, perhaps, in its notes, of all contributions whatsoever to Latin literature. The attacks which it provoked were past counting; the applauses were no less vehement from every part of Europe; and, amongst others, from an old enemy —Atterbury, the ringleader in the Phalaris controversy. A second and improved impression of the work was immediately called for, and issued from the press of Amsterdam.

In 1713, Bentley replied, under his former signature of *Phileleutherus Lipsiensis*, to Anthony Collins's "Discourse

of Freethinking." His triumph, in this instance, was owing less to his own strength than to the weakness of his antagonist. Collins had some philosophical acuteness, as he showed elsewhere; but of learning, properly so called, he had none. The most useful service which Bentley rendered to the public on this occasion, was the just colouring which he gave to an argument for impeaching the credit of the New Testament, recently impressed upon the timid and the scrupulous by the notoriety of Dr Mill's labours upon its text. Many pious people had been scandalised and alarmed by a body of thirty thousand various readings in a text issuing (as some churches hold) from inspiration. But Bentley reassured their trembling faith, by the simple logic of distinguishing and sorting the cases: in the first place, an immense majority of these variations scarcely affected the sense at all; and, secondly, of those which did, few would be found to disturb any cardinal doctrine, which, thirdly, after all, was otherwise secured by unsuspected passages. It is an interesting reflection to us at this day, that the Collins here refuted was that friend of Locke (as appears from his letters, originally published by Des Maizeaux) upon whom he lavished every proof of excessive regard in the last moments of his life. Locke, who believed himself, and was accepted by the world as, in some sense a champion of the Christian faith, by his somewhat irreligious little book on the "Reasonableness of Christianity," presented this Collins with the most flattering recommendations to his hostess, Lady Masham, the daughter of that Cudworth who had spent his life in the refutation of philosophic sceptics and philosophic scepticism.*

* Collins wanted something more than piety; he was not even an honest man; for he reprinted his work in Holland, purified from the gross cases of ignorance exposed by Bentley; and then circulating this

In 1715, on occasion of the first Pretender's expedition, Bentley preached before the university a sermon on Popery, which, though merely occasional, ranks amongst the most powerful expositions of the corruptions introduced into pure Christianity by that stupendous power. The force of its natural and manly rhetoric may be conceived from this fact (if accurately stated), that Sterne, the wholesale plagiarist, has borrowed from it a long passage for the sermon put into the mouth of Corporal Trim, who is made to express its terrible energy by saying, that "he would not read another line of it for all the world."

On the 15th of April, 1716, Bentley, in a letter to Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, brought forward a scheme, which of itself should have immortalised him, for retrieving the original text of the New Testament, *exactly as it was at the time of the Council of Nice*, without the difference of "twenty words," or "even twenty particles." Compressed within a few words, his plan was this:—Mill, and other collectors of various readings, had taken notice only of absolute differences in the *words*—never of mere variations in their *order and arrangement;* these they conceived to be purely accidental. Bentley thought otherwise; for he had noticed that, wherever he could obtain the genuine reading of the old authorised Latin version, technically called the *Vulgate*, the order of the words exactly corresponded to the order of the original Greek. This pointed to something more than accident. A sentence of St Jerome ripened this suspicion into a certainty. Hence it occurred to him, that, if by any means he could retrieve the true

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improved edition among his friends in England, which he had taken care to mask by a lying title-page, he persuaded them that the passages in question were mere forgeries of Bentley's. This is almost the exact villany of Lauder in the next generation.

text of the Latin Vulgate, as it was originally reformed and settled by St Jerome, he would at once obtain a guide for selecting, amongst the crowd of variations in the present Greek text, that one which St Jerome had authenticated as the reading authorised long before his day. Such a restoration of the Vulgate Bentley believed to be possible by means of MSS., of which the youngest should reach an age of nine hundred years. Dated from Bentley's day at the opening of the eighteenth century (say 1701, when he was in his fortieth year), such a MS. would have carried us back within seven centuries of the apostolic age. How far this principle of restoration could have been practically carried through, is a separate question; but, for the principle itself, I take upon myself to say, that a finer thought does not occur in the records of inventive criticism. It involves no single act of conjectural sagacity, but a systematic train of such acts.

In the same year, Bentley wrote a letter to Biel upon the scriptural glosses in our present copies of Hesychius, which he considered interpolations from a later hand. This letter, which evidences the same critical acquaintance with Hesychius as, in the aids given to his friend Kuster, he had already manifested with Suidas, has been published by Alberti in the Prolegomena to his edition of that lexicographer.

In this year also a plan was agitated (according to one tradition, by the two Chief Justices, Parker and King) for an edition of the Classics, *in usum Principis Frederici.* Such a project could not fail to suggest a competition with the famous French series, *in usum Delphini.* Difficulty there was none in making the English one far more learned; and, with that view, it was designed that Bentley should preside over the execution. For this service

he is said to have demanded £1000 *per annum* for life; on the other hand, Lord Townshend, by the same account, would give no more than £500. Some misunderstanding arose; and, finally, the whole plan was dismissed by the court, in company with the liberal minister who had entertained it.

In 1717 Bentley preached before the king. This sermon was published; and is described by Dr Monk as being, perhaps, not worse calculated to win the favourable opinion of general readers, than anything else which its author has left. For myself, I have not been so fortunate as to meet with it.

Not long after, in the same year, Bentley was elected the Regius Professor of Divinity in Cambridge. On the 1st of May, the day preceding his election, he delivered his probationary lecture. The subject, even more than the occasion, made this so interesting, that we do not hear, without indignation, of the uncertainty which all parties profess with regard to a copy of it, known to have been in existence forty years ago. The lecture treated the famous question of the disputed passage—On the Three Heavenly Witnesses (1 Epist. of St John v. 7). Porson, to whom such a lecture must have been peculiarly interesting, had read it; so had Dr Vincent, the late Dean of Westminster. Could neither of these gentlemen have copied it? Or, if that were forbidden, could they not have mastered the outline of the arguments? Or could neither have anticipated the pious fraud executed some sixty or seventy years later by Barthélemy (Anacharsis the Younger), who, by pleading a necessity for withdrawing suddenly, obtained time for "getting by heart" an important MS. which he was not allowed to copy? Meantime, as to the result, everybody is agreed that

Bentley peremptorily rejected the verse. Yet, in a correspondence with some stranger, which has been since published, Bentley is less positive on that matter, and avows his determination to treat the case, not as a question for critical choice and sagacity, but simply as a question of fact, to be decided by the balance of readings, as he should happen to find them on this side or that in the best MSS. "What will be the event," he says, "I myself know not yet; having not used all the old copies I have information of." Within the four months' interval between this correspondence and his probationary lecture, it is improbable that Bentley should have made any such progress in his Greek Testament as could materially affect his view of this question; and I infer from that consideration, that, in his lecture, he must have treated it purely as a question for sagacity and tentative conjecture, not for positive evidence. This latter mode of deciding the case, by which he promised his correspondent that he would finally abide, remains therefore unaffected by the award of his lecture. I agree with Dr Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta, that the controversy is not yet exhausted. In the following month (June, 1717), he delivered his inaugural oration, which lasted for two hours and a-half, on entering upon the duties of his chair. This, which unfortunately has not been preserved, except in the slight and sneering sketch of an enemy, appears to have been chiefly an apologetic account of his whole literary career; doubtless for the purpose of disarming the general presumption, that a course of study, which had been so peculiarly directed to what, in the old university phrase, are called the *humanities* of literature, could not but have impressed a bias upon his inquiries unfavourable to the austerer researches of *divinity*. He reminded his audience, however,

that he had been appointed on two separate occasions a public champion of Christianity; and that, in another instance, when he had stepped forward as a volunteer in the same august service, he had earned the solemn thanks of the university.

In 1718, Bentley resumed, but suddenly and finally discontinued, the third part of his answer to Collins. He had agreed to pursue it at the particular request of the Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Caroline); and two half-sheets were actually printed; but, conceiving himself ill-treated by the court, he protested that he would do nothing to gratify those who behaved no better than his declared enemies.

Meantime he had been prosecuting his great scheme for the restoration of the Nicene text of the New Testament, according to the opportunities of leisure which his public duties allowed him, with his usual demoniac energy, and with a generous disregard of expense. Through different agents, he had procured collations of MSS. all over Europe; and, in particular, had maintained a correspondence with the Benedictines of St Maur, one extract from which has been published by Sabatier, in his "Bibliorum Sacrorum Versiones Antiquæ." By the autumn of 1720, his work was so far advanced, that, in October, he issued a formal prospectus, stating its plan (as originally sketched, in the spring of 1716, to the Archbishop of Canterbury), its form and price, and the literary aids which he counted upon. The twenty-second chapter of the Revelations accompanied these proposals, as a specimen, not of the paper or printing (which were to be the best that Europe afforded), but of the editorial management. And with that just appreciation of his own merits which the honest frankness of Bentley would seldom allow him to suppress, he solemnly

consecrated the work "*as a κειμήλιον, a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, a charter, a Magna Charta, to the whole Christian Church; to last when all the ancient MSS. may be lost and extinguished.*" Conyers Middleton, incapable of understanding this grand burst of enthusiasm, immediately wrote a pamphlet to disparage the project, which he stigmatised (in allusion to the South Sea schemes, so recently exposed) as *Bentley's Bubble.* One instance will explain the character of his malice: he made it a theme for scurrilous insinuations against Bentley, that he published by subscription. Now, in any age, an expensive undertaking, which presupposes a vast outlay for the collation * (or occasionally for the purchase) of MSS. and rare editions, is a privileged case, as respects subscriptions; but in that age everybody published by subscription. Pope did so, as every man tinctured with literature knows circumstantially, and in that way made his fortune by the "Iliad." The wrath of Achilles and the siege of Troy might be damaging to Hector, to Sarpedon, to Achilles himself, and to many another hero, but it was the making of Pope; and his Twickenham villa was paid for by Helen of Greece. And what marks the climax† in Middleton's baseness, *he himself published his knavish "Life of Cicero,"* in the most deliberate manner, *upon the ordinary terms of a subscription.* Early in January, 1721, appeared a caustic reply to Middleton's

* Bentley had paid Wetstein £50 for the collation of a single Palimpsest; which sum, in relation to the vast extent of the MS., seems to us, with Dr Monk's leave, a trifle; though, in relation to Bentley's purse, and the many demands upon it of the same nature, and his prospects of remuneration, it might be a very large one.

† This is the climax in relation to his tauntings of Bentley: else there was a worse climax as regarded Middleton's character. The valuable part of his Cicero was that part which he had stolen from the Scotchman, Bellenden; and this Scotchman he had the baseness never once to mention.

pamphlet, which, upon internal evidence, is, and was, ascribed to Bentley. In about three months, Middleton retorted in a pamphlet four times as long as his first, and openly avowing himself by name as the author. These pamphlets I have read; for they are printed in a quarto republication of Middleton's Miscellanies. And I am bold to say, in opposition to Dr Monk, that they offer no shadow of sound or scholar-like objection to Bentley's *Programme*. That was written in one evening by candlelight. Why not? It fell into no real error by its precipitancy. Cavils are the best of Middleton's argument; malice his best inspiration; and as to the beautiful style, which (according to old traditional criticism) Dr Monk attributes to Middleton, I presume that many of equal merit are sold daily at sixpence a-pound to trunk-makers and pastrycooks.

It was the fate of Dr Bentley, that every work executed or projected by him should be assailed. Accordingly, on this occasion, concurrently with the pamphlets of Middleton, appeared many others, with or without names, English and Latin, virulent or gentle. To Middleton, however, has always been imputed the honour of having crushed the project; how erroneously, we now first learn from Dr Monk. Bentley could not be disturbed by what he had not seen; now he declared to Bishop Atterbury, that he "scorned to read the rascal's book;" and there is full proof that, for eight years and upwards after these attacks, he procured collations as zealously as ever; that is, he persevered as ardently as before in his costly preparations for the work. The subscriptions, again, which are stated to have been not less than two thousand guineas, show that purchasers were undeterred by the clamours of malice. However, the fact is, that the work *did* at length languish, but for what reason is still doubtful. Wetstein, in his

"Prolegomena," says, that the abandonment of the work rose out of Bentley's disgust at the meanness of the Treasury in refusing to remit the duty upon the paper for this national undertaking. The facts are truly stated; but we have proof that the effect was insufficient to retard his labour "even for a day." The best guess I can offer to account for the final wreck of so much labour and expense is, that being continually withdrawn from Bentley's attention, by the perplexities of his multiplied lawsuits, until the shades of old age had overtaken him, the work gradually ceased to occupy his thoughts, or to interest his ambition.

During the long vacation of 1722, Bentley read a copy of Nicander's "Theriaca," put into his hands by Dr Mead, and wrote his corrections on the margin. These have since been published by Dr Monk, in the "Cambridge Museum Criticum."

In 1723, the edition of the Tusculan Questions, by Davies, to which Bentley had communicated its original value, was reprinted. On this occasion, he again enriched it with an ample dowery of his own conjectural emendations. These it was his intention to support by notes. Unfortunately, a pressure of business had preoccupied his attention at the critical moment; the press could not wait; and the book was launched, leaving the best part of its freight behind; and that part, unfortunately, without which the rest was of little value.

In 1724, Dr Hare, Dean of Worcester, originally a confidential friend of Bentley's, who had on three several occasions injured him by his indiscretion or his meanness, consummated his offences by an act of perfidious dishonesty: he published an edition of Terence, in which everything meritorious was borrowed, without acknowledgment,

from the colloquial instructions of Bentley, imperfectly apprehended, and clumsily explained. In revenge for this treachery, Bentley carried rapidly through the press a Terence of his own; and by way of anticipating Hare, who had announced a Phædrus, he united an edition of that author (connected, as usual, with P. Syrus) in the same volume. This was published at the beginning of 1726. The Phædrus was a precipitate, in fact, an extempore performance; but the Terence is, in my opinion, of all Bentley's editions, the most brilliantly finished. With relation to the critic, undoubtedly his Horace is by much the most elaborately learned; but with relation to the interests of the author, his Terence is the more comprehensively remounted as a new edifice.

In 1731 occurred an incident in the literary life of Bentley, upon which no rational judgment has ever yet been pronounced. At the latter end of that year, he undertook his edition of the "Paradise Lost;" it was carried on with his usual haste, and was published in January, 1732.* He was now seventy years old, and his age, combined with the apparent extravagance of some amongst his corrections, might seem, at first, to countenance Dr Monk's insinuation of dotage.* But the case is totally misconceived. His edition of Milton had the same merits as his other editions; peculiar defects it had, indeed, from which his editions of Latin classics were generally free; these, however, were due to no decays in himself, but to

* Dr Monk says, truly enough, though with miserable defect of energy, that Bentley's corrections would often "lop off the most beautiful parts of the poem." But I am petrified on finding the first instance which he gives—Bentley's very reasonable censure of a well-known bull which all the world has laughed at:

"Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve."

original differences in the English classic from any which he could have met with in Pagan literature. The romantic, or Christian, poetry was alien to Bentley's taste; he had no more sense or organs of perception for this grander and more imaginative order of poetry, than a screaming peacock may be supposed to have for the music of Mozart. Consequently, whatsoever was peculiarly characteristic in it, seemed to him a monstrous abortion; and had it been possible that passages in the same impassioned key should occur in the austere and naked works of the Roman or Grecian muse, he would doubtless have proscribed them as interpolations of monks, copyists, or scholiasts, with the same *desperate hook** which operated so summarily on the text of "Paradise Lost." With these infirmities, and this constitutional defect of poetic sensibility, the single blunder which he committed was in undertaking such a province. The management of it did him honour; for he complied honestly with the constitution of his own mind, and was right in the sense of taking a true view, though undoubtedly from a false station. Let not our gentle sisters, the womanhood of earth, take offence at what I am going to say. I have been assured, by great mathematicians, that nine parts in ten—which is a large percentage—of all the mischief moving upon earth, has its root in some female caprice or female suggestion. And without needing exotic information, I know by my own

* "And slashing Bentley with his desperate hook."—*Pope.*

There is also another explosion of Pope's assumed wrath against Bentley (for in downright earnest he felt none at all), which ends, I think—for I have no books to consult—in this way:—

"And shame the ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Theobalds."

Pope's rival in editing Shakspere, painstaking but dull, was not Theobalds, but *Theobald*, and always pronounced *Tibbald.*

observations, that, whenever a wise man plays the fool, we may suspect that a woman is at the bottom; and accordingly, for this blunder of Bentley's, we are to thank Queen Caroline, it seems, who had a curiosity to see the English Hercules at work upon some task within her own range of sympathy; and accordingly, with the same womanish folly which, in Queen Elizabeth, imposed upon Shakspere the grotesque labour of exhibiting Falstaff in love, she laid her commands upon Bentley for a kind of service which obliged him too frequently to abjure all his characteristic powers and accomplishments. That a suspicion at times crossed his own mind (his nephew's it certainly did) that for Her Majesty's amusement he was making himself into a comic performer, is very probable from his significant excuse at the end, "*Non injussa cecini*"—("the song which I have been singing was not a spontaneous movement, but imposed by authority"). Meantime, I agree altogether with Dr Monk, that to any *moral* blame in this affair, as connected with his creation of a visionary editor, Bentley is not liable, let Dr Johnson say what he will. It was a fiction of modesty, at once, and of prudence, and not of fraud, which saved him from the necessity of applying his unmeasured abuse immediately to Milton. This middleman, the editorial man of straw,* was literally a mediator between Milton and the Bentleian wrath of damnation, which is already too offensive, even at present, when applied to a shadow.

* "*Editorial man of straw:*"—The reader must understand that Bentley, whilst retrenching many and long passages from the "Paradise Lost," on the pretence that they had been interpolated by some unknown person taking advantage of Milton's blindness, transforms this interpolator into a regular editor, though without a name; and in this way secures a subject for the volcanic torrent of his fury and disgust, without needing once to violate the majesty of the mighty poet.

This pantomime over, Bentley recoiled, with the spring of a Roman catapulta, to his natural pursuits. In 1732 he undertook an edition of Homer, chiefly with a view to the restoration of the digamma to its place and functions in the metre. This design he had first seriously adopted in 1726; and now, upon the instigation of Lord Carteret, he noted and corrected the entire "Iliad" and "Odyssey," rejecting those lines which would not bend to his hypothesis. The Homer was never published; but the MS. having been bequeathed in 1786 to Trinity College by Dr R. Bentley, the nephew, was afterwards liberally transmitted to Göttingen, for the use of Heyne, who, in his own edition of Homer, acknowledged the profoundest obligations to it, and made the world circumstantially acquainted with its merits.

The Homer must be considered as virtually the final labour of Bentley; for his Manilius, which he published in 1739, when he was in his seventy-eighth year, had been, in fact, prepared for the press forty-five years before. The notes on this singular poem, which has always been as interesting to myself as it was to Bentley and to Joseph Scaliger, have the usual merits and the usual faults of Bentley's notes—being all defences of innovations on the received text, bold, plausible, original, or absolutely licentious, as may happen off and on under the singular temptations of the case. In Horace or Lucan we seek for no more; but I confess that, in a poem like the "Astronomicon," crowded with triple difficulties—of science, in the first place; secondly, of science disfigured by the perplexed hypothesis of the Roman astronomy; thirdly, of all this warped from its natural expression by the necessities of the metre and the ornaments of a poetic treatment—I read Bentley's philological notes with a sense of singular

disadvantage after the philosophic commentaries of Joseph Scaliger. The astronomy has never been cleared up entirely, Scaliger having, in this part of science, committed singular errors. But much of the poem, which assigns the temperament, the bias of character, and involuntary (oftentimes unconscious) habits of men born under all the leading aspects of the stars, is less in need of elucidation, unless where it is particularly corrupt; and in such places Bentley is of great service.

Fourteen years after the death of Bentley, Horace Walpole published at his private press (known to bibliographic amateurs as the Strawberry-Hill Press) a Lucan, illustrated by the notes of Bentley, combined with those of Grotius. This poet was within Bentley's range of sympathy: and as plausible conjectures for the emendation of the text, I know of nothing comparable to his suggestions.

Such is the long list of Bentley's literary labours, without including his speculations upon four separate Greek inscriptions, and perhaps other occasional assistances, as yet imperfectly ascertained, to his friends, which his generosity made him at all times no less ready to grant, than the prodigality of inexhaustible wealth made him negligent to resume. I have also purposely excluded from my list the fugitive pamphlets of business, or of personal retaliation, by which Bentley met his ungenerous assailants; a part of his works which, as a good man, though with human infirmities, he would doubtless wish to be now cancelled or forgotten, under that comprehensive act of Christian forgiveness which there can be no doubt that, in his latter days, he extended even to the most unjust of those enmities which had provoked them. Confining myself to his purely literary works, and considering the great care

and attention which belong almost to each separate sentence in works of that class, I may perhaps say that, virtually, few men have written so much.

By way of bringing his characteristic merits within the horizon of the least learned readers, I will now lay before them a close analysis of his ablest and most famous performance, the "Phalaris;" and it happens favourably for this purpose, though singularly, that the most learned of Bentley's works is also that which is best fitted for intelligent popular admiration.

Phalaris has occasion to say, that some worthy people in Sicily had been kind enough to promise him a loan; not, however, on any pastoral considerations, such as might seem agreeable to that age and country, but on the base Judean terms of *so much per shent* (δανείσειν). Here the forger of the Letters felt that it was indispensable to assign real names. Bills upon Simonides, indorsed by Pythagoras, would have been likely to fall to a discount in critical estimation, and to have damaged the credit of the *letters*. The contractors for his loan, therefore, are not humble individuals, but cities—Phintia, to wit, and Hybla. Well, and what of them? Were their acceptances likely to be protested for non-payment? By no means; both were probably solvent; and, at all events, their existence, which is *something*, is guaranteed by Ptolemy, by Antoninus, and by Pliny. "But," says Bentley (oh that ominous *but!*), "it is ill luck for this forger of letters, that a fragment of Diodorus was preserved, to be a witness against him." From this little fragment, now raised up from the dust of ages, Bentley deduces a summary conviction of the forgery. This city of Phintia, in fact, had its name from the author of its existence, one Phintias:

he was a petty prince, who flourished about the time of Pyrrhus the Epirot, and built the city in question during the 125th Olympiad;* that is to say, abiding by the chronology *most favourable* to the authenticity of the Letters, above 270 years after Phalaris. "A pretty slip," says Bentley—"a pretty slip this of our Sophist, to introduce his tyrant borrowing money of a city almost 300 years before it was named or built!"

Such is the startling argument of Bentley. It will be admitted to be a knock-down blow; and though only *one*, and applied to a single letter of the whole series, a candid looker-on will own that it is such a one as settles the business; and no prudent champion, however game, would have chosen to offer himself to the scratch for a second round. However, *οἱ περὶ τον Βοίλεα* thought otherwise.

The next argument is of the same description, being a second case of anachronism; but it merits a separate statement. In the instance of Phintia the proof was direct, and liable to no demur; but here the anachronism is made out circumstantially. Hence it is less readily apprehended; and the Boyle party, in their anger or their haste, did in fact misapprehend it; and upon their own blunder they built a charge against Bentley of vicious reasoning,

* Bentley, upon grounds which are satisfactory, and most elaborately developed, fixes the flourishing of Phalaris to the 57th Olympiad, which would make its date to be 550 years B.C. In this the reader may happen to know that he differed with that learned chronologist, but most confused writer, H. Dodwell. It is important, however, to remark, that, logically speaking, it would be a *circle* (or *petitio principii*) to press Bentley with Dodwell's authority in this particular instance, inasmuch as Dodwell had, in fixing the era of Phalaris, mainly relied upon the very Letters in dispute, at that time unsuspected, or nearly so. That fact, important to Bentley, as disarming the chronological authority of Dodwell, is no less important, as demonstrating that the question of Phalaris is not one of mere taste, but operatively connected with great historical results, as much so as any coin or architectural monument.

which furnished an opening (not likely to be missed by *him*) for inflicting two courses of the knout instead of one. The case is this: Stesichorus, the lyric poet, had incurred the displeasure of Phalaris, not for writing verses against him, but for overt acts of war; the poet had been levying money and troops, and, in fact, making hostile demonstrations at two separate places—*Aluntium* and *Alœsa*. Accordingly, Letter 92 takes him to task, and insinuates an ugly consequence—viz., the chance of being "snapt" (so Bentley calls it) by the bull* before he got safe home to Himera. The objection raised upon this passage regards Alæsa: Did that town exist so early as the days of Phalaris? No, says Bentley, nor for 140 years after Phalaris —having been founded by Archonides in the second year of the 94th Olympiad, consequently 140 years after the death of Phalaris; and then, upon a testimony which cannot be resisted by a Boyle man—viz., the testimony of these very Letters, 152 years *at the least*, after this particular letter. But might there not be other cities, earlier than this, which bore the same name? There might—in fact there were. How, then, shall it be known whether that particular Alæsa which would involve the anachronism—viz., the Alæsa founded by Archonides—is the Alæsa of the Letter-writer? As the argument by which Bentley replies to this question has been much misconceived, and is in fact not very clearly stated in either dissertation, I shall throw it into a formal syllogism.

* "*The bull:*"—It is necessary to explain, for the sake of those not acquainted with classical literature, that Phalaris, the Sicilian tyrant, about 500 years B.C., had a brazen bull so contrived, that, when heated as a furnace, it gave to the agonising cries of any victim shut up in its stomach a sound that mimicked a bull's bellowings. Tippoo Sahib, the forerunner and rehearser of Nena Sahib, had an artificial tiger worked by clock-work for the same hellish use.

Major Proposition.—The Alæsa of the Pseudo-Phalaris and Stesichorus is the maritime Alæsa.

Minor Proposition.—But the maritime Alæsa is the Alæsa founded by Archonides.

Ergo.—The Alæsa of Archonides (viz., an Alæsa of nearly two centuries later than the era of Phalaris) is the Alæsa of the Pseudo-Phalaris.

For the circumstantial proof of major and minor, see Bentley.

Now comes a famous argument, in which Bentley makes play beautifully. Phalaris had been ill, and, wishing to reward his Greek physician in a manner suitable to a prince, amongst other presents he sends the doctor ποτηρίων θηρικλείων ζεῦγη δέκα; *i. e.*, ten couple, or pair, of Thericlæan cups. What manner of things were these? "They were," says Bentley, "large drinking-cups, of a peculiar shape, so called from the first contriver of them, one Thericles, a Corinthian potter." Originally, therefore, as to the material, they must have been porcelain—or, however, earthenware of some quality or other (Pliny having by general consent tripped in supposing Thericles a turner). But, as often happens, in process of time "they were called Thericlæan from their *shape*, whatsoever artisan made them, and whether of earth, of wood, or of metal." So far well. But "there is another thing," says Bentley, "besides a pretty invention, very useful to a liar, and that is a good memory." For "the next thing to be inquired is, the age of this Thericles; and we learn *that* from Athenæus—one* witness, indeed, but as good as a multi-

* There is, however, a collateral testimony from a poet contemporary with the old age of Thericles—viz., Eubulus—which gives a perfect confirmation to that of Athenæus. In the final Dissertation, Bentley brought

tude in a matter of this nature. "*This cup*," says he, "*was invented by Thericles, the Corinthian potter, who was contemporary with Aristophanes, the comedian.*"

This is enough. Bentley goes on to compute that all the surviving plays of Aristophanes range within a period of thirty-six years; so that, allowing the full benefit of this latitude to the Pseudo-Phalaris—viz., that Thericles invented his cups in the very *first* year of this period—still, even upon that concession, the very earliest baking of the potter's porcelain will be 120 years after the final baking of Phalaris himself.

This article in the first Dissertation was short; but the Oxford critique upon it furnished him with an occasion, and almost a necessity, for supporting it, in the second, with a *bravura* display of his learning upon all the collateral questions that had been connected with the main one. And as the attack had been in unusual terms of insolence (asking him, for instance, how he "durst" oppose men such as Grotius and Scaliger*), Bentley was under no particular obligation to use his opportunities with forbearance, or to moderate his triumph. This was complete. It is not Boyle, or his half-learned associates, but the very heroes of classical literature for the preceding 150 years—Scaliger, Grotius, Casaubon, Salmasius—who on this occasion (respectfully, but, as to the matter, effectually) are shown to be in error. Most readers are aware,

forward this fragment. In fact, the good luck of Bentley, in meeting all the out-of-the-way evidence which he sometimes required, is not less interesting and extraordinary than his skill in using it.

* This, by the way, shows the variety of hands employed in Boyle's book, and the dismal want of an editor to impress harmony upon the several contributors, and to force out the relations lurking amongst the various passages cited. Elsewhere, the Scaligers, and such people, are treated as pedants; so that perhaps the Boyles looked for an editor at the market-cross, expecting to hire him at eighteenpence a-day, beer *extra*.

that, amongst the multifarious researches which belong to what is called learning, the *res metrica* has been developed more slowly than any other. The field, therefore, being so under-cultured, had naturally drawn the attention of an ambitious young scholar like Bentley; and, in his epistle to Mill upon John Malelas, he had already made his name illustrious by the detection of a canon as yet unobserved in the science of Anapæstic metre. "Ned," says Dr Parr, writing to Dr Maltby in 1814, "I believe Bentley knew nothing scientifically of choral metre." Why, no, Sam, perhaps he did not; neither did Porson, if we speak strictly of choral metre; and for Sam himself, little indeed upon any metre whatsoever, except that he somewhere conceives himself to have corrected a few loose iambics of a Latin comic poet (a feat which did not require a Titan). However, at that day (1690) it was no trifle to have revealed a canon which had certainly escaped the most eagle-eyed of the scholars whom I have mentioned. On the present occasion, it was an appropriate sequel of that triumph, and one which will remind scholars of a similar feat by Porson with regard to iambic-metre (see Preface to the "Hecuba" of Euripides), that a formidable array of passages, offered by the Boyle party as overthrowing his canon, together with twelve other passages volunteered by himself, are all corrected in a way which, whilst it delivers his canon from the imaginary contradiction, forces him into the finest display of his own critical sagacity.

The fourth argument exposes an anachronism pretty much like that of *Alœsa* in the second. The Pseudo-Phalaris having occasion to speak of the Zanclæans, and in three previous Letters to speak of the Messanians, manifestly betrays that he thought Zancle and Messana

two different towns. "Certainly," says Bentley, "the true Phalaris could not write thus; and it is a piece of ignorance inexcusable in our sophist not to know that these names belonged to one and the same city at different times." But perhaps the change from the early name of Zancle to the later one of Messana may have happened during the progress of these very Letters. The present arrangement of the Letters is indeed inconsistent with that supposition, for it is the 85th which mentions the old name Zancle, whilst the 1st, 21st, and 84th mention Messana. But that objection, if there were no other, might be eluded by supposing the particular order in which the letters stand in our present editions to have been either purely accidental, or even arbitrarily devised by some one of the early *librarii*. But, allowing all this, the evasion of Bentley's argument will yet be impossible on grounds of chronology. Thucydides tells us the occasion of that irreparable expulsion which the Zanclæans had suffered, and the time—viz., about the last year of the 70th Olympiad.* The same author states the circumstances under which the new name Messana arose; and though he does not precisely date this latter incident, he says generally that it was ὀ πολλῷ ὕστερον (*not long after* the other). Separate parts of this statement are corroborated

* "*The 70th Olympiad:*"—I will here make the reader a present of an exceedingly useful direction for the ready management of Olympiads, whenever he gets into a chronological dispute in a railway carriage going 45 miles an hour. Multiply the particular Olympiad by 4. This cannot be very difficult. Here, for example, multiply 70 into 4, and the product will be 280. Good: and what is he to do with *that?* Put it into his waistcoat-pocket? Why, yes, if he pleases; but first let him subtract it from 777. Now 280, subtracted from 777, leaves 497; and that expresses the Olympic or Grecian period in the Christian equivalent of years B.C. The calamity of Zancle, therefore, occurred nearly 500 years before the birth of Christ.

by other historians; and upon the whole, taking the *computus* least favourable to Bentley, the new name of Messana appears not to have been imposed by Anaxilaus until more than sixty years after Phalaris was dead and gone.

One objection there is undoubtedly to this argument, and Bentley frankly avows it: Pausanias antedates Anaxilaus by not less than 180 years. But there is no need to recite the various considerations which invalidate his authority, since the argument derived from him is one of those which prove too much. Doubtless, it would account for the use of "*Messana*" in the Letters of Phalaris, but so effectually account for it as to make it impossible that *any other* name should have been familiarly employed at an age when "*Zancle*" must have been superannuated by a century. Such is the dilemma in which Bentley has noosed his enemies; skilfully leaving it a matter of indifference to his own cause, whether they accept or reject the authority of Pausanias.

From this dilemma, however, Boyle attempts to escape, by taking a distinction between the town and the people who drew their name from it. Zanclæans, he thinks, might subsist under that name long after Zancle had changed its masters and forfeited its name. But this hypothesis is destroyed by means of an inscription which Bentley cites from a statue at Olympia, connected with the comment of the person who records it. The statue, it seems, had been set up by Evagoras, who inscribed himself upon it as a Zanclæan; from which single word the recorder infers the antiquity of the statue, arguing that the mere name "*Zanclæan*" sufficiently proved its era to have been anterior to the imposition of the modern name of Messana; whereas clearly, had there been a race of Zanclæans who survived (under that name) the city of

Zancle, this argument would have been without force, and could not have occurred to the writer who builds upon it.

The fifth argument will perhaps not be thought so entirely satisfactory as it seemed to Bentley. Phalaris, in threatening the people of Himera, says, *αὐτοὺς ἐκτρίψω πίτυος δίκην*—("*I will crush them like a pine-tree*"); that is to say, root and branch. Now, this Delphic threat, and in these identical words, appears first of all in Herodotus, who explains the force of it to lie in this—that of all trees the pine only was *radically* destroyed by mere lopping. That historian ascribes the original use of this significant allusion to Crœsus, who did not even *begin* his reign until six years after the pretended use of it by Phalaris. But Bentley conceives that he has sufficient reason to father it upon Herodotus himself; in which case it will be younger than the age of Phalaris by a century. But I confess myself dissatisfied; or, if that word is too strong, imperfectly satisfied. "We see," says Bentley, "the phrase was then" (*i. e.*, in the time of Crœsus) "so new and unheard of, that it puzzled a whole city." But it is probable that accidents of place, rather than of time, would determine the intelligibility of this proverb: wherever the pine-tree was indigenous, and its habits familiarly known, the allusion would suggest itself, and the force of it would be acknowledged, no matter in what age. And as to the remark that Aulus Gellius, in the title of a chapter now lost, seems to consider Herodotus as the real author of the saying, it amounts to nothing: at this day we should be apt to discuss any vulgar error which has the countenance of Shakspere, under a title such as this—"*On the Shaksperian notion that a toad is venomous;*" meaning merely to remind our readers that this notion has a real popular

hold and establishment, not surely that Shakspere was the originator of it. The authority of Eustathius, so very modern an author, adds no strength at all to Bentley's hypothesis. No real links of tradition could possibly connect two authors removed from each other by nearly two thousand years. Eustathius ascribes, or seems to ascribe, the *mot* to Herodotus, not in a personal sense, but as a short-hand way of designating the *book* in which it is originally found. The truth is, that such a proverb would be co-eval and co-extensive with the tree. Symbolical forms are always delightful to a semi-barbarous age; such, for instance, as the emblematic advice of that silent monitor to a tyrant, who, walking through a garden, and desiring to suggest the policy of removing the aristocracy, as a hostile force, cut off the heads of all the plants which overtopped the rest. Threats more especially assume this form: where they are perfectly understood, they are thus made more lively and significant; and, on the other hand, where they are enigmatical, the uncertainty (according to a critical remark of Demetrius Phalereus) points the attention to them under a peculiar advantage of awe and ominous expectation. This point I might exemplify by citing the symbolic menace of the Scythians to Darius Histaspes —viz., a bow and arrows, a mouse, and something beside, I forget what; which menace was so mystical, that neither the Persian king, nor anybody since his time, has been able to unfold its worshipful meaning. But the Scythians, as savages, and also as fathers of all Tartars, consequently grandfathers of all Chinese, were notoriously blockheads; consequently might not think a meaning essential to a post-paid letter.

The sixth argument is another case of the second and

fourth. Phalaris exults that he had routed the Tauromenites and the Zanclæans. "But," says Bentley, "there is an old true saying—'Πολλὰ καινὰ τὰ πολέμια'—('*many new and strange things happen in war*'). We have just now seen those same routed Zanclæans rise up again, after a thousand years, to give him a worse defeat. And now the others, too, are taking their time to revenge their old losses: for these, though they are called Tauromenites both here and in three other letters, make protestation against the name, and declare they were called Naxians in the days of the true Phalaris. '*Taurominium, quæ antea Naxos,*' says Pliny. Whence it is that Herodotus and Thucydides, because they wrote before the change of the name, never speak of Tauromínium, but of Naxos."

Yet it will be objected that Bentley himself has made Pythagoras contemporary with Phalaris: now of this very Pythagoras, Porphyry says, "that he delivered Croton, Himera, and *Tauromínium* from tyrants;" and Iamblichus says, "that a young man of *Tauromínium* being drunk, Pythagoras played him sober by a few airs of grave spondees." A third writer also (Conon) says of a person in the age of Cyrus the Elder, contemporary with Pythagoras and Phalaris, that he "went to *Tauromínium* in Sicily." The answer to all this is obvious: *Tauromínium* is here used with the same sort of licensed *Prolepsis* as when we say, *Julius Cæsar conquered France, and made an expedition into England*, though we know that Gaul and Britain were the names in that age, whilst *France* could not have arisen till after the invasion of the Franks (a German tribe) in the fifth century after Christ; nor England until the naval incursion from Jutland of the Angles in the sixth century.

The seventh, eighth, and eighteenth arguments may be

thrown together, all turning upon the same objection—viz., that Phalaris is apt to appropriate the thoughts of better men than himself; a kind of piracy which possibly other royal authors may have practised, but hardly (like Phalaris) upon men born long after their own time. Else probably some scoundrel king has been filching my best thoughts three centuries ago. The three cases of this, cited by Bentley, are of very different weight. Let us begin with the weakest. Writing to Polygnotus, Phalaris is found sporting this sentiment—*λόγος ἔργα σκιὰ παρὰ τοῖς σωφρονεστέροις πεπίστευται*—"*(that speech is regarded as the shadow of deeds by persons of good sense")*. "It is a very notable saying," says Bentley, "and we are obliged to the author of it; and, if Phalaris had not modestly hinted that others had said it before him, we might have taken it for his own. But then there was either a strange jumping of good wits, or Democritus was a sorry plagiary; for he laid claim to the first invention of it. What shall we say to this matter? Democritus had the character of a man of probity and wit. Besides, here are Plutarch and Diogenes, two witnesses that would scorn to flatter. This bears hard upon the author of the Letters. But how can we help it? He should have minded his hits better, when he was minded to play the tyrant. For Democritus was too young to know even Pythagoras: *τὰ τῶν χρόνων μάχεται*—*("considerations of chronology are inconsistent with it")*; and yet Pythagoras survived Phalaris." Such is Bentley's argument; but undoubtedly it is unfair. He says "*besides*," as though Plutarch and Diogenes were supplementary evidences to a matter otherwise established upon independent grounds; whereas it is from them only, and from Suidas, whom he *afterwards* brought forward, that we know of any such claim for Democritus. Again, Bentley overrates their authority. That

of Plutarch, upon all matters of fact and critical history, is at this day deservedly low; and, as to Diogenes Laertius, nobody can read him without perceiving that precisely upon this department of his labour—viz., the application of all the stray apophthegms, prose epigrams, and "good things," which then floated in conversation—he had no guide at all. Sometimes there might be a slight internal indication of the author; philosophic sarcasms, for instance, of every age, were ascribed boldly to the cynical Diogenes; sometimes an old tradition might descend with the saying; but much more frequently every aphorism or pointed saying was attributed by turns to each philosopher in succession, who, in his own generation, had possession of the public ear. Just the same thing has happened in England; multitudes of felicitous *mots* have come down through the eighteenth century to our days—doing duty first under the names of Swift, Dr Sheridan, &c., next of Lord Chesterfield, then of Quin, Foote, and above all, of George Selwyn, who enjoyed a regal benefit of claim over all waifs and derelicts; and, finally, of Jekyll, Brinsley Sheridan, Courtenay, Sam Rogers, and Thomas Moore. Over and above all this, Bentley is obliged to make two concessions, which take the edge off his argument. Michael Psellus ascribes the saying to Simonides; and Isidore, the Pelusiot, generally to the Lacedæmonians. Now, at all events, this breaks the unanimity of the ascription to Democritus, though each for itself should happen to be false. The objection to Simonides is, that he was but seven years old when Phalaris was killed. This, though surely, in a matter so perplexed as the chronology of that era, it is driving rather closely, we may allow. But what objection is there to the Lacedæmonians? Certainly we can discern, in the very nature of the sentiment, a reason that *may* have in-

fluenced Isidore for tracing it up to a *Laconic* parentage; but, though this is an argument for suspicion, it is none for absolute rejection. Neither does Bentley make any objection of that sort. Here again he seems to rely upon chronology; for his own words are no stronger than these —that, "though the date be undetermined, it might *fairly be presumed* to be more recent than he" (*i. e.*, Phalaris). "*Fairly to be presumed!*" is that all? And why is it to be presumed? Simply because "four parts out of five" among the Lacedæmonian apophthegms collected by Plutarch are, in Bentley's judgment, later than the age of Phalaris. Even this leaves a chance not quite inconsiderable, that the anachronism may not exist in the apophthegm before us. But, finally, had Bentley been called on for his proof of the particular portions here assigned to the Anti-Phalaridean and Post-Phalaridean apophthegms, it would perhaps have appeared that this present argument of his was utterly worthless. For how came he to discriminate two classes? Of necessity, by some marks (as, suppose, diction of a certain quality, more or less archaic, and metrical arrangement, which would belong to all the γνωμαι, taken from the dramatic writers). And are these *criterio* sufficient? Undoubtedly they are; for example, before the iambics of the Greek tragedy existed, iambic apophthegms could not be detached from it. No such metrical γνωμη, therefore, can pretend to an earlier date than that of the drama itself. Well, then, having so effectual a test, with what propriety could Bentley throw the decision upon a ratio of chances—"four out of five?" For no matter if the chances against a fact had been even a thousand to one before examination, yet if, *after* examination and submission to the test, the result were in favour of that fact, it will be established no less certainly than if the chances had been just the other way. The positive application of the

test is transcendent to all presumptions and probabilities whatsoever, however reasonable it might have been to rely upon them in a case where no examination had been possible. So much for this section, which—though the weakest of the whole—is wound up in the most stinging manner; for Boyle having argued that apparent plagiarisms in a case like this proved nothing, since, in fact, no absolute originality, and therefore no manifest plagiarism, could be imagined in sentiments which belong to human nature itself, Bentley assures him that he is mistaken—exhibiting in his own person a refutation of that maxim; "for there are many such *nostrums* in his book, such proper and peculiar mistakes, as were never thought on nor said by any man before him."

The argument in the eighteenth section, which would fix upon Phalaris a reference to an epitaph first cited by Demosthenes in his Crown oration, delivered in the third year of the 112th Olympiad, nearly two hundred and twenty years after his own death, is about as dubious as the last. But the case in the eighth section is unanswerable. Phalaris is made to say—Θνητοὺς γὰρ ὄντας ἀθάνατον ὀργὴν ἔχειν, ὡς φασί τινες, οὐ προσήκει—(*i. e.*, "*that we, being ourselves mortal, should cherish immortal anger, is, according to the saying, unfitting*"). Now, here the iambic metre, Θνητὰς γὰρ οὔσας ἀθάνατον ὀργὴν ἔχειν, and the tone of a tragic γνώμη, are too evident to leave any doubts about the fountain from which the Pseudo-Phalaris is drawing.

The inference of Bentley is, "that, if this iambic came from the stage, it must be later than Phalaris, let it belong to what poet soever, tragic or comic." Boyle, on the other hand, is "very well satisfied that there were both tragic and comic poets before the days of Phalaris." And upon this, in law phrase, issue is joined.

Comedy is discussed in the present section. Bentley argues the following points against Boyle:—First, that

Epicharmus is to be considered the father of Comedy upon more and better authorities than Susarion; secondly, this being admitted, that upon chronological grounds Phalaris could not borrow a verse from comedy; thirdly, even supposing Susarion to have contributed something to the invention, yet that this could not have availed Phalaris, unless he had come over *incognito* to the villages of Attica, inasmuch as "his plays were extemporal, and never published in writing;" and, fourthly, granting even "that they *were* published, it is more likely they were in tetrametres and other chorical measures, than in iambics." And why so? Because, as the Drama grew up from a festival, in which the main elements were singing and dancing, it is certain that the earliest metres were those which adapted themselves to dancing. It is, however, true, though at that time unknown to the learned, that an unpublished MS. of one Diomedes Scholasticus, upon Dionysius Thrax, which MS. is in the King's Library, asserts, that "Susarion was the beginner of comedy in verse, whose plays were all lost in oblivion: but there are two or three iambics of a play of his still remembered." In fact, there are in all five: the four first in this very MS., which had been seen only by Bentley (and some of them in two other authors); the last (which, by the way, seems to me a later addition) in Stobæus. I will give the whole, as the sentiment unfortunately belongs to all ages:—

"'Ακούετε, λεώς· Συσαρίων λέγε τάδε
'Υιος φιλίνα Μεγαρόθεν Τριποδίσκιος·
Κακὸν γυναῖκες· ἀλλ' ὅμως, ὦ δημόται,
Οὐκ ἐστὶν οἰκεῖν οἰκίαν ἄνευ κακοῦ.
Καί γὰρ τὸ γῆμαι, καὶ τὸ μὴ γῆμαι, κακόν."

"Hear, O people! thus speaks Susarion, &c. Women are a torment; but still, my countrymen, there is no keeping house without this torment. To marry, then, and not to marry, is alike calamitous."

Bentley produces this evidence (which, by the way, he corrects beautifully) against himself, but disarms it chiefly by this argument. Susarion is here introduced addressing the audience in his own person; now *that*, taken in connection with the iambic metre, will prove the verses to be no part of a play; for, though sometimes the poet *did* address the parterre, yet this was always done through the chorus; and what were the measures that the chorus used at that time? "Never iambics, but always anapæsts or tetrametres; and I believe," says Bentley, "there is not one instance that the chorus speaks at all to the *pit* in iambics; to the actor it sometimes does." Boyle, in treating the case of Susarion, had made much use of a passage in the Arundel Marbles. Unfortunately, the words which he particularly relied on were mere emendations of Palmerius and Selden, not originally (as he fancied) readings exhibited by the marbles themselves. Now it happened that Selden, whose Greek knowledge I myself consider miserably inaccurate, had in this instance made but a very imperfect examination of the marble chronicle itself. The consequence was, that Boyle had here unintentionally prepared an opening for a masterly display of skill on the part of Bentley, who had the pleasure at one and the same moment of exhibiting his Greek without ostentation; of doing a critical service to that famous Arundelian monument, on which so many learned heads had been employed; of dragging after him as captives a whole host of heroes in literature, whom he had indisputably defeated; and finally, of establishing his triumph in the question immediately before him.* All this learning, however,

* Seldom, perhaps, has there been a more ingenious correction than that of ἐν Ἀθήναις on the Arundel Marble. Bentley had remarked elsewhere that the marble uniformly said Ἀθήνῃσι; why, then, should

Bentley fails not to remind his readers, is *ex abundanti*, so much over and above what was necessary to decide the dispute, and, in fact, an *excursus* forced upon him by his antagonist. For in reality certain words in the apophthegm, nowise essential to its expression, are proofs (or so Bentley regards them) that the Pseudo-Phalaris was borrowing not merely from the Greek drama before it existed, but from a specific dramatist—Euripides, to wit; and from a specific tragedy now lost—viz., Philoctetes. However, I must own that this part of the argument appears to myself questionable at least, and perhaps positively wrong; questionable, because Bentley has laid far too much stress on two words so exceedingly common as ἔχειν and προσήκει, the rest being (as he himself admits) absolutely indispensable to the expression of the thought, and therefore sure to occur to any writer whatever having occasion to express it. To these two words confessedly he commits the entire burden of the tragedian's claim; and upon the ground that, where so many equivalent expressions were at hand, it was hardly to be supposed that two

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it suddenly, and in this place only, say ἐν Αθηναις (which was Selden's suggestion for filling up the ENA . . . AIΣ?) Bentley's reading of ἐν ἀπήναις, *in plaustris*, immediately recalls the line of Horace—

"Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis."

No less important is Bentley's confirmation of a reading formerly proposed by one who distrusted it. Palmerius, much against his will (for he could find no sense in the words), had made out upon the marble that the inventor of Comedy received as his prize—ἰσχάδων ἄρσιχον πίθον οἴνου—("a basket of figs and a hogshead of wine"). Bentley produced an unpublished couplet of Dioscorides, the last line of which fully confirms the marble:—

"Χ' ὠττικος ἦν Σύκων ἄρσιχος ἄθλος ἔτι

(*i. e.*, "and a basket of figs besides was the Attic prize"). Another reading of this line, which substitutes ὔθλος for ἄθλος, I need not notice more particularly, as it is immaterial to the point before us.

persons writing independently "would have hit upon the same by chance." But I reply, that the words ἔχειν and προσήκει, each containing an iambus, are convenient, and likely to offer themselves to any man writing in iambic metre, which several of Bentley's equivalents are not. At any rate, the *extent* of the coincidence is not sufficient. But, secondly, I think that unquestionably the apophthegm was *not* from the fragment of Philoctetes; for the words there stand thus:—

> "Ὥσπερ δὲ θνητὸν καὶ τὸ σῶμ' ἡμῶν ἔφυ,
> Οὕτω προσήκει μηδὲ τὴν ὀργὴν ἔχειν
> Ἀθάνατον."

In this there is some difference, even as to the form of the thought; and the Pseudo-Phalaris must greatly have disturbed the order, *and without apparent reason*, to obtain his own. But the best answer is this, that the words, as they now stand, are in a natural iambic arrangement:—

> "Θνητούς μὲν ὄντας ἀθάνατον ὀργὴν ἔχειν
> Οὐ ——— προσήκει."

The defect in the second line might be supplied in a thousand ways. And I therefore throw Bentley back upon that general form of his argument which he imagined to be superseded by a special one: King Phalaris, in any case, is detected borrowing from a tragic drama, if not from this particular drama of Euripides; and as elsewhere we have seen him drawing loans from cities before they were founded, so here he is manifestly borrowing a sentiment from some tragedian unknown, before tragedy itself existed.

The two next arguments may be thrown together. In the first of them, Phalaris is convicted of borrowing a phrase (τὸν ὄλεθρον εὗρε) from Callimachus; and another

(ἐπεσχω δαίμον, in the sense of *bad fortune)* perhaps also from Callimachus—if not, from Pindar; no matter which, since either way there would be an anachronism. These cases are, perhaps, doubtful; in fact, the acknowledged coincidence of two original poets shows that the last phrase, at any rate, had gained a sort of proverbial footing. Not so with regard to the word *philosopher*, which furnishes the matter for another section. The 56th letter is addressed *to Pythagoras the Philosopher;* this, being only the superscription, may have been the addition of a copier; and, if so, the argument of Bentley would be eluded; but in the 23d letter the word *philosophy* cannot be detached from the context. Now, it is universally agreed that Pythagoras himself introduced* the word; a fact which hardly needs an attestation. However, from a crowd of authors, Bentley quotes Cicero to the following effect:—"That, when Pythagoras had discoursed before Leon (the tyrant of Sicyon), that prince, much taken with his wit and eloquence, asked him what art or trade he professed. "*Art,*" says Pythagoras, "*I profess none; I am a philosopher.*" Leon, in admiration of the newness of the name, inquired what

* In saying that Pythagoras introduced the term *philosopher*, I must be understood to mean (and Bentley, we presume, meant) that he first gave currency to that particular determination of the word "philosopher" by which, under the modest εὐφημισμὸς of an amateur or dilettante in wisdom, was understood an investigator of first causes, upon a particular scheme; else, in the general and unlimited sense of the word, merely as a lover of wisdom, and nothing masked under that title, there can be no doubt that Pythagoras did *not* introduce the word. The case is the same as that of the modern *illuminati*. As a general and unrestricted term, it is, of course, applicable to all men, each in his degree, who can make any pretensions to intellectual culture. But, in the particular sense of Adam Weishaupt, and many other mystical enthusiasts of modern Germany, that term designated a secret society, whose supposed objects and purposes have been stated by Robinson and the Abbé Baruel with a degree of circumstantiality which must have been rather surprising to the gentlemen themselves.

these *philosophers* were, and wherein they differed from other men." On this, says Bentley, "What a difference is here between the two tyrants! The one knows not what *philosopher* means: the other seems to account it as threadbare a word as the name of wise men of Greece; and that, too, before he had ever spoken with Pythagoras. We cannot tell which conversation was first. If Phalaris was the first, the Epistles must be a cheat. But, allowing Leon's to be the first, yet it could not be long after the other; and it is very hard to believe that the fame of so small a matter could so soon reach Phalaris's ear in his castle, through his guard of blue-coats, and the loud bellowing of his bull." In a note on the word blue-coats,* Bentley says, "This is not said at random; for I find the Agrigentines forbade their citizens to wear blue clothes, because blue was Phalaris's livery."

Boyle's answer is characteristic at once of his breeding as a man of quality, and of his pursuits as a scholar: for he takes a scholarlike illustration, and he uses it with the shallow learning of a courtier. Queen Elizabeth, it seems, in addressing one of the universities, had introduced, upon her own authority, the word *Fœminilis*. Now, could that learned body have paid her a more delicate compliment, asks Boyle, than by using the royal word in its answer? Bentley rejects this as a piece of unworthy adulation. Not

* The meaning of Bentley's joke, as well as odd coincidence in the Agrigentine regulation, are now obsolete. It must be remembered, therefore, that all the menial retainers of English noblemen, from a very early period of our history—and from this passage it seems that the practice still subsisted in Bentley's time—received at stated intervals an ample blue coat. This was the *generic* distinction of their order; the *special* one was the badge or cognisance appropriated to the particular family under which they took service; and from the periodical *deliveries* of these characteristic articles of servile costume, came our word *livery*.

that Bentley was always above flattering; but his mind was too coarse and plain to enter into the spirit of such romantic and Castilian homage: his good sense was strong, his imaginative gallantry weak. However, I agree with him that, previously to any personal conversation with Pythagoras, the true Phalaris could not possibly have used this new designation "as familiarly as if it had been the language of his nurse," but "would have ushered it in with some kind of introduction."

In the following section comes on to be argued the great question of the age of Tragedy. The occasion is this:—In the 63d epistle, Phalaris "is in great wrath with one Aristolochus, a tragic poet, that nobody ever heard of, for writing tragedies against him." Bentley amuses himself a little with the expression of "writing tragedies *against* a man;" and with the name of Aristolochus, whom he pronounces a *fairy* poet, for having kept himself invisible to all the world since his own day; though Boyle facetiously retorts, that, judging by the length of his name, he must have been a giant, rather than a fairy. But the strength of Bentley's objection is announced in this sentence:—"*I* must take the boldness to tell Phalaris, who am out of his reach, that he lays a false crime to the poet's charge; for there was no such thing nor word as tragedy when he tyrannised at Agrigentum." Upon this arose the dispute concerning the earliest date of tragedy.

In treating this interesting question, Bentley first addresses himself to the proof that Thespis, and not Epigenes or Phrynicus, was the true and original inventor of tragedy; and that no relics of any one Thespian drama survived in the age of Aristotle; consequently, that those fragments which imposed upon Clemens Alexandrinus and others were forgeries; and he points out even the parti-

cular person most liable to the suspicion of the forgery—viz., Heraclides Ponticus, a scholar of Aristotle's. The fact of the forgery is settled indeed upon other evidence; for these four monstrous words, Κναξζβι, Χθυπτης, Φλεγμω, Δρο ψ, occur in the iambics attributed to Thespis. Now these words are confessedly framed as artificial contrivances for including the entire twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet. But Bentley makes it tolerably evident that no more than eighteen, certainly not twenty-four, existed in the age of Thespis. The lines, then, are spurious; and the imaginary evidences for the fact of Thespis having written anything are got rid of. And as to any supplementary argument from the Alcestis, supposed to be ascribed to him by the Arundel Marbles, that is overthrown —1. by the received tradition that Thespis admitted no female characters into his plays: *à fortiori*, then, that he could not have treated a subject, the whole passion of which turned upon a female character; but, 2. more effectually by the triumphant proof which Bentley gives, that the Arundelian "Alcestis" was a pure fiction of Selden's, arising out of imperfect examination. Next, however, let it be conceded that Thespis *did* write, will that be of any service to Boyle? This introduces the question of the precise era of Thespis. Now, on the Oxford Marble, most unfortunately the letters which assign this are obliterated by time and weather. But Bentley suggests an obvious remedy for the misfortune, which gives a *certain* approximation. The name of Thespis stands between two great events—viz., the defeat of Crœsus by Cyrus, immediately preceding, and the accession of Darius, immediately following. The first of these is placed by all great chronologists in the first year of the 59th Olympiad; the last, in the second year of the 65th Olympiad. *Between* these

dates, then, it was (a latitude of twenty-five years) that Thespis founded the tragic drama. And this being so, it follows, obviously, that Phalaris, who perished in the third year of the 57th Olympiad, could not have afforded a subject to tragedy during his lifetime. Boyle most idly imagines an error in the marble chronicle, through an omission of the sculptor. Certainly the *σφαλματα operarum* (the slips and oversights of compositors) are well known to literary men of our times, but hardly where the proof-sheets happen to be marble; and after all, Bentley shows him that he would take no benefit by this omission. Three collateral disquisitions—on Phrynicus, the successor of Thespis; secondly, on Solon; and, thirdly, on the origin of the word *tragedy*—are treated elaborately, and with entire success; but they depend too much on a vast variety of details to admit of compression.

In the twelfth section, Bentley examines the dialect. "Had all other ways failed us," says he, "of detecting this impostor, yet his very speech had betrayed him: for his language is Attic; but he had forgotten that the scene of these epistles was not Athens, but Sicily, where the Doric tongue was generally spoken and written. Pray, how came that idiom to be the court language at Agrigentum?" Athens, the *μισοτύραννος*, or tyrant-hating, by old prerogative, was not likely to be a favourite with the greatest of tyrants. And above all, we must consider this—that in the age of Phalaris, before literature had given to the Attic dialect that supremacy which afterwards it enjoyed, there was no one reason for valuing this exotic dialect (as it was to Phalaris), or giving it any sort of preference to the native dialect of Sicily.

But it is objected that Phalaris was born at Astypalæa, an island where, in early times, there existed an Attic

colony. Now, in answer to this—waiving the question of fact—would he, who for twenty years had been a tax-gatherer in Sicily, have not learned the Doric? Studying popularity, would he have reminded the natives, by every word he uttered, that he was a foreigner? But perhaps he was *not* born at Astypalæa: there is a strong presumption that he was born in Sicily: and even if at Astypalæa, there *is* "direct evidence that it was a Dorian colony, not an Athenian; for it was planted by the Megarians."

But other eminent Sicilians, it may be said, quitted the Doric for the Attic in their writings. True: but *that* was in solemn compositions addressed to the world—epic poems and histories; not in familiar letters, "mostly directed to the next towns, or to some of his own domestics, about private affairs, or even the expenses of his family, and never designed for the public view."

"Yet," retorts Boyle, "we have a letter of Dion of Syracuse to Dionysius the Tyrant, and a piece of Dionysius's, both preserved among Plato's Epistles, and written in such a dialect as if both prince and philosopher" (to use the doctor's phrase) "had gone to school at Athens."

Here, rejoins Bentley, he is "very smart upon me; but he lashes himself; for the philosopher really *did* go to school at Athens, and lived with Plato and Speusippus." And as to the prince, though he "did not go to Athens, yet Athens, as I may say, went to him; for not Plato only, but several other philosophers, were entertained by him at his court in Syracuse."

But again, says Boyle, thinking to produce a memorable and unobjectionable case, because taken from Scripture, Epimenides the Cretan did not write in the Cretic dialect; for, in the line cited from him by St Paul,

"Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψευσται, κακὰ θηρία, γαστέρες ἀργαί,"

the word ἀεί would, in the Cretic dialect, have been ἀιϝ. Even from this position, so difficult as it might seem at this time of day to dispute, Bentley's unrelenting scourge immediately forces him: he produces a Cretic epistle and a Cretic inscription (of absolute authority, being on marble), both of which present the form ἀεί. But, even had it been otherwise, we must remember, that from a poem to a familiar epistle, *non valet consequentia (no inference stands good);* the latter could not abandon the dialect native to the writer, without impeaching its credit. And so *fatal* is Bentley's good luck here as everywhere, that he produces a case where a letter of this very Epimenides, which still survives, was denounced as spurious by an ancient critic (Demetrius the Magnesian), for no other reason than because it was not Cretic in its dialect, but Attic.

With his customary bad fortune, Boyle next produces Alcæus and Sappho, as persons "who were born in places where the Ionic was spoken, and yet wrote their lyric poems in Æolic or Doric." For this assertion he really had some colourable authority, since both Ælian and Suidas expressly rank Lesbos among the Ionian cities. Yet, because Meursius, and before him Brodæus, and after both Bentley himself, had all independently noticed the word Lesbos as an error for Lebedos, Bentley replies in the following gentle terms:—"I protest I am ashamed even to refute such miserable trash, though Mr Boyle was not ashamed to write it. What part is it that I must teach him? That Alcæus and Sappho were natives of Lesbos? But it is incredible he should be ignorant of that. Or, that the language of Lesbos was Æolic? Yes, *there* his learning was at a loss; he believed it was Ionic." It is then demonstrated, by a heap of authorities, not only that

Lesbos was an Æolian city, but that (as Strabo says), in a manner, it was the metropolis of Æolian cities.

Well, but Agathyrsides, at least, quitted his Samian or Doric dialect for Ionic. Answer: There was no such person; nor did the island of Samos speak Doric, but Ionic Greek.

Andronicus of Rhodes, then, in his still surviving Commentary on Aristotle's Ethics. The Commentary does indeed survive; but that the author was a Rhodian, is a mere conceit of a modern, and a very unlearned, person.* This fact had been already stated by Daniel Heinsius, the original editor of Andronicus.

Well, at any rate, Dionysius of Halicarnassus: that case is past disputing. Why, yes; he was of Doric birth undoubtedly, and undoubtedly he wrote in the Attic dialect. But then, in the first place, he *lived* amongst those who had nothing to do with the Doric—which was one reason for abjuring his native dialect; and secondly, which is the material difference between him and Phalaris, he wrote in the age of Augustus Cæsar, when the Attic dialect had been established for four centuries as the privileged language of Grecian literature.

"*But the most remarkable instance of all,*" says Boyle, "*is that of Zaleucus, King of the Locrians, a Doric colony: the preface to whose laws is preserved, and has plainly nothing of the Doric dialect in it.*" Sad fate of this strongest of all instances! His inexorable antagonist sets to work, and, by arguments drawn from place, time, and language, makes it pretty nearly a dead certainty that the pretended laws of Zaleucus were as pure a fabrication as the Letters of

* It is, however, still reprinted at intervals by the Clarendon Press as the work of Andronicus Rhodius.

Phalaris. Afterwards he makes the same scrutiny, and with the same result, of the laws attributed to Charondas; and in the end, he throws out a conjecture that both these forgeries were the work of some sophist not even a native Greek; a conjecture which, by the way, has since been extended by Valckenaer to the Pseudo-Phalaris himself, upon the authority of some Latin idioms.*

[*N. B.*—Any future editor of Bentley's critical works ought to notice the arguments of Warburton, who, in the "Divine Legation," endeavours to support the two lawgivers against Bentley.]

The use of the Attic dialect, therefore, in an age when as yet no conceivable motive had arisen for preferring that to any other dialect, the earliest morning not having dawned of those splendours which afterwards made Athens the glory of the earth, is of itself a perfect detection of the imposture. But let this be waived. Conceive that mere caprice in a wilful tyrant like Phalaris led him to adopt the Attic dialect: *stet pro ratione voluntas.* Still, even in such a case, he must have used the Attic of his own day. Caprice might go abroad, or it might go back, in point of time; but caprice could not prophetically anticipate, as Phalaris does, the diction of an age long posterior to his own. Upon this subject Bentley expresses himself in a

* Valckenaer's argument is good for as far as it goes: pity that so exquisite a Grecian should not have detected many more flaws of the same quality. But in this respect the Letters of Phalaris seem to enjoy that sort of unaccountable security which hitherto has shielded the forgeries of Chatterton. No man, with the slightest ear for metre, or the poorest tact for the characteristic marks of modern and ancient style of poetic feeling, but must at once acknowledge the extravagance of referring these to the age of Henry IV. Yet, with the exception of an allusion to the technical usages of horse-racing, and one other, I do not remember that any specific anachronisms, either as to words or things, have been yet pointed out in Chatterton.

more philosophic tone than he usually adopts. "Every living language," says he, "like the perspiring bodies of living creatures, is in perpetual motion and alteration. Some words go off, and become obsolete; others are taken in, and by degrees grow into common use; or the same word is inverted to a new sense and notion; which, in tract of time, makes as observable a change in the air and features of a language, as age makes in the lines and mien of a face." Boyle, however, admitting this as a general law, chooses to suppose that the Greek language presented an eminent exception to it; insomuch that writings, separated by an interval of two thousand years, were, in his judgment, nearer to each other in point of phraseology, than English works separated by only two centuries. And as the reason of this fancied stability, he assigns the extended empire of the Greeks. Bentley disputes both the fact and the reason. As to the fact, he says, that the resemblance between the old and modern Greek literature was purely mimetic. Why else, he asks, arose the vast multitude of scholiasts? Their aid was necessary to explain phrases which had become obsolete. As to extensive empire, no better cause can be assigned why languages are *not* stationary, In the Roman language, for example, more changes took place during the single century between the Duilian column (*i. e.*, the first naval victory of the Romans) and the comedies of Terence, than during the four centuries preceding. And why? Because in that century the Roman eagles first flew beyond the limits of Italy. Again, with respect to the Athenian dialect, we find, from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that already, by the time of the great orators, the peculiar Attic of Plato and Thucydides had become antiquated, although these last stood in the same relation of time to Demos-

thenes that Dryden did to Pope; that is, the elders were drawing near to death, when the juniors were on the verge of puberty. Now this is sufficiently explained by the composition of the Athenian population in the 110th Olympiad, as afterwards recorded by Athenæus. At that time there were twenty-one thousand citizens, ten thousand naturalised foreigners, and four hundred thousand slaves. Under this proportion of nineteen foreigners* to one native, well might the dialect suffer rapid alterations.

Thus far Bentley maintained his usual superiority. But in the particular examples which he adduced, he was both unexpectedly penurious, and not always accurate. The word Θυγατερες *(daughters)*, used in the Hebrew manner for *young women*, was indisputably a neologism impossible to the true Phalaris. So also of προτρέπειν, used for προφέρειν. With respect to the phrase Παίδων ἐρασαί, used for *lovers of children*, which Bentley contends must have been equivalent in the elder ages to the infamous word Παιδερασαί, it has been since supposed that he was refuted by Markland, and a passage (viz., v. 1088) in the "Supplices" of Euripides; but, on the whole, I am of opinion that Bentley was right. It was the prerogative of the tragic drama, as of poetry in general, to exalt and ennoble: thus, for instance, "filled her with thee a goddess fair," in Milton's "L'Allegro," would in plain prose become almost an obscene expression; but, exalted and sustained by the surrounding images, it is no more than allowably voluptuous. In the absolute prose of Phalaris, I think with Bentley that the phrase could not have borne an innocent meaning. Thus far Bentley was

* Bentley here, rather too hastily, takes credit for as many foreigners as slaves, forgetting the *vernacular* slaves—*i. e.*, slaves not imported from abroad, but born and reared within the household, in Rome called *vernæ*.

right, or not demonstrably wrong; but in the two next instances he errs undeniably; and the triumph of Boyle, for the first time and the last, cannot be gainsaid. Bentley imagined that προδιδωμι, in the unusual sense of *giving beforehand* (instead of *betraying*), had no countenance from the elder writers; and he denounced the word διωκω, when applied to the *pursuing an object of desire*, believing that it was applicable only to the case of *an enemy pursuing one who flies*. Here we see the danger, in critical niceties, of trusting to any single memory, though the best in the world. And I can well believe Bentley when he charges his oversight upon the hurry of the "press staying for *more copy*." Having erred, however, the best course is to confess frankly and unreservedly; and this Bentley does. But in one point he draws from his very error an advantageous inference: his Oxford enemies had affected to regard him as a mere index-hunter; and Alsop had insolently described him as "*virum in volvendis Lexicis satis diligentem*"—("*a man tolerably industrious in turning over dictionaries*"). Now, says Bentley, it was exactly because I was *not* what they would represent me, exactly because I too much neglected to search Lexicons and Indexes, and too entirely relied on my own reading and unassisted memory, that this one sole error in my first hasty Dissertation remained. However, it *did* remain, says the enemy of Bentley. Yes, viper, you are right: it *did* remain; and it *does;* but it remains, like the heel of Achilles, to show a touch of human infirmity, in what else might have claimed the immaculateness of a divine origin.

Upon a final examination of the Letters, Bentley detected three other words, which manifestly belonged to a later and a philosophic era—viz., Πρόνοια, used not in the sense of *foresight*, but of *Divine Providence;* Στοιχεῖον, which

at first meant a *letter* or an element of words, used for *element* in the natural philosopher's sense; and Κοσμος, used for *the world.* But the truth is, that this line of argument threw Bentley upon the hard task of proving negatives. It might be easy, as occasions offered, to show that such a word *was* used by a particular age; one positive example sufficed for *that:* but difficult indeed to show that a word was *not.* It might be easy to prove, as to a particular man, that he *was* drunk on some day in 1857; but impossible to devise a mode of evidence which should establish satisfactorily that he was *not* drunk; since no witness could vouch for more than his own time of observation. The whole is a matter of practice and feeling; and, without any specific instances of modern idiom, which yet might perhaps still be collected by a very vigilant critic, no man of good taste, completely prepared, will hesitate to condemn the letters as an imposture, upon the general warrant of the style and quality of the thoughts; these are everywhere flavoured by a state of society highly artificial and polished; and they argue an era of literature matured, or even waning, as regards several of its departments, and generally as regards the pretensions of its professors.

The argument which succeeds in the fourteenth and nineteenth sections is equally ludicrous and convincing. Throughout the letters, Phalaris sports a most royal munificence, and gives away *talents* with as much fluency as if they had been sixpences. Now, the jest of the matter is, that Sicilian talents were really not much more. The Attic forger of the letters, naturally thinking of the Attic talent (worth about £180), forgot, or had never learned, that the Sicilian talent was literally *two thousand times* less in value. Thus Phalaris complains of a hostile invasion, as having robbed him of *seven talents;* which, if they could

be supposed Attic talents, make £1260 sterling; but, being Sicilian talents, no more than 12s. 7d. Again, he gives to a lady, as her marriage portion, five talents, meaning, of course, Attic talents (*i. e.*, £900); but what the true Phalaris must have understood by that sum was—nine shillings! And in other places he mentions Δραχμαί, coins which were not Sicilian. Boyle endeavoured to resist these exposures, but without success; and the long dissertation on Sicilian money which his obstinacy drew from Bentley, remains a monument of the most useful learning, since it corrects the errors of Gronovius, and other first-rate authorities, upon this very complex topic.

Meantime, the talent everywhere meant to be understood was the Athenian; and upon that footing, the presents made by Phalaris are even more absurd by their excess, that upon the Sicilian valuation of the talent by their defect. Either way, the Pseudo-Phalaris is found offending against the possibilities of the time and of the place. One instance places the absurdity in a striking light, both as respects the giver and the receiver. Gold was at that time very scarce in Greece, so that the Spartans could not, in every part of that country, collect enough to gild the face of a single statue; and they finally bought it in Asia of Crœsus. Nay, long afterwards, Philip of Macedon, being possessed of one golden cup, weighing no more than half-a-pound Troy, could not sleep if it were not placed under his pillow. But, perhaps, Sicily had what Greece wanted? That could be little likely, considering the easy and rapid intercourse of the Grecian ports with the richer districts of Sicily: but so far from it, the known historic fact is, that even seventy years later than the true Phalaris, a powerful Sicilian prince—viz., Hiero, King of Syracuse—could not obtain gold enough for a single

tripod and a Victoria, until after a long search, and a mission to Corinth; and even then his success was an accident. So much for the powers of the giver. Now for the receiver. A physician in those days was not paid very liberally; and even in a later age, the following are the rates which the philosopher Crates assigns as a representative scale abstracted from the real practice and operative tariff which governed the donations of rich men:—"To a cook, £30; to a physician, 8d.; to a toad-eater or sycophant, £900; to a moral adviser, *smoke;** to a courtesan, £180; to a philosopher, 4d." But this was satire. True: yet, seriously, not long after the death of Phalaris, we have an account of the fees paid to Democedes, the most eminent physician of that day. His salary for a whole year from the people of Ægina was £180. The following year he was hired by the Athenians for £300; and the year after that by a prince, richer than Phalaris, for £360; so that he never got so much as a guinea a-day. Yet, in the face of these facts, Phalaris gives to *his* physician, Polycletus, the following presents for a single cure:—four goblets of refined gold, two silver bowls of unrivalled workmanship, ten couple of large Thericlæan cups, twenty young boys for his slaves, fifteen hundred pounds in ready money, besides a pension for life, equal to the highest salaries of his generals or admirals; all which, says Bentley, though shocking to common sense, when supposed to come from Phalaris, a petty prince of a petty district in Sicily, "is credible enough, if we consider that a sophist was the paymaster;" who, as the actors in the Greek comedy paid all debts with lupins, pays *his* with words.

* "*Smoke:*"—*Fumum vendere*, to sell smoke, was an established technical expression for the promises and the performances of Greek and Roman swindlers.

As his final argument, Bentley objects that the very invention of letter-writing was due to Atossa, the Persian Empress, wife of Darius Hystaspes, younger than Phalaris by one or two generations. This is asserted upon the authority of Tatian, and of a much more learned writer, Clement of Alexandria. But, be that as it may, every person who considers the general characteristics of those times, must be satisfied that, if the epistolary form of composition existed at all, it was merely as a rare agent in sudden and difficult emergencies—rarer, perhaps, by a great deal than the use of telegraphic* despatches at present. As a species of literary composition, it could not possibly arise until its use in matters of business had familiarised it to all the world. Letters of grace and sentiment would be a remote after-thought upon letters of necessity and practical negotiation. Bentley is too brief, however, on this head, and does not even glance at some collateral topics, such as the Lacedæmonian Caduceus and its history, which would have furnished a very interesting *excursus*. His reason for placing this section last is evident. The story of Mucianus, a Roman of consular rank, who had been duped by a pretended letter of Sarpedon's (that same Sarpedon, *si Diis placeat*, who is killed in the "Iliad" by Patroclus), furnishes him with a parting admonition, *personally* appropriate to his antagonist—that something more even than the title of *Honourable*† "cannot always secure a man from cheats and impostures."

In the sixteenth section, which might as properly have stood last, Bentley moves the startling question (able of

* This, being written in 1833, of course refers only to the old wooden telegraph.

† Boyle, the mover of the Phalaris dispute, was the *Honourable* Charles Boyle, as being a son of Lord Orrery.

itself to decide the controversy), "in what secret cave" the letters had been hidden, "so that nobody ever heard of them for a thousand years?" He suggests that some trusty servant of the tyrant must have buried them underground; "and it was well he did so; for if the Agrigentines had met with them (who burned both him and his relations and his friends), they had certainly gone to pot." [The foreign translator of the two Phalaris Dissertations (whose work, by the way, was revised by the illustrious Valckenaer) is puzzled by this phrase of "*going to pot*," and he translates it conjecturally in the following ludicrous terms: "Si enim eas invenissent Agritentini, sine dubio *tergendis natibus inserviissent.*"] Boyle, either himself in a mist, or designing to mystify his readers, cites the cases, as if parallel cases, of Paterculus and Phædrus, the first of whom is not quoted by any author now extant till Priscian's time—five hundred years later than his own era—and not again until nine hundred years after Priscian: as to Phædrus, supposed to belong to the Augustan era, he is first mentioned by Avienus, four hundred years after this epoch, and never once again, until his works were brought to light by Pithou late in the sixteenth century. These cases Boyle cites as countenancing that of Phalaris. But Bentley will not suffer the argument to be so darkened: the thousand years which succeeded to Priscian and Avienus were years of barbarity; there was little literature, and little interest in literature, through that long night in Western Europe. This sufficiently accounts for the obscurity in which the two Latin authors slumbered. But the thousand years which succeeded to Phalaris, Solon, and Pythagoras, were precisely the most enlightened period of that extent, and, in fact, the only period of one thousand successive years, in the records of our planet, that has uninterruptedly en-

joyed the light of literature. So that the difference between the case of Phalaris, and those which are alleged as parallel by Boyle, is exactly this: that the Pseudo-Phalaris was first heard of in "the very dusk and twilight before the long night of ignorance;" whereas Phædrus, Lactantius, &c., suffered the more natural effect of being eclipsed by that night. The darkness which extinguished the genuine classics first drew Phalaris into notice. Besides, that in the cases brought forward to countenance that of Phalaris, the utmost that can be inferred is no more than a negative argument, those writers are simply not quoted; but from *that* no argument can be drawn concluding for their non-existence. Whereas, in the case of Phalaris, we find various authors—Pindar, for instance, Plato, Aristotle, Timæus, Polybius, and others, down even to Lucian—talking of Phalaris the *man* (though never of Phalaris the writer) in terms which are quite inconsistent with the statements of these letters. And we may add, with regard to other distinguished authors, as Cicero in particular, that on many occasions their very silence, under circumstances which suggested the strongest temptation to quote from these letters, had they been aware of their existence, is of itself a sufficient proof that no such records of the Sicilian tyrant had ever reached them by report.

Finally, the *matter* of the letters, to which Bentley dedicates a separate section of his work, is decisive of the whole question to any man of judgment who has reviewed them without prejudice or passion. Strange it is at this day to recollect the opposite verdicts on this point of the controversy, as contrasted with the qualifications of those from whom they proceeded. Sir William Temple, an aged statesman, and practised in public business, intimate with courts, a man of great political sagacity, a high-bred gen-

tleman, and of brilliant accomplishments, singles out these letters not merely as excellent in their kind, but as one argument amongst others for the unapproachable supremacy in all intellectual pretensions of the ancients; on the other hand, Bentley, a young scholastic clergyman of recluse habits, comparatively low in rank, and of humble breeding, pronounces the letters to be utterly despicable, and unworthy of a prince. On such a question, and between such judges, who would hesitate to abide by the award of the sage old diplomatist? Yet a single explanation discredits his judgment: he was angry and prejudiced. And the actual result is, that every reader of sense heartily accedes to Bentley's sentence—"You feel, by the emptiness and deadness of them, that you converse with some dreaming pedant with his elbow on his desk; not with an active, ambitious tyrant, with his hand on his sword, commanding a million of subjects."

It remains that I should say a few words on Bentley's character, and the general amount of his claims. This part of his task, Dr Monk, for a reason quite unintelligible to myself, has declined; and Dr Parr has attempted it, with his usual sonorous tympany of words, but with no vestiges of distinct meaning, or of appropriate commendation. I do not design, on this occasion, to supply these omissions by a solemn and minute adjudication of Bentley's *quantum meruit* in every part of his pretensions; that will be a proper undertaking, and one from which I shall not shrink, in connection with some general review of the leading scholars since the restoration of letters, English and continental. At present, I shall confine myself to a brief and unpretending suggestion of some few principal considera-

tions which should guide our estimate of Bentley's services to literature.

Bentley was a man of strong "mother wit," and of masculine good sense. These were his primary advantages; and he had them in excess, if excess belongs to gifts of that quality, which are really the artillery of nature provided *against* excess. They are gifts which have not always illuminated the labours of the great classical scholar; who, though necessarily a man of talent, has found it possible in some eminent instances to dispense with a powerful understanding. In this there is no contradiction; it is possible to combine great talents with a poor understanding; and such a combination is, perhaps, not uncommon. The Scaligers, perhaps, were men of vigorous sense. Isaac Casaubon, who has been much praised for his sense (and of late more than ever by Messrs Southey and Savage Landor), seems little above mediocrity in that particular. His notices of men and human life are, for the most part, poor and lifeless commonplaces. Salmasius, a greater scholar, was even meaner as a thinker. To take an illustration or two from our own times, Valckenaer and Porson—the two best Grecians, certainly, since Bentley—were both undistinguished in general power of mind. Porson's *jeux d'esprit*, in the newspapers of his day, were all childish and dull beyond description; and, accordingly, his Whig friends have been reduced to the sad necessity of lying and stealing on his behalf, by claiming (and even publishing), as Porson's, a copy of verses ("The Devil's Sunday Thoughts"), of which they must very well know that he did not write, nor had the power to write, one solitary line. The verses were too notoriously Southey's; except, indeed, as to one brief fraction: and *that* was Coleridge's. Parr, again, a good Latin scholar, though no

Grecian, for general power of thought and sense, was confessedly the merest driveller of his age. But Bentley was more than merely respectable in this particular: he reached the level of Dr Johnson, and was not far short of the powers which would have made him a philosopher.

The next great qualifications of Bentley were, ingenuity and (in the original sense of that term) sagacity. In these he excelled all the children of men; and as a verbal critic will probably never be rivalled. On this point I remember an objection to Bentley, stated forcibly by Mr Coleridge; and it seemed, at the time, unanswerable; but a little reflection will disarm it. Mr Coleridge had been noticing the coarseness and obtuseness of Bentley's poetic sensibilities, as indicated by his wild and unfeeling corruptions of the text in "Paradise Lost." Now here, where our knowledge is perfectly equal to the task, we can all *feel* the deficiencies of Bentley: and Mr Coleridge argued, that a Grecian or Roman of taste, if restored to life, would, perhaps, have an equally keen sense of the ludicrous, in most of the emendations introduced by Bentley into the text of the ancient classics; a sense which, in these instances, is blunted or extinguished to us by our unfamiliar command over the two languages. But this plausible objection I have already answered in another place. The truth is, that the ancient poets are, much more than the Christian poets, within the province of unimaginative good sense. Much might be said, and many forcible illustrations given, to show the distinction between the two cases; and that from a poet of the Miltonic order, there is no inference to a poet such as Lucan, whose connections, transitions, and all the process of whose thinking, go on by links of the most intelligible and definite ingenuity; still less any inference to a Greek lexicographer like Suidas, or

Hesychius, whose thoughts and notices proceed in the humblest category of mere common sense. That is, it cannot in the remotest degree be argued that, because Bentley might fail in dealing with an author so superhumanly imaginative as Milton, any reason would arise upon such a failure for suspecting the soundness of his emendations in Ιωαννιδιον (Jacky of Antioch), or even in Menander. Neither is it true that, with regard to Milton, Bentley has always failed. Many of his suggestions are sound. And, where they are not, this does not always argue bluntness of feeling; but, perhaps, mere defect of knowledge. Thus, for example, he has chosen, as I remember. to correct the passage,

> "That on the *secret* top
> Of Horeb or of Sinai," &c.

into *sacred* top; for he argued, that the top of a mountain, exposed to the whole gaze of a surrounding country, must of all places be the least private or secret. But, had he happened to be familiar with mountains, though no higher than those of England, he would have understood that no secresy is so complete, and so undisturbed by sound or gaze from below, as that of a mountain-top such as Helvellyn, Great Gavel, or Blencathara.* Here, therefore, he

* The leading mountains about the centre of Borrowdale, Ennerdale, or Wastdale, range between three thousand and thirty-five hundred feet high; whereas the Alps range from ten to fifteen thousand; and in the Himalayas, which form the ramparts of Thibet and Hindostan, one peak has recently been discovered which runs up nearly to thirty thousand feet. Horeb and Sinai, of which it is that Milton speaks, reach (I believe) an altitude of eight or nine thousand. But let the experiment be tried on an eminence of thirty-five hundred feet amongst the English lakes: let one-half of a pic-nic party ascend, pitch a tent, hoist flags, and spread a table on the summit of Helvellyn; and let him who represents Bentley stay below in any of the valleys, radiating from that centre, which commands a clear view of the mountain head; what I say is, that

spoke from no defect of poetic feeling, but from pure defect of knowledge and of personal experience. And, after all, many of his better suggestions on the text of Milton will give an English reader an adequate notion of the extraordinary ingenuity with which he corrected the ancient classics.

A third qualification of Bentley, for one province of criticism at least, was the remarkable accuracy of his ear. Not that he had a peculiarly fine sense for the rhythmus of verse, else the divine structure of the Miltonic blank verse would have preserved numerous fine passages from his "slashing" proscription. But the independent beauty of sounds, and the harsh effect from a jingle of syllables, no critic ever felt more keenly than he; and hence, on many occasions, he either derived originally, or afterwards supported, his corrections.

This fineness of ear perhaps first drew his attention to Greek metre, which he cultivated with success, and in that department may be almost said to have broken the ground.

The Digamma, and its functions, remain also trophies of his exquisite sagacity in hunting backward, upon the dimmest traces, into the aboriginal condition of things. The evidences of this knowledge, however, which Heyne used and published to the world, are simply his early and crude notes on the margin of his Homer. But the systematic treatise, which he afterwards developed upon this

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he will not be able without a glass to see the gay party of pic-nickers, nor the gay embroideries of the flags, nor the hyacinthine tresses of the lovely lasses, and therefore *à fortiori* he will not be able to see at all an object comparatively so base as a sirloin of beef. And if the whole party should even—which let homage to female charms forbid!—fight like the pic-nic party of Centaurs and Lapithæ in old-world days, no justice of the peace could issue his warrant on the evidence of anything that he could see.

foundation, was unknown to Heyne, and it is still unknown to the world. This fact, which is fully explained in Mr Sandford's late excellent edition of Thiersch's Greek Grammar, has been entirely overlooked by Dr Monk.

The same quality of sagacity, or the power of *investigating* backward (in the original sense of that metaphor), through the corruptions of two thousand years, the primary form of the reading which lay buried beneath them, a faculty which in Bentley was in such excess, that it led him to regard every MS. as a sort of figurative Palimpsest, in which the early text had been overlaid by successive layers of alien matter, was the fruitful source both of the faults and the merits of his wonderful editions. I listen with some impatience to Dr Monk, when he falls in with the common cant on this subject, as though Bentley had injured any of us by his new readings. Those whose taste is really fine enough to be offended by them (and I confess that, in a poet of such infinite delicacy as Horace, I myself am offended by the obtrusion of the new lections into the text), are at liberty to leave them. If but here and there they improve the text (and how little is *that* to say of them!), *lucro ponatur*. Besides, the received text, which Bentley displaced, was often as arbitrary as his own. Of this we have a pleasant example in the Greek Testament: that text, which it was held sacrilege in Bentley to disturb, was in fact the text of Mr Stephens the printer (possibly of a clever compositor), who had thus unintentionally become a sort of *conscience* to the Protestant churches. It was no more, therefore, than a fair jest in Bentley, upon occasion of his own promised revision of the text, "Gentlemen, in me behold your Pope."

Dr Monk regrets that Bentley forsook Greek studies so often for Latin; so do I; but not upon Dr Monk's reason.

My reason is not that Bentley was inferior, as a Latin scholar, to himself as a Grecian; it is, that Grecians as good as he, are much rarer than Latinists of the same rank. Silver coronets belong to the class of Latinists, golden to the Grecian.

Something must be said of Bentley's style. His Latinity was assailed with petty malignity, in two set books, by Ker and Johnson. However, I see no justice in Dr Monk's way of disparaging their criticisms, as being characteristic of schoolmasters. Why not? Slips are slips; faults are faults. Nor do I see how any distinction can be available between schoolmasters' Latin and the Latin of sublimer persons in silk aprons. The true distinction which could at all avail Bentley I take to be this. In writing Latin there are two distinct merits of style; the first lies in the mere choice of the separate words; the second, in the structure and mould of the sentence. The former is within the reach of a boy armed with a suitable dictionary, which distinguishes the gold and silver words, and obelises the base Brummagem copper coinage of mediæval monkish* Latin. The other is the slow result of infinite practice and original tact. Few people ever attain it; few ever *could* attain it. Now, Bentley's defects were in the first accomplishment; and a stroke of the pen would everywhere have purified his *lexis*. But his great excellence was in the latter, where faults, like faults in the first digestion, are incapable of remedy. No correction, short of total extirpation, will reach *that* case: blotting will not avail: "*una* litura potest."

* I condescend not to puns except on holidays; and, if I *did*, I have no ground for punning on the name of Dr Monk. His edition of at least one Greek drama—viz., the "Hippolytus"—I have read with profit; and the Latin of his preface and notes, &c., is not at all *Monkish* in any bad sense.

His defect therefore is in a trifle; his success is in the rarest of attainments. Bentley is one of those who *think* in Latin, and not among the poor frosty translators into Latin under an overruling tyranny of English idiom. The phrase *puritas sermonis*, used for *purity of style*, illustrates Bentley's class of blemishes. I notice it, because Ker, Dr Monk, and Dr Parr, have all concurred in condemning it. *Castitas* might be substituted for *puritas;* as to *sermonis (pace virorum tantorum)*, it admits of superabundant apology. Do these gentlemen entertain the conceit that *sermo* means always and exclusively *conversation*, or colloquial communication?

Bentley's English style was less meritorious: but it was sinewy, native, idiomatic, though coarse and homely. He took no pains with it: where the words fell, there they lay. He would not stop to modulate a tuneless sentence; and, like most great classical scholars of that day, he seemed to suppose that no modern language was capable of a better or worse.* How much more nobly did the

* In saying this, I uttered my sincere impression at the time. But larger communication with Bentley's English writings has inclined me to recall this opinion. Indeed, even in this erudite dissertation, dealing so exclusively with questions and phrases remote from ordinary life, Bentley shows himself a vigilant student of propriety in the use of English: for he first has laid down the true guiding law as to the *co* or the *con* in composition. One of the Boyle men had used the unlearned form *cotemporary*: on which Bentley takes occasion to tell him very truly that this was vicious English: *co* always before a vowel; for example, *coëternal, coëval, coëssential;* but *con* before a consonant; as, *e. g.*, contemporary, *consonant*, not *cosonant*. In algebra we all say *co-efficient*, and could not reconcile our eyes to con-efficient. But, says an antagonist of Bentley's rule, there *are* words which do not conform to it. Name them, if you please—name them; and I venture to predict that these cases will prove only *apparent* cases of exception. One instance given is *corrival*. Now mark. First of all, this case at any rate does not conform to that rule which Bentley opposed; for, if so, it should be *co-rival*. So that, if Bentley were wrong, the opponent of Bentley was still not right. But a

Roman scholars behave—Cicero, Varro, &c.—who, under every oppression of Greek models, still laboured to cultivate and adorn their own mother tongue! And even the example of Addison, whom Bentley so much admired, might have taught him another lesson; for though this

moment's examination shows that here also Bentley's rule holds good. For there is a special modification of the rule applicable to the *liquid* consonants, at least to these three, *l, r, s.* In cases where any one of these occurs, the *n* of the *con* melts into an iteration of the particular liquid. Thus *lego, legĕre,* means *to gather;* whence *seligo* (or *seorsim* lego), to gather apart, to select; *conlĕgo,* to gather together. But, because the *n* of the *con* melts into a repetition of the liquid, which here happens to be *l,* therefore, instead of *conlĭgo,* we have colligo. Now, as the first of the two *l*s represents the *n* of the con, it is evident that the word for *collect* is not compounded with the *co,* but the *con.* There occurs to me at this moment another illustration which is interesting from its connection with a celebrated man of genius. Richardson, the novelist, was undeniably such. But his education had been neglected; and of Latin he knew very little indeed. After the publication of "Clarissa," he gained a large train of epistolary correspondents, chiefly female. To one of these he was dwelling on ordinary faults of letters, foremost amongst which he counted want of feeling, or of rightly directed sympathy. Now this defect, said he, crosses the very purpose and original definition of correspondence by way of letter. For what does *correspondence* mean? It is a word of Latin origin; a compound word; and the two elements here brought together are *respondeo* (I answer), and *cor* (the heart): *i. e.,* I answer feelingly; "I reply, not so much to the head, as to the heart." This is amusing. But, though the case will hardly benefit any Latin grammar, it answers very well as illustrating Bentley's rule. *Con,* by a common extension of its sense, means interchangeably; and a *correspondent* is one who *(respondet)* keeps up a commerce of answers *(con)* reciprocally, or by alternate exchanges. Now, in fusing the prefix *con* with the verb respondeo, first of all, Bentley's rule takes place at least in its negative clause. *Respondeo* not beginning with a vowel, therefore it is not "*co*" that is prefixed. What remains? Why, *con;* and this accordingly *is* the prefix: only that the *liquid r* compels the *n* to melt into another *r.* This illustration, as it takes its rise from a venial but still amusing blunder of Samuel Richardson, is likely to make itself remembered. This legislation of Bentley's has regulated the usage ever since; *i. e.,* for fully one hundred and sixty years. Strangely enough, however, not six months ago I observed a really learned man, unaware evidently of Bentley's rule, laying down the law quite otherwise, and therefore quite erroneously.

graceful and genial writer, unacquainted with the deeper powers of the English language,* had flippantly pronounced it a "brick" edifice, by comparison with the supposed marble temples of works composed in Attic Greek, yet he did not the less take pains to polish and improve it. Brick, even, has its own peculiar capacities of better and worse. Bentley's lawless pedantries of "*putid*" and "*negoce*,"† though countenanced by equal filth in L'Estrange and many writers of the day, must, in any age, have been saluted with bursts of laughter; and his formal defence of the latter word was even more insufferably absurd than the barbarism which he justified. On the other hand, the word *ignore*, which he threw in the

* Sir W. Temple knew of no Lord Bacon, unless as a lawyer; Milton and Jeremy Taylor knew not of each other; and Addison had certainly never read Shakspere. I once believed (and therefore in the original edition of this little paper I boldly asserted) that Addison through all his writings had referred to Shakspere only once. This I have since found to be an error: but an error only as to the *letter* of the assertion. Virtually it is true. Inevitably as an attendant habitually on the theatres, Addison could not fail to carry off some memorable passages and situations from the most popular and *scenic* of the Shaksperian dramas. To these remembrances, but rarely enough, Addison makes his references. As a book, however, to be read and studied, Shakspere was manifestly unknown to Addison, and totally beyond the range of his sympathies.

† This particular neologism of Bentley's, so exquisitely pedantic and so exquisitely useless, once drew me into a scrape at one of my schools with the presiding master. I was then ten years old, and my sense of the comic had been already irritated too keenly by hearing this word *negoce* cited as an authorised translation of *negotium*. But suddenly it occurred to me that *negotium* was undoubtedly no more than the *negative* form of *otium*. So that a favourite sentiment with academic scholars—viz., *otium cum dignitate*—must in mere consistency be rendered by the authoriser of *negoce* as *oce in combination with dignity*. This proved too strong for my juvenile powers of self-control, and I laughed so loudly as to fall under the shadow of magisterial displeasure, and thus to incur a three days' penance; which gave me but little *oce* for further laughing, but scored deeply amongst my angry remembrances this "putid" abortion of Bentley's.

teeth of Mr Boyle, had been used by that gentleman's illustrious uncle in many of his works! it is, in fact, Hibernian, which Bentley did not know; and in England is obsolete,* except in the use of grand juries. Being upon this subject, I must take the liberty of telling Dr Monk, that his own expressions of "*overhaul*," for *investigate*, and "*attackable*," are in the lowest style of colloquial slang. The expression of a "*duty*" being "*due*," which is somewhere to be found in his book, is even worse.

As a theologian, Bentley stood in the same circumstances as the late Bishop of Llandaff (Watson). The parallelism was striking. Both were irregularly built for that service; both drew off the eyes of the ill-natured, and compensated their deficiencies by *general* ability; both availed themselves of a fortunate opportunity for doing a *popular* service to Christianity, which set their names above the more fully accomplished (or, at least, the more regularly trained) theologians of their day; both carried, by a *coup-de-main*, the King's professorship of divinity at Cambridge, which to this day is the richest in the world; and, finally, both, though far from unprincipled men, yet finding themselves sheltered from public reproach by the low-toned standard of conscientiousness prevailing in their own several generations, solemnly retreated from its duties.

* I request the reader's attention to this clause, *and in England is obsolete, except in the use of grand juries.* It was written in the summer of 1830, at which time no vestige of a suspicion had arisen that very soon the word would be called back; or rather would be raised from a lifeless toleration in law-books to a popular and universal currency. It was a word much wanted; and one is now surprised how it could have been dispensed with. Yet there are pedants who, upon the merest shadow of an objection—viz., that our *immediate* predecessors did not use it, although our remote predecessors *did*—would even now (1857) ignore this indispensable word.

In conclusion, I will venture to pronounce Dr Bentley the greatest *man* amongst all scholars. In the complexion of his character and the style of his powers, he resembled the elder Scaliger, having the same hardihood, energy, and elevation of mind. But Bentley had the advantage of earlier polish, and benefited by the advances of his age. He was, also, in spite of insinuations to the contrary, issuing from Mr Boyle and his associates, favourably distinguished from the Scaligers, father and son, by constitutional good-nature, generosity, and placability. I should pronounce him, also, the greatest of *scholars*, were it not that I remember Salmasius. Dr Parr was in the habit of comparing the Phalaris Dissertation with that of Salmasius "De Lingua Hellenistica." For my own part, I have always compared it with the same writer's "Plinian Exercitations." Both are among the miracles of human talent: but with this difference, that the Salmasian work is crowded with errors; whilst that of Bentley, in its latest revision, is absolutely without spot or blemish.

In taking a final leave of any interesting man, whom (whether as writers or as readers) we had accompanied through the chances and changes of a biographic record, although it is true that what in such a man first engaged our notice *must* have been something by which he was distinguished from his fellows, not the less what we should most regard in him when seen for the last time, would be those points in which he simply resembled them. True it is, that he never could have won the right to such a biographic memorial except by *differing* from his brothers: nevertheless it is certain, that our last gaze would settle upon the points in which he *agreed* with them; upon his passions and his fortunes; upon the calamitous incidents of his life, and the magnanimity with which he supported

them; upon his infirmities as a child of earth, and his consolations as a child of heavenly hopes.

Bentley's life, through forty years (that is, through the entire period of his mature manhood), had been one unrelenting combat with malignant enemies. And yet this singular result had followed, that his enemies reaped the full harvest of mortification and wrath which such a rancorous feud was fitted to produce, whilst he through all this period had enjoyed a sunshine of perpetual peace. The storm had raved through forty years—tormenting the very air up to the barriers of Bentley's doors and windows; but it had never been suffered to gain an entrance, or to violate the sanctity of his happy fireside; even as the life-destroying vapours in coal-mines suffer an arrest at the very moment when they reach the meshes of the safety-lamp. One golden sanctuary did Bentley enjoy, and *that* was his own hearth; one unfailing comforter, and *that* was his own wife.

Her at length he lost. From her, after a union of forty years, during which her confidential advice, but still more her faithful sympathy, had cheered and sustained him often through great difficulties, but at some periods through great dangers, at last the grave parted him. And the opinion of all men was, that now beyond a doubt he would drift away into hopeless gloom. But, just as his last anchor was unsettling, and beginning to drive before this great billowy anguish, suddenly a new morning of consolation ascended for *him*—a resurrection of pathetic hopes. His married daughter came to Trinity Lodge, and by her pious attentions first of all recalled him from wandering thoughts and unprofitable fretting. Next, she drew him at intervals within the circle of her children; led him to take an interest in their joyous sports; and filled his halls with the music of infant laughter, which for seventy years had

been a sound unknown to *him*. An Indian summer crept stealthily over his closing days; a summer less gaudy than the mighty summer of the solstice, but sweet, golden, silent; happy, though sad; and to Bentley, upon whom (now eighty years old) his last fatal illness rushed as suddenly as it moved rapidly through all its stages, it was never known that this sweet mimicry of summer—a spiritual or fairy echo of a mighty music that has departed—is as frail and transitory as it is solemn, quiet, and lovely.*

* The Indian summer of Canada, and I believe universally of the Northern United States, is in November, at which season, in *some* climates, a brief echo of summer uniformly occurs. It is a mistake to suppose it unknown in Europe. Throughout Germany (I believe also Russia) it is popularly known, sometimes as *The Old Woman's Summer*, sometimes as *The Girl's Summer*. A natural question arises—what lurking suggestion it is of dim ideas or evanescent images that confers upon the Indian summer its peculiar interest. Already in its German and Livonian names we may read an indication, that by its primary feature this anomalous season came forward as a *feminine* reflection of a power in itself by fervour and creative energy essentially *masculine;* a *lunar* image of an agency that, by its rapture and headlong life, was imperishably *solar*. Secondly, it was regarded as a dependency, as a season that looked back to something that had departed, a faint memorial (like the light of setting suns) recalling an archetype of splendours that were hurrying to oblivion. Thirdly, it was itself attached by its place in the succession of annual phenomena to the *departing* year. By a triple title, therefore, the Indian summer was beautiful, and was sad. For august grandeur, self-sustained, it substituted a frailty of loveliness; and for the riot and torrent rapture of joy in the fulness of possession, exchanged the moonlight hauntings of a visionary and saddened remembrance. In short, what the American Indian race itself at this time is, *that* the Indian summer represents symbolically—viz., the most perfect amongst human revelations of grace in form and movement, but under a *visible* fatality of decay.*

* Many writers, but above all others Mrs Jamieson (an exquisite observer), have noticed the incomparable grace in bodily conformation, in motion, and in attitude, of the American Indian race. And many more writers have made us acquainted with its numerical declension. From forty millions it has sunk in two centuries to six; and in two centuries more an Indian will be exhibited as a show.

CICERO.

In drawing attention to a great question of whatsoever nature connected with Cicero, there is no danger of missing my purpose through any want of reputed interest in the subject. *Nominally*, it is not easy to assign a period more eventful, a revolution more important, or a personal career more dramatic, than that period—that revolution—that career which, with almost equal right, we may describe as all essentially *Ciceronian*, by the quality of the interest which they excite. For the age, it was fruitful in great men; but, amongst them all, if we except the sublime Julian leader, none as regards splendour of endowments stood upon the same level as Cicero. For the revolution, it was that unique event which brought ancient civilisation into contact and commerce with modern; since, if we figure the two worlds of Paganism and Christianity under the idea of two great continents, it is through the isthmus of Rome imperialised that the one was able virtually to communicate with the other. Civil law and Christianity, the two central forces of modern civilisation, were upon that isthmus of time ripened into potent establishments. And through those two establishments, combined with the antique literature, as through so many organs of metem-

psychosis, did the Pagan world send onwards whatever portion of its own life was fitted for surviving its own peculiar forms. Yet, in a revolution thus unexampled for grandeur of results, the only great actor who stood upon the authority of his character was Cicero. All others, from Pompey, Curio, Domitius, Cato, down to the final partisans at Actium, moved by the authority of arms: "*tantum auctoritate valebant, quantum milite;*" and they could have moved by no other. Lastly, as regards the personal biography, although the same series of trials, perils, and calamities, would have been in any case interesting for themselves, yet undeniably they derive a separate power of affecting the mind from the peculiar merits of the individual concerned. Cicero is one of the very few Pagan statesmen who can be described as a thoughtfully conscientious man.

It is not, therefore, any want of splendid attraction in my subject from which I am likely to suffer. It is of this very splendour that I complain, as having long ago defeated the simplicities of truth, and preoccupied the minds of all readers with ideas politically romantic. All tutors, schoolmasters, academic authorities, together with the collective *corps* of editors, critics, commentators, have a natural bias in behalf of a literary man who did so much honour to literature, and who, in all the storms of this difficult life, manifested so much attachment to the pure literary interest. Readers of sensibility acknowledge the effect from any large influence of deep halcyon repose, when relieving the agitations of history; as, for example, that which arises in our domestic annals from interposing between two bloody reigns, like those of Henry VIII. and his daughter Mary, the serene morning of a child-like king, destined to an early grave, yet in the meantime occupied

with benign counsels for propagating religion, for teaching the young, or for protecting the poor. Such a repose, the same luxury of rest for the mind, is felt, by all who traverse the great circumstantial records of those tumultuous Roman times, in the Ciceronian epistolary correspondence. In this we come suddenly into deep lulls of angry passions—here, upon some scheme for the extension of literature by a domestic history, or by a comparison of Greek with Roman jurisprudence; there, again, upon some ancient problem from the quiet fields of philosophy. And all men are already prejudiced in favour of one who, in the midst of belligerent partisans, was the patron of a deep *pacific* interest. But amongst Christian nations this unfair *personal* bias has struck deeper: Cicero was not merely a philosopher; he was one who cultivated ethics; he was himself the author of an ethical system, composed with the pious purpose of training to what he thought just moral views his only son. This system survives, is studied to this day, is honoured perhaps extravagantly, and has repeatedly been pronounced the best practical theory to which Pagan principles were equal. Were it only upon this impulse, it was natural that men should receive a *clinamen*, or silent bias, towards Cicero, as a *moral* authority amongst disputants whose arguments were legions. The author of a moral code cannot be supposed indifferent to the moral relations of his own party views. If he erred, it could not be through want of meditation upon the ground of judgment, or want of interest in the results. So far Cicero has an advantage. But he has more lively advantage in the comparison by which he benefits, at *every* stage of his life, with antagonists whom the reader is taught to believe dissolute, incendiary, almost desperate citizens. Verres in the youth of Cicero, Catiline and Clodius in his middle age, Mark

Antony in Cicero's old age, have all been left to operate on the modern reader's feelings precisely through that masquerade of misrepresentation which invariably accompanied the political eloquence of Rome. The monstrous caricatures from the forum, or the senate, or the democratic rostrum, which were so *confessedly* distortions, by original design, for attaining the ends of faction, have imposed upon scholars pretty generally as faithful portraits. Recluse scholars are rarely politicians; and in the timid horror of German literati, at this day, when they read of real brickbats or of paving-stones not metaphorical, used as figures of speech by a Clodian mob, we British understand the little comprehension of that rough horse-play proper to the hustings, which can as yet be available for the rectification of any continental judgment. "*Play*, do you call it?" says a German commentator; "why, that brickbat might break a man's leg; and this paving-stone would be sufficient to fracture a skull." Too true: they certainly might do so. But, for all that, our British experience of electioneering "rough-and-tumbling" has long blunted the edge of our moral anger. Contested elections are unknown to the Continent—hitherto even to those nations of the Continent which boast of representative governments. And with no experience of their inconveniences, they have as yet none of the popular forces in which such contests originate. We, on the other hand, are familiar with such scenes. What Rome saw upon one sole hustings, we see repeated upon hundreds. And we all know that the bark of electioneering mobs is worse than their bite. Their fury is without malice, and their insurrectionary violence is without system. Most undoubtedly the mobs and seditions of Clodius are entitled to the same benefits of construction. And, with regard to the

graver charges against Catiline or Clodius, as men sunk irredeemably into sensual debaucheries, these are exaggerations which have told only from want of attention to Roman habits. Such charges were the standing material, the stock-in-trade of every orator against every antagonist. Cicero, with the same levity as every other public speaker, tossed about such atrocious libels at random. And with little blame where they were known and allowed for as tricks. Not *are they true?* but *will they tell?* was the question. Insolvency and monstrous debauchery were the two ordinary reproaches on the Roman hustings. No man escaped them who was rich enough, or had expectations notorious enough to win for such charges any colourable plausibility. Those only were unmolested in this way who stood in no man's path of ambition; or who had been obscure (that is to say, poor) in youth; or who, being splendid by birth or connections, had been notoriously occupied in distant campaigns. The object in such calumnies was to produce a momentary effect upon the populace: and sometimes, as happened to Cæsar, the merest falsehoods of a partisan orator were adopted subsequently for truths by the simple-minded soldiery. But the misapprehension of these libels in modern times originates in erroneous appreciation of Roman oratory. Scandal was its proper element. Senate or law-tribunal, forum or mob rostrum, made no difference in the licentious practice of Roman eloquence. And, unfortunately, the calumnies survive; whilst the state of things, which made it needless to notice them in reply, has entirely perished. During the transitional period between the old Roman frugality and the luxury succeeding to foreign conquest, a reproach of this nature would have stung with some severity; and it was not without danger to a candidate. But the age of growing volup-

tuousness weakened the effect of such imputations; and this age may be taken to have commenced in the youth of the Gracchi, about one hundred years before Pharsalia. The change in the direction of men's sensibilities since then, was as marked as the change in their habits. Both changes had matured themselves in Cicero's days; and one natural result was, that few men of sense valued such reproaches (incapable, from their generality, of specific refutation), whether directed against friends or enemies. Cæsar, when assailed for the thousandth time by the old fable about Nicomedes the sovereign of Bithynia, no more troubled himself to expose its falsehood in the senate, than when previously dispersed over Rome through the libellous *facetiæ* of Catullus. He knew that the object of such petty malice was simply to tease him; and for himself to lose any temper, or to manifest anxiety, by a labour so hopeless as any effort towards the refutation of an unlimited scandal, was childishly to collude with his enemies. He treated the story, therefore, as if it had been true; and showed that, even under that assumption, it would not avail for the purpose before the house. Subsequently, Suetonius, as an express collector of anecdotage and pointed personalities against great men, has revived many of these scurrilous jests; but *his* authority, at the distance of two generations, can add nothing to the credit of calumnies originally founded on plebeian envy, or the jealousy of rivals. I may possibly find myself obliged to come back upon this subject. And at this point, therefore, I will not further pursue it than by remarking, that no one snare has proved so fatal to the sound judgment of posterity upon public men in Rome, as this blind credulity towards the oratorical billingsgate of ancient forensic license. Libels, whose very point and jest lay in their

extravagance, have been received for historical truth with respect to many amongst Cicero's enemies. And the reaction upon Cicero's own character has been naturally to exaggerate that imputed purity of morals, which has availed to raise him into what is called a "pattern man."

The injurious effect upon biographic literature of all such wrenches to the truth, is diffused everywhere. Fenelon, or Howard the philanthropist, may serve to illustrate the effect I mean, when viewed in relation to the stern simplicities of truth. Both these men have long been treated with such uniformity of dissimulation, "petted" (so to speak) with such honeyed falsehoods as beings too bright and seraphic for human inquisition, that now their real circumstantial merits, quite as much as their human frailties, have faded away in this blaze of fabling idolatry. Sir Isaac Newton, again, for about one entire century since his death in 1727, was painted by all biographers as a man so saintly in temper—so meek—so detached from worldly interests, that, by mere strength of potent falsehood, the portrait had ceased to be human, and a great man's life furnished no moral lessons to posterity. At length came the odious truth, exhibiting Sir Isaac in a character painful to contemplate, as a fretful, peevish, and sometimes even malicious, intriguer; traits, however, in Sir Isaac already traceable in the sort of chicanery attending his subornation of managers in the Leibnitz controversy, and in the publication of the "Commercium Epistolicum." For the present, the effect has been purely to shock and to perplex. As regards moral instruction, the lesson comes too late; it is now defeated by its inconsistency with our previous training in steady theatrical delusion.

I do not make it a reproach to Cicero, that his repu-

tation with posterity has been affected by these or similar arts of falsification. Eventually this had been his misfortune. Adhering to the truth, his indiscreet eulogists would have presented to the world a much more interesting picture; not so much the representation of "*vir bonus cum malâ fortunâ compositus*," which is, after all, an ordinary spectacle for so much of the conflict as can ever be made public; but that of a man generally upright, matched as in single duel with a standing temptation to error, growing out of his public position; often seduced into false principles by the necessities of ambition, or by the coercion of self-consistency; and often, as he himself admits, biassed fatally in a public question by the partialities of friendship. The violence of that crisis was overwhelming to all moral sensibilities; no sense, no organ, remained true to the obligations of political justice; principles and feelings were alike darkened by the extremities of the political quarrel; the feelings obeyed the personal engagements; and the principles indicated only the position of the individual—as between a senate clinging desperately to oligarchic privileges, and a Julian patriot under a mask of partial self-interest fighting in effect for extensions of popular influence.

So far nothing has happened to Cicero which does not happen to all men entangled in political feuds. There are few cases of large party dispute which do not admit of contradictory delineations, as the mind is previously swayed to this extreme or to that. But the peculiarity in the case of Cicero is—not that he has benefited by the mixed quality of that cause which he adopted, but that the very dubious character of the cause has benefited by *him*. Usually it happens, that the individual partisan is sheltered under the authority of his cause. But here the

whole merits of the case have been predetermined and adjudged by the authority of the partisan. Had Cicero been absent, or had Cicero practised that neutrality to which he often inclined, the general verdict of posterity on the great Roman civil war would have been essentially different from that which we find in history. At present the error is an extreme one; and I call it such without hesitation, because it has maintained itself by imperfect reading, even of such documents as survive, and by too general an oblivion of the important fact, that these surviving documents (meaning the *contemporary* documents) are pretty nearly all *ex parte*.*

To judge of the general equity in the treatment of Cicero, considered as a political partisan, let us turn to the most current of the regular biographies. Amongst the infinity of slighter sketches, which naturally draw for their materials upon those which are more elaborate, it would be useless to confer a special notice upon any. I will cite the two which at this moment stand foremost in European literature—that of Conyers Middleton, now about one century old, as the memoir most generally read; that of Bernhard Abeken† (amongst that limited class of memoirs which

* Even here there is a risk of being misunderstood. Some will read this term *ex parte* in the sense that now there are no neutral statements surviving. But such statements there never were. The controversy moving for a whole century in Rome before Pharsalia, was not about facts, but about constitutional principles; and as to that question there could be no neutrality. From the nature of the case, the truth must have lain with one of the parties; compromise, or intermediate temperament, was inapplicable. What I complain of as overlooked is, not that the surviving records of the quarrel are partisan records (that being a mere necessity), but in the forensic use of the term *ex parte*, that they are such without benefit of equilibrium or modification from the partisan statements in the opposite interest.

† "Cicero in Sienen Briefen. Von Bernhard Rudolf Abeken, Professor am Raths-Gymnasium zu Osnabrück. Hanover, 1835."

build upon any political principles), as accidentally the latest.

Conyers Middleton is a name that cannot be mentioned without an expression of disgust. I sit down in perfect charity at the same table with deists or atheists alike. To me, simply in his *social* character, and supposing him sincere, a sceptic is as agreeable as another. Anyhow he is better than a craniologist, than a punster, than a St Simonian, than a Jeremy-Benthamite, or an anti-corn-law lecturer. What signifies a name? Free-thinker he calls himself? Good—let him "free think" as fast as he can; but let him obey the ordinary laws of good faith. No sneering in the first place; because, though it is untrue that "a sneer cannot be answered," the answer too often imposes circumlocution. And upon a subject which makes wise men grave, a sneer argues so much perversion of heart, that it cannot be thought uncandid to infer some corresponding perversion of intellect: perfect sincerity never existed in a professional sneerer. Secondly, no treachery, no betrayal of the cause which the man is sworn and paid to support. Conyers Middleton held considerable preferment in the Church of England. Long after he had become an enemy to that church (not separately for itself, but generally as a strong form of Christianity), he continued to receive large quarterly cheques upon a bank in Lombard Street, of which the original condition had been that he should defend Christianity "with all his soul and with all his strength." Yet such was his perfidy to this sacred engagement, that even his private or personal feuds grew out of his capital feud with the Christian faith. From the church he drew his bread; and the labour of his life was to bring the church into contempt. He hated Bentley, he hated Warburton, he hated Waterland; and

why? all alike as powerful champions of that religion which he himself daily betrayed; and Waterland, as the strongest of these champions, he hated most. But all these by-currents of malignity emptied themselves into one vast *cloaca maxima* of rancorous animosity to the mere spirit, temper, and tendencies, of Christianity. Even in treason there is room for courage; but Middleton, in the manner, was as cowardly, as he was treacherous in the matter. He wished to have it whispered about that he was worse than he seemed, and that he would be a *fort esprit* of a high cast, but for the bigotry of his church. It was a fine thing, he fancied, to have the credit of infidelity without paying for a license; to sport over those manors without a qualification. As a scholar, meantime, he was trivial and incapable of labour. Even the Roman antiquities, political or juristic, he had studied neither by research and erudition, nor by meditation on their value and analogies. Lastly, his English style, for which at one time he obtained some credit through the caprice of a fashionable critic, is such, that, by weeding away from it whatever is colloquial, you would strip it of all that is characteristic; and if you should remove its slang vulgarisms, you would remove its whole principle of vitality.

That man misapprehends the case, who fancies that the infidelity of Middleton can have but a limited operation upon a memoir of Cicero. On the contrary, because this prepossession was rather a passion of hatred * than any non-

* "*Hatred:*"—It exemplifies the pertinacity of this hatred, to mention that Middleton was one of the men who sought, for twenty years, some historical fact that might conform to Leslie's four conditions ("Short Method with the Deists"), and yet evade Leslie's logic. I think little of Leslie's argument, which never could have been valued by a sincerely religious man. But the rage of Middleton, and his perseverance, illustrate the *temper* of his warfare.

conformity of the intellect, it operated as a false bias universally; and in default of any sufficient analogy between Roman politics, and the politics of England at Middleton's time of publication, there was no other popular bias derived from modern ages which could have been available. It was the object of Middleton to paint, in the person of Cicero, a pure Pagan model of scrupulous morality; and to show that, in most difficult times, he had acted with a self-restraint and a considerate integrity to which Christian ethics could have added no element of value. Now this object had the effect of, already in the preconception, laying a restraint over all freedom in the execution. No man could start from the assumption of Cicero's uniform uprightness, and afterwards retain any latitude of free judgment upon the most momentous transactions of Cicero's life; because, unless some plausible hypothesis could be framed for giving body and consistency to the pretences of the Pompeian cause, it must, upon any examination, turn out to have been as merely a selfish cabal, for the benefit of a few lordly families, as ever yet has prompted a conspiracy. The slang words "*respublica*" and "*causa*" are caught up by Middleton from the letters of Cicero; but never, in any one instance, has either Cicero or a modern commentator been able to explain what general interest of the Roman people was represented by these vague abstractions as then paraded. The strife was not then between the conservative instinct as organised in the upper classes, and the destroying instinct as concentrated in the lowest. The strife was not between the property of the nation and its rapacious pauperism—the strife was not between the honours, titles, institutions, created by the state and the plebeian malice of levellers, seeking for a commencement *de novo*, with the benefits of a general scramble:—it was a

strife between a small fraction of confederated oligarchs upon the one hand, and the nation upon the other. Or, looking still more narrowly into the nature of the separate purposes at issue, it was, on the Julian side, an attempt to make such a re-distribution of constitutional functions, as should harmonise the necessities of the public service with the working of the republican machinery. Whereas, under the existing condition of Rome, through the silent changes of time operating upon the relations of property and upon the character of the populace, it had been long evident that armed supporters—now legionary soldiers, now gladiators—enormous bribery, and the constant reserve of anarchy in the rear, were become the *regular* counters for conducting the desperate game of the mere ordinary civil administration. Not the demagogue only, but the peaceful or patriotic citizen, and the constitutional magistrate, could now move and exercise their public functions only through the deadliest combinations of violence and fraud. This dreadful condition of things, which no longer acted through that salutary opposition of parties, essential to the energy of free countries, but involved all Rome in a permanent panic, was acceptable to the senate only; and of the senate, in sincerity, to a very small section. Some score of great houses there was, that, by vigilance of intrigues, by far-sighted arrangements for armed force or for critical retreat, and by overwhelming command of money, could always guarantee their own domination. For this purpose, all that they needed was a secret understanding with each other, and the interchange of mutual pledges by means of marriage alliances. Any revolution which should put an end to this anarchy of selfishness must reduce the exorbitant power of the paramount grandees. They naturally confederated against a result so shocking to their pride.

Cicero, as a new member of this faction, himself rich* in a degree sufficient for the indefinite aggrandisement of his son, and sure of support from all the interior cabal of the senators, had adopted their selfish sympathies. And it is probable enough that all changes in a system which worked so well for himself, to which also he had always looked up from his youngest days as the reward and haven of his toils, did seriously strike him as dreadful innovations. Names were now to be altered for the sake of things; forms for the sake of substances: this already gave some *verbal* power of delusion to the senatorial faction. And a prospect still more startling to them all was the necessity towards any restoration of the old republic, that some one eminent grandee should hold provisionally a dictatorial power during the period of transition.

Abeken—and it is honourable to him as a scholar of a section not conversant with politics—saw enough into the situation of Rome at that time, to be sure that Cicero was profoundly in error upon the capital point of the dispute; that is, in mistaking a cabal for the commonwealth, and the narrowest of intrigues for a public "cause." Abeken, like an honest man, had sought for any national interest cloaked by the wordy pretences of Pompey, and he had found none. He had seen the necessity towards any regeneration of Rome, that Cæsar, or some leader pursuing the same objects, should be armed for a time with extraordinary power. In that way only had both Marius and Sylla, each in the same *general* circumstances, though

* "*Rich:*"—We may consider Cicero as worth, in a case of necessity, at least £400,000. Upon that part of this property which lay in money, there was always a very high interest to be obtained; but not so readily a good security for the principal. The means of increasing this fortune by marriage was continually offering to a leading senator, such as Cicero; and the facility of divorce aided this resource.

with different feelings, been enabled to preserve Rome from total anarchy. I give Abeken's express words, that I may not seem to tax him with any reponsibility beyond what he courted. At p. 342 (8th sect.) he owns it as a rule of the sole conservative policy possible for Rome:—"Dass Cæsar der einzige war, der ohne weitere stuerme, Rom zu dem ziele zu fuehren vermochte, welchem es seit einem jahrhundert sich zuwendete"—("that Cæsar was the sole man who had it in his power, without farther convulsions, to lead Rome onwards to that final mark towards which, in tendency, she had been travelling throughout one whole century"). Neither could it be of much consequence whether Cæsar should personally find it safe to imitate the example of Sylla in laying down his authority, provided he so matured the safeguards of the reformed constitution, that, on the withdrawal of this temporary scaffolding, the great arch was found capable of self-support. Thus far, as an ingenuous student of Cicero's correspondence, Abeken gains a glimpse of the truth which has been so constantly obscured by historians. But, with the natural incapacity for practical politics which besieges all Germans, he fails in most of the subordinate cases to decipher the intrigues at work; and oftentimes finds special palliation for Cicero's conduct, where, in reality, it was but a reiteration of that selfish policy in which he had united himself with Pompey.

By way of slightly reviewing this policy, as it expressed itself in the acts or opinions of Pompey, I will pursue it through the chief stages of the contest. Where was it that Cicero first heard the appalling news of a civil war as inevitable? It was at Ephesus; at the moment of reaching that city on his return homewards from his proconsular government in Cilicia, and the circumstances of his

position were these. On the last day of July, 703, *Ab. Urb. Cond.*, he had formally entered on that office. On the last day but one of the same month in 704, he laid it down. The conduct of Cicero in this command was meritorious. And, if my purpose had been generally to examine his merits, I could show cause for making a higher estimate of those merits than has been offered by his professional eulogists. The circumstances, however, in the opposite scale, ought not to be overlooked. He knew himself to be under a jealous supervision from the friends of Verres, or all who might have the same interest. This is one of the two facts which may be pleaded in abatement of his disinterested merit. The other is, that, after all, he did undeniably pocket a large sum of money (more than twenty thousand pounds) upon his year's administration; whilst, in the counter scale, the utmost extent of that sum by which he refused to profit was *not* large. This at least we are entitled to say with regard to the only specific sum brought under our notice, as one *certainly* awaiting his private disposal.

Here occurs a very important error of Middleton's. In a question of money, very much will turn upon the specific amount. An abstinence which is exemplary may be shown in resisting an enormous gain; whereas under a slight temptation the abstinence may be little or none. Middleton makes the extravagant, almost maniacal, assertion, that the sum available by custom as a perquisite to Cicero's suite was "eight hundred thousand pounds sterling." Not long after the period in which Middleton wrote, newspapers, and the increased facilities for travelling in England, had begun to operate powerfully upon the character of our English universities. Rectors and students, childishly ignorant of the world (such as Parson Adams and

the Vicar of Wakefield), became a rare class. Possibly Middleton was the last clergyman of that order; though, in any amiable sense, having little enough of guileless simplicity. In my own experience I have met with but one similar case of heroic ignorance. This occurred near Caernarvon. A poor Welshwoman, leaving home to attend an annual meeting of the Methodists, replied to me, who had questioned her as to the numerical amount of the probable assemblage, "That perhaps there would be a matter of four millions!" This in little Caernarvon, that by no possibility could accommodate as many thousands! Yet, in justice to the poor cottager, it should be said that she spoke doubtingly, and with an anxious look, whereas Middleton announces this little *bonus* of eight hundred thousand pounds with a glib fluency that demonstrates him to have seen nothing in the amount worth a comment. Let the reader take along with him these little adjuncts of the case. First of all, the money was a mere *surplus* arising on the public expenditure, and resigned in any case to the suite of the governor, only under the presumption that it must be too trivial to call for any more deliberate appropriation. Secondly, it was the surplus of a *single* year's expenditure. Thirdly, the province itself was chiefly Grecian in the composition of its population; that is, poor, in a degree not understood by most Englishmen, frugally penurious in its habits. Fourthly, the public service was of the very simplest nature. The adminstration of justice, and the military application of about eight thousand regular troops to the local seditions of the Isaurian freebooters, or to the occasional sallies from the Parthian frontier —these functions of the proconsul summed up his public duties. To me the marvel is, how there could arise a surplus even equal to eight thousand pounds, which some

copies countenance. Eight pounds I should have surmised. But, to justify Middleton, he ought to have found in the text "*millies*"—a reading which exists nowhere. Figures, in such cases, are always so suspicious as scarcely to warrant more than a slight bias to the sense which they establish: and words are little better, since they may always have been derived from a previous authority in figures. Meantime, simply as a blunder in accurate scholarship, I should think it unfair to have pressed it. But it is in the light of an evidence against Middleton's good sense and thoughtfulness that I regard it as capital. The man who *could* believe that a sum not far from a million sterling had arisen in the course of twelve months, from a province sown chiefly with paving-stones, as a little bagatelle of office, a *pot-de-vin*, mere customary fees, payable to the discretional appropriation of one who held the most fleeting relation to the province, is not entitled to an opinion upon any question of doubtful tenor. Had this been the scale of regular profits upon a poor province, why should any Verres create risk for himself by an arbitrary scale?

In cases, therefore, where the merit turns upon money, unavoidably the ultimate question will turn upon the amount. And the very terms of the transaction, as they are reported by Cicero, indicating that the sum was entirely at his own disposal, argue its trivial value. Another argument implies the same construction. Former magistrates, most of whom took such offices with an express view to the creation of a fortune by embezzlement and by bribes, had established the precedent of relinquishing this surplus to their official "family." This fact of itself shows that the amount must have been uniformly trifling: being at all subject to fluctuations in the amount, most certainly

it would have been made to depend for its appropriation upon the separate merits of each annual case as it came to be known. In this particular case, Cicero's suite grumbled a little at his decision: he ordered that the money should be carried to the credit of the public. But, had a sum so vast as Middleton's been at his disposal in mere perquisites, *proh deum atque hominum fidem!* the honourable gentlemen of the suite would have taken unpleasant liberties with the proconsular throat. They would have been entitled to divide on the average forty thousand pounds a-man; and they would have married into senatorian houses. Because a score or so of monstrous fortunes existed in Rome, we must not forget that in any age of the Republic a sum of twenty-five thousand pounds would have constituted a most respectable fortune for a man not embarked upon a public career; and with sufficient connections it would furnish the early costs even for such a career.

I have noticed this affair with some minuteness, both from its importance to the accuser of Verres, and because I shall here have occasion to insist on this very case, as amongst those which illustrate the call for political revolution at Rome. Returning from Cicero the governor to Cicero the man, I may remark, that, although his whole life had been adapted to purposes of ostentation, and *à fortiori* this particular provincial interlude was sure to challenge from his enemies a vindictive scrutiny, still I find cause to think Cicero very sincere in his purity as a magistrate. Many of his acts were not mere showy renunciations of doubtful privileges; but were connected with painful circumstances of offence to intimate friends. Indirectly we may find in these cases a pretty ample revelation of the Roman morals. Pretended philosophers in Rome, who prated in set books about "virtue" and the

"summum bonum," made no scruple, in the character of magistrates, to pursue the most extensive plans of extortion, through the worst abuses of military license; some, as the "virtuous" Marcus Brutus, not stopping short of murder. A foul case of this description had occurred in the previous year under the sanction of Brutus, and Cicero had to stand his friend by seeming to be his enemy, in nobly refusing to abet the further prosecution of the very same atrocity. Even in the case of the perquisites, as stated above, Cicero had a more painful duty than that of merely sacrificing a small sum of money: he was summoned by his conscience to offend those men with whom he lived, as a modern prince or ambassador lives amongst the members of his official "family." Naturally it could be no trifle to a gentle-hearted man, that he was creating for himself a necessity of encountering frowns from those who surrounded him, and who might think, with some reason, that, in bringing them to a distant land, he had authorised them to look for all such remunerations as precedent had established. Right or wrong in the casuistical point—I believe him to have been wrong—Cicero was eminently right when once satisfied by arguments, sound or not sound as to the point of duty, in pursuing that duty through all the vexations which it entailed. This justice I owe him pointedly in a review which has for its general object the condemnation of his political conduct.

Never was a child, torn from its mother's arms to an odious school, more homesick at this moment than was Cicero. He languished for Rome; and when he stood before the gates of Rome, about five months later, not at liberty to enter them, he sighed profoundly after that vanished peace of mind which he had enjoyed in his wild mountainous province. "Quæsivit lucem—ingemuitque

repertâ." Vainly he flattered himself that he could compose, by his single mediation, the mighty conflict which had now opened. As he pursued his voyage homewards, through the months of August, September, October, and November, he was met, at every port where he touched for a few days' repose, by reports, more and more gloomy, of the impending rupture between the great partisan leaders. These reports ran along, like the undulations of an earthquake, to the last recesses of the east. Every king and every people had been canvassed for the coming conflict; and many had been already associated by pledges to the one side or the other. The fancy faded away from Cicero's thoughts as he drew nearer to Italy, that any effect could now be anticipated for mediatorial counsels. The controversy, indeed, was still pursued through diplomacy; and the negotiations had not reached an *ultimatum* from either side. But Cicero was still distant from the parties; and, before it was possible that any general congress representing both interests, could assemble, it was certain that reciprocal distrust would have coerced them into irrevocable measures of hostility. Cicero landed at Otranto. He went forward by land to Brundusium, where, on the 25th of November, his wife and daughter, who had come from Rome to meet him, entered the public square of that town at the same moment with himself. Without delay he moved towards Rome; but he could not gratify his ardour for a personal interference in the great crisis of the hour, without entering Rome; and *that* he was not at liberty to do, without surrendering his pretensions to the honour of a triumph.

Many writers have amused themselves with the idle vanity of Cicero, in standing upon a claim so windy, under circumstances so awful. But, on the one hand, it should

be remembered how eloquent a monument it was of civil grandeur, for a *novus homo* to have established his own amongst the few surviving triumphal families of Rome; and, on the other hand, he could have effected nothing by his presence in the senate. No man could at this moment; Cicero least of all; because his policy had been thus arranged—ultimately to support Pompey; but, in the meantime, as strengthening the chances against war, to exhibit a perfect neutrality. Bringing, therefore, nothing in his counsels, he could hope for nothing influential in the result. Cæsar was now at Ravenna, as the city nearest to Rome of all which he could make his military head-quarters within the Italian (*i. e.*, the Cisalpine) province of Gaul. But he held his forces well in hand, and ready for a start, with his eyes almost fastened on the walls of Rome, so near had he approached. Cicero warned his friend Atticus, that a dreadful and perfectly unexampled war—a struggle "of life and death"—was awaiting them; and that in his opinion nothing could avert it, short of a great Parthian invasion, deluging the eastern provinces—Greece, Asia Minor, Syria—such as might force the two chieftains into an instant distraction of their efforts. Out of that would grow the absence of one or other; and upon that separation, for the present, might hang an incalculable series of changes. Else, and but for this one contingency, he announced the fate of Rome to be sealed.

The new year came, the year 705, and with it new consuls. One of these, C. Marcellus, was distinguished amongst the enemies of Cæsar by his personal rancour—a feeling which he shared with his twin-brother Marcus. On the first day of this month, the senate was to decide upon Cæsar's proposals, as a basis for future arrangement. They did so; they voted the proposals, by a large majority, un-

satisfactory—instantly assumed a fierce martial attitude—fulminated the most hostile of all decrees, and authorised shocking outrages upon those who, in official situations, represented Cæsar's interest. These men fled for their lives. Cæsar, on receiving their report, gave the signal for advance; and in forty-eight hours had crossed the little brook called the Rubicon, which determined the marches or frontier line of his province. Earlier by a month than this great event, Cicero had travelled southwards. Thus his object was, to place himself in personal communication with Pompey, whose vast Neapolitan estates drew him often into that quarter. But, to his great consternation, he found himself soon followed by the whole stream of Roman grandees, flying before Cæsar through the first two months of the year. A majority of the senators had chosen, together with the consuls, to become emigrants from Rome, rather than abide any compromise with Cæsar. And, as these were chiefly the rich and potent in the aristocracy, naturally they drew along with themselves many humble dependants, both in a pecuniary and a political sense. A strange rumour prevailed at this moment, to which even Cicero showed himself maliciously credulous, that Cæsar's natural temper was cruel, and that his policy also had taken that direction. But the brilliant result within the next six or seven weeks changed the face of politics, disabused everybody of their delusions, and showed how large a portion of the panic had been due to monstrous misconceptions. For already, in March, multitudes of refugees had returned to Cæsar. By the first week of April, that "monster of energy" (that ῥῆγας of superhuman despatch), as Cicero repeatedly styles Cæsar, had marched through Italy—had received the submission of every strong fortress—had driven Pompey into his last Calabrian retreat

of Brundusium (at which point it was that this unhappy man unconsciously took his last farewell of Italian ground) —had summarily kicked him out of Brundusium—and, having thus cleared all Italy of enemies, was on his road back to Rome. From this city, within the first ten days of April, he moved onwards to the Spanish war, where, in reality, the true strength of Pompey's cause—strong legions of soldiers, chiefly Italian—awaited him in strong positions, chosen at leisure, under Afranius and Petreius. For the rest of this year (705), Pompey was unmolested. In 706, Cæsar, victorious from Spain, addressed himself to the task of overthrowing Pompey in person; and, on the 9th of August in that year, took place the ever-memorable battle on the river Pharsalus in Thessaly.

During all this period of about one year and a-half, Cicero's letters, at intermitting periods, hold the same language. They fluctuate, indeed, strangely in temper; for they run through all the changes incident to hoping, trusting, and disappointed friendship. Nothing can equal the expression of his scorn for Pompey's *inertia*, when contrasted with energy so astonishing on the part of his antagonist. Cicero had also been deceived as to facts. The plan of the campaign had, to him in particular, not been communicated; he had been allowed to calculate on a final resistance in Italy. This was certainly impossible. But the policy of maintaining a show of opposition, which it was intended to abandon at *every* point, or of procuring for Cæsar the credit of so many successive triumphs, which might all have been evaded, has never received any explanation.

Towards the middle of February, Cicero acknowledges the receipt of letters from Rome, which in one sense are valuable, as exposing the system of self-delusion prevail-

ing. Domitius, it seems, who soon after laid down his arms *at* Corfinium, and *with* Corfinium, parading his forces only to make a more solemn surrender, had, as the despatches from Rome asserted, an army on which he could rely; as to Cæsar, that nothing was easier than to intercept him; that such was Cæsar's own impression; that honest men were recovering their spirits; and that the rogues at Rome *(Romæ improbos)* were one and all in consternation. It tells powerfully for Cicero's sagacity, that now, amidst this general explosion of childish hopes, he only was sternly incredulous. "*Hæc metuo, equidem, ne sint somnia.*" Yes, he had learned by this time to appreciate the windy reliances of his party. He had an argument from experience for slighting their vain demonstrations; and he had a better argument from the future, as that future was *really* contemplated in the very counsels of the leader. Pompey, though nominally controlled by other men of consular rank, was at present an autocrat for the management of the war. What was his policy? Cicero had now discovered, not so much through confidential interviews, as by the mute tendencies of all the measures adopted—Cicero was satisfied that his total policy had been, from the first, a policy of despair.

The position of Pompey, as an old invalid, from whom his party exacted the services of youth, is worthy of separate notice. There is not, perhaps, a more pitiable situation that that of a veteran reposing upon his past laurels, who is summoned from beds of down, and from the elaborate system of comforts engrafted upon a princely establishment, suddenly to re-assume his armour—to prepare for personal hardships of every kind—to renew his youthful anxieties, without support from youthful energies —once again to dispute sword in hand the title to his own

honours—to pay back into the chancery of war, as into some fund of abeyance, all his own prizes, and palms of every kind—to re-open every decision or award by which he had ever benefited—and to view his own national distinctions of name, trophy, laurel crown,* as all but so many stakes provisionally resumed, which must be redeemed by services tenfold more difficult than those by which originally they had been earned.

Here was a trial, painful, unexpected, sudden; such as any man, at any age, might have honourably declined. The very best contingency in such a struggle was, that nothing might be lost; whilst, along with this doubtful hope, ran the certainty—that nothing could be gained. More glorious in the popular estimate of his countrymen Pompey could not become, for his honours were already historical, and touched with the autumnal hues of antiquity, having been won in a generation now gone by; but, on the other hand, he might lose everything; for, in a contest with so dreadful an antagonist as Cæsar, he could not hope to come off unscorched; and, whatever might be the final event, one result must have struck him as inevitable—viz., that a new generation of men, who had come forward into the arena of life within the last twenty years, would watch the approaching collision with Cæsar as putting to the test a question much canvassed of late, with regard to the soundness and legitimacy of Pompey's military exploits. As a commander-in-chief, Pompey was

* "*Laurel crown:*"—Amongst the honours granted to Pompey at a very early period, was the liberty to wear a diadem or *corona* on ceremonial occasions. The common reading was "*auream coronam,*" until Lipsius suggested *lauream;* which correction has since been generally adopted into the text. This distinction is remarkable when contrasted with the same trophy as afterwards conceded to Cæsar, in relation to the popular feelings, so different in the two cases.

known to have been inequitably fortunate. The bloody contests of Marius, Cinna, Sylla, and their vindictive, but perhaps unavoidable, proscription, had thinned the ranks of natural competitors, at the very opening of Pompey's career. That interval of about eight years, by which he was senior to Cæsar, happened to make the whole difference between a crowded list of candidates for offices of trust, and no list at all. Even more lucky had Pompey found himself in the character of his appointments, and in the quality of his antagonists. All his wars had been of that class which yield great splendour of external show, but impose small exertion and less risk. In the war with Mithridates he succeeded to great captains who had sapped the whole stamina and resistance of the contest; besides that, after all the varnishings of Cicero, when speaking for the Manilian law, the enemy was too notoriously effeminate. The by-battle with the Cilician pirates is more obscure; but it is certain that the extraordinary powers conferred on Pompey by the Gabinian law, gave to *him*, as compared with his predecessors in the same effort at cleansing the Levant from a nuisance, something like the unfair superiority above their brethren enjoyed by some of Charlemagne's paladins, in the possession of enchanted weapons. The success was already insured by the great armament placed at Pompey's disposal; and still more by his unlimited commission, which enabled him to force these water-rats out of their holes, and to bring them all into one focus; whilst the pompous name of *Bellum Piraticum* exaggerated to all after years a success which had been at the moment too partially facilitated. Finally, in his triumph over Sertorius, where only he would have found a great Roman enemy capable of applying some measure of power to himself, by the energies of resistance, although

the transaction is circumstantially involved in much darkness, enough remains to show that Pompey shrank from open contest:—passively, how far co-operatively it is hard to say, Pompey owed his triumph to mere acts of decoy and subsequent assassination.

Upon this sketch of Pompey's military life, it is evident that he must have been regarded, after the enthusiasm of the moment had gone by, as a hollow scenical pageant. But what had produced this enthusiasm at the moment? It was the remoteness of the scenes. The pirates had been a troublesome enemy, precisely in that sense which made the Pindarrees of India such to ourselves; because, as flying marauders, lurking and watching their opportunities, they could seldom be brought to action; so that not their power, but their want of power, made them formidable, indisposing themselves to concentration, and consequently weakening the motive to a combined effort against them. Then, as to Mithridates, a great error prevailed in Rome with regard to the quality of his power. The spaciousness of his kingdom, its remoteness, his power of retreat into Armenia—all enabled him to draw out the war into a lingering struggle. These local advantages were misinterpreted. A man who could resist Sylla, Lucullus, and others, approved himself to the raw judgments of the multitude as a dangerous enemy. Whence a very disproportionate appreciation of Pompey—as of a second Scipio who had destroyed a second Hannibal. If Hannibal had transferred the war to the gates of Rome, why not Mithridates, who had come westwards as far as Greece? And, upon that argument, the panicstruck people of Rome fancied that Mithridates might repeat the experiment. They overlooked the changes which nearly one hundred and fifty years since Hannibal had wrought. As possible it would

have been for Scindia and Holkar fifty years ago, as possible for Tharawaddie * at this moment, to conduct an expedition into England, as for Mithridates to have invaded Italy at the era of 670–80 of Rome. There is a wild romantic legend, surviving in old Scandinavian literature, that Mithridates did not die by suicide, but that he passed over the Black Sea; from Pontus on the south-east of that sea to the Baltic; crossed the Baltic; and became that Odin whose fierce vindictive spirit reacted upon Rome, in after centuries, through the Goths and Vandals, his supposed descendants; just as the blood of Dido, the Carthaginian queen, after mounting to the heavens—under her dying imprecation,

"Exoriare aliquis nostro de sanguine vindex"—

came round in a vast arch of bloodshed upon Rome, under the retaliation of Hannibal, four or five centuries later. This Scandinavian legend might answer for a grand romance, carrying with it, like the Punic legend, a semblance of mighty retribution; but, as a historical possibility, any Mithridatic invasion of Italy would be extravagant. Having been swallowed, however, by Roman credulity as a danger, always *in procinctu*, so long as the old Pontic lion should be unchained, naturally it had happened that this groundless panic, from its very indistinctness and shadowy outline, became more available for Pompey's immoderate glorification than any service so much nearer to home as to be more rationally appreciable. With the same unexampled luck, Pompey, as the last man in the series against Mithridates, stepped into the inheritance of merit belonging to the entire succession in that service; and as the labourer

* "*Tharawaddie:*"—The Burmese Emperor, then invaded by us.

who without effort and without merit reaped the harvest, practically threw into oblivion all those who had so painfully sown it.

But a special Nemesis haunts the steps of men who become great and illustrious by appropriating the trophies of their brothers. Pompey, more strikingly than any man in history, illustrates this moral in his catastrophe. It is perilous to be dishonourably prosperous; and equally so, as the ancients imagined, whether by direct perfidies (of which Pompey is deeply suspected) or by silent acquiescence in unjust advantages. Seared as Pompey's sensibilities might be through long self-indulgence, and latterly by annual fits of illness, founded on dyspepsy, which again probably founded on gluttony, he must have had, at this great era, a dim misgiving that his good genius was forsaking him. No Shakspere had then proclaimed the dark retribution which awaited his final year: but the sentiment of Shakspere (see his Sonnets) is eternal; and must have whispered itself to Pompey's heart, as he saw the billowy war advancing upon him in his old age—

> "The painful warrior, famoused for fight
> After a thousand victories, *once* foil'd,
> Is from the book of honour razed quite,
> And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd."

To say the truth, in this instance as in so many others, the great moral of the retribution escapes us, because we do not connect the scattered phenomena into their rigorous unity. Most readers pursue the early steps of this mightiest amongst all civil wars with the hopes and shifting sympathies natural to those who *accompanied* its motions. Cicero must ever be the great authority for the daily fluctuations of public opinion and confidence in the one party, as Cæsar, with a few later authors, for those in the

other. But inevitably these co-eval authorities, shifting their own positions as events advanced, break the uniformity of the lesson. They did not see, as we may if we will, to the end. Sometimes the Pompeian partisans are cheerful; sometimes even they are sanguine; once or twice there is absolutely a slight success to colour their vaunts. But much of this is mere political dissimulation. We now find, from the confidential parts of Cicero's correspondence, that he had never heartily hoped from the hour when he first ascertained Pompey's drooping spirits, and his desponding policy. And in a subsequent stage of the contest, when the war had crossed the Adriatic, we now know, by a remarkable passage in his "De Divinatione," that, whatever he might think it prudent to say, never, from the moment when he personally attached himself to Pompey's camp, had he felt any reliance whatever on the composition of the army. Even to Pompey's misgiving ear in solitude, a fatal summons must have been sometimes audible, to resign his quiet life and his showy prosperity. The call was in effect, "Leave your palaces; come back to camps—never more to know a quiet hour!" What if he could have heard the ultimate moral of the silent call! "Live through a brief season of calamity; live long enough for total ruin; live for a morning on which it will be said, *All is lost;* as a panicstricken fugitive, sue to the mercies of slaves; and in return, as a headless trunk, lie like a poor mutilated mariner, rejected by the sea, a wreck from a wreck—owing even the last rites of burial to the pity of a solitary exile." This doom, and thus circumstantially, no man could know. But, in features that were even gloomier than these, Pompey might, through his long experience of men, have foreseen the bitter course which he had to traverse. It did not require any extra-

ordinary self-knowledge to guess, that continued opposition upon the plan of the campaign would breed fretfulness in himself; that the irritation of frequent failure, inseparable from a war so widely spread, would cause blame and decaying confidence; that his coming experience would be a mere chaos of obstinacy in council, loud remonstrance in action, crimination and recrimination, insolent dictation from rivals, treachery on the part of friends, flight and desertion on the part of confidants. Yet even this fell short of the shocking consummation into which the frenzy of faction ripened itself within a few months. I know of but one case which resembles it, in a single remarkable feature. Those readers who are acquainted with Lord Clarendon's "History," will remember the very striking portrait which he draws of the king's small army of reserve in Devonshire and the adjacent districts, subsequently to the great parliamentary triumph of Naseby in June, 1645. The ground was now cleared; no work remained for Fairfax but to advance, and to sweep away the last relics of opposition. In every case this would have proved no trying task. But what was the condition of the hostile forces? Lord Clarendon, who had personally presided at their head-quarters whilst in attendance upon the Prince of Wales, describes them in these emphatic terms as "a wicked beaten army." Rarely does history present us with such a picture of utter debasement in an army—coming from no enemy, but from one who, at the very moment of painting the portrait, knew this army to be the king's final resource. Reluctant as a wise man must feel to reject as irredeemable in vileness that which he knows to be indispensable to hope, this solemn opinion of Lord Clarendon's, upon his royal master's last stake, had been in earlier ages prefigured by Cicero, under the

very same circumstances, with regard to the analogous ultimate resource. The army, which Pompey had concentrated in the regions of northern Greece, *was* the ultimate resource of that party; because, though a strong *nucleus* for other armies existed in other provinces, these remoter dependencies were in all likelihood contingent upon the result from this—were Pompey prosperous, *they* would be prosperous; if not, not. Knowing, therefore, the fatal emphasis which belonged to his words, not blind to the inference which they involved, Cicero did, notwithstanding, pronounce confidentially that same judgment of despair upon the army soon to perish at Pharsalia, which, from its strange identity of tenor and circumstances, I have quoted from Lord Clarendon. Both statesmen spoke confessedly of a last sheet-anchor; both spoke of an army vicious in its military composition: but also, which is the peculiarity of the case, both charged the *onus* of their own despair upon the non-professional qualities of the soldiers; upon their licentious uncivic temper; upon their open anticipations of plunder; and upon their tiger-training towards a great festival of coming revenge.

Lord Clarendon, however, it may be said, did not include in *his* denunciation the commander of the Devonshire army. No: and *there* it is that the two reports differ. Cicero *did*. It was the commander whom he had chiefly in his eye. Others, indeed, were parties to the horrid conspiracy against the country which he charged upon Pompey: for *non datur conjuratio aliter quam per plures;* but these "others" were not the private soldiers—they were the leading officers, the staff, the council at Pompey's head-quarters, and generally the men of senatorial rank. Yet still, to complete the dismal unity of the prospect, these conspirators had an army of ruffians under their

orders, such as formed an appropriate engine for their horrid purposes.

This is a most important point for clearing up the true character of the war; and it has been neglected by historians. It is notorious that Cicero, on first joining the faction of Pompey after the declaration of hostilities, had for some months justified his conduct on the doctrine—that the "causa," the constitutional merits of the dispute, lay with Pompey. He could not deny that Cæsar had grievances to plead; but he insisted on two things:—1. that the mode of redress, by which Cæsar made his appeal, was radically illegal; 2. that the certain tendency of this redress was to a civil revolution. Such had been the consistent representation of Cicero, until the course of events made him better acquainted with Pompey's real temper and policy. It is also notorious—and here lies the key to the error of all biographers—that about two years later, when the miserable death of Pompey had indisposed Cicero to remember his wicked unaccomplished purposes, and when the assassination of Cæsar had made it safe to resume his ancient mysterious animosity to the very name of that great man, Cicero did undoubtedly go back to his early way of distinguishing between them. As an orator, and as a philosopher, he brought back his original distortions of the case. Pompey, it was again pleaded, had been a champion of the state (sometimes he ventured upon saying, of liberty); Cæsar had been a traitor and a tyrant. The two extreme terms of his own politics, the earliest and the last, do in fact meet and blend. But the proper object of scrutiny for the sincere inquirer is this parenthesis of time, that intermediate experience which placed him in daily communion with the real Pompey of the year *Ab Urbe Cond.* 705, and which extorted from his indignant

patriotism revelations to his friend Atticus so atrocious, that nothing in history approaches them.

This is the period to examine; for the logic of the case is urgent. Were Cicero now alive, he could make no resistance to a construction and a personal appeal such as this. Easily (we should say to him)—easily you might have a motive, subsequently to your friend's death, for dissembling the evil you had once imputed to him. But it is impossible that, as an unwilling witness, you could have had any motive at all for counterfeiting or exaggerating on your friend an evil purpose that did not exist. The dissimulation might be natural—the simulation was inconceivable. To suppress a true scandal was the office of a sorrowing friend—to propagate a false one was the office of a knave: not, therefore, that later testimony which to have garbled was amiable, but that co-eval testimony which to have invented would have been insanity—this it is which we must abide by. Besides that, there is another explanation of Cicero's later language than simple piety to the memory of a friend. His discovery of Pompey's execrable plan was limited to a few months; so that, equally from its brief duration, its suddenness, and its astonishing contradiction to all he had previously believed of Pompey, such a painful secret was likely enough to fade from his recollection, after it had ceased to have any practical importance for the world. On the other hand, Cicero had a deep vindictive policy in keeping back any evil that he knew of Pompey. It was a mere necessity of logic, that, if Pompey had meditated the utter destruction of his country by fire and sword—if, more atrociously still, he had cherished a resolution of unchaining upon Italy the most ferocious barbarians he could gather about his eagles, Getæ, for instance, Colchians, Armenians—if he had ran-

sacked the ports of the whole Mediterranean world, and had mustered all the shipping from fourteen separate states enumerated by Cicero, with an express purpose of intercepting all supplies for Rome, and of inflicting the slow torments of famine upon that vast yet non-belligerent city—then, in opposing such a monster, Cæsar was undeniably a public benefactor. Cicero could not hide from himself that result. He felt also that not only would the magnanimity and the gracious spirit of forgiveness in Cæsar, be recalled with advantage into men's thoughts, by any confession of this hideous malignity in his antagonist; but that it really became impossible to sustain any theory of ambitious violence in Cæsar, when regarded under his relations to such a body of parricidal conspirators. Fighting for public objects that are difficult of explaining to a mob, easily may any chieftain of a party be misrepresented as a child of selfish ambition. But, once emblazoned as the sole barrier between his native land and a merciless avenger by fire and famine, he would take a tutelary character in the minds of all men. To confess one solitary council—such as Cicero had attended repeatedly at Pompey's head-quarters in Epirus—was, by acclamation from every house in Rome, to evoke a hymn of gratitude towards that great Julian deliverer, whose Pharsalia had turned aside from Italy a deeper wo than any which Paganism records.

I insist inexorably upon this state of relations, as existing between Cicero and the two combatants. I refuse to quit this position. I affirm that, at a time when Cicero argued upon the purposes of Cæsar in a manner confessedly conjectural, on the other hand, with regard to Pompey, from confidential communications, he reported it as a dreadful discovery, that mere destruction to Rome was,

upon Pompey's policy, the catastrophe of the war. Cæsar, he might persuade himself, would revolutionise Rome; but Pompey, he knew in confidence, meant to leave no Rome to revolutionise. Does any reader fail to condemn the selfishness of the Constable Bourbon—ranging himself at Pavia in a pitched battle against his sovereign, on an argument of private wrong? Yet the constable's treason had perhaps identified itself with his self-preservation; and he had no reason to anticipate a lasting calamity to his country from any act possible to an individual. If we look into ancient history, the case of Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, scarcely approaches to this. He indeed returned to Athens in company with the invading hosts of Darius. But he had probably been expelled from Athens by violent injustice; and, though attending a hostile invasion, he could not have caused it. Hardly a second case can be found in all history as a parallel to the dreadful design of Pompey, unless it be that of Count Julian calling in the Saracens to ravage Spain, and to overthrow the altars of Christianity, on the provocation of one outrage to his own house—early in the eighth century invoking a scourge that was not entirely to be withdrawn until the sixteenth.

But then for Count Julian it may be pleaded—that the whole tradition is doubtful; that, if true to the letter, his own provocation was enormous; and that we must not take the measure of what he meditated by the frightful consequences which actually ensued. Count Julian might have relied on the weakness of Don Roderick for giving a present effect to his vengeance, but might still rely consistently enough on the natural strength of his country, when once coerced into union, for ultimately confounding the enemy—and perhaps for confounding the Mahometan

fanaticism itself. For the worst traitor whom history has recorded there remains some plea of mitigation, something in aggravation of the wrongs which he had sustained, something in abatement of the retaliation which he designed. Only for Pompey there is none. Rome had given him no subject of complaint. It was true that the strength of Cæsar lay there; because immediate hopes from revolution belonged to the democracy, to the oppressed, to the multitudes in debt, for whom the law had neglected to provide any prospect or degree of relief; and these were exactly the class of persons that could not find funds for emigrating. But still there was no overt act, no official act, no representative act, by which Rome had declared herself for either party.

Cicero was now aghast at the discoveries he made with regard to Pompey. Imbecility of purpose—distraction of counsels—feebleness in their dilatory execution—all tended to one dilemma: either that Pompey, as a mere favourite of luck, never had possessed any military talents, or that, by age and conscious inequality to his enemy, these talents were now in a state of collapse. Having first, therefore, made the discovery that his too celebrated friend was anything but a statesman (*απολιτικωτατος*), Cicero came at length to pronounce him *αστρατηγικωτατον*—anything but a general. But all this was nothing in the way of degradation to Pompey's character, by comparison with the final discovery of the horrid retaliation which he meditated upon all Italy, by coming back with barbarous troops to make a wilderness of the opulent land, and upon Rome in particular, by so posting his blockading fleets and his cruisers as to intercept all supplies of corn from Sicily, from the province of Africa, and from Egypt. The great moral, therefore, from Cicero's confidential confessions is, that he

abandoned the cause as untenable; that he abandoned the supposed party of "good men," as found upon trial to be odious intriguers; and that he abandoned Pompey in any privileged character of a patriotic leader. If he still adhered to Pompey as an individual, it was in memory of his personal obligations to that oligarch; but, secondly, for the very generous reason that Pompey's fortunes were declining, and because Cicero would not be thought to have shunned that man in his misfortunes, whom in reality he had felt tempted to despise only for his enormous errors.

After these distinct and reiterated acknowledgments, it is impossible to find the smallest justification for the great harmony of historians in representing Cicero as having abided by those opinions with which he first entered upon the party strife. Even at that time it is probable that Cicero's deep sense of gratitude to Pompey secretly had entered more largely into his decision than he had ever acknowledged to himself. For he had at first exerted himself anxiously to mediate between the two parties. Now, if he really fancied the views of Cæsar to proceed on principles of destruction to the Roman constitution, all mediation was a hopeless attempt. Compromise between extremes lying so widely apart, and in fact as between the affirmation and the negation of the same propositions, must have been too plainly impossible to have justified any countenance to so impracticable a speculation.

But was not such a compromise impossible in practice, even upon our own theory of the opposite requisitions? No. And a closer statement of the true principles concerned will show it was not. The great object of the Julian party was, to heal the permanent collision between the supposed functions of the people, in their electoral capacity, in their powers of patronage, and in their vast appel-

late jurisdiction, with the assumed privileges of the senate. We all know how dreadful have been the disputes in our own country as to the limits of the constitutional forces composing the total state. Between the privileges of the Commons and the prerogative of the Crown, how long a time, and how severe a struggle, was required to adjust the true temperament! To say nothing of the fermenting disaffection towards the government throughout the reign of James I., and the first fifteen years of his son, the great civil war grew out of the sheer contradictions arising between the necessities of the public service and the *letter* of superannuated prerogatives. The simple history of that great strife was, that the democracy, the popular element, in the commonwealth, had outgrown the provisions of old usages and statutes. The king, a man wishing to be conscientious, believed that the efforts of the Commons, which represented only the instincts of rapid growth in all popular interests, cloaked a secret plan of encroachment on the essential rights of the sovereign. In this view he was confirmed by lawyers, the most dangerous of all advisers in political struggles; for they naturally seek the solution of all contested claims, either in the positive determination of ancient usage, or in the constructive view of its analogies. Whereas, here the very question was concerning a body of usage and precedent, not denied in many cases as facts, whether that condition of policy, not unreasonable as adapted to a community having but two dominant interests, were any longer safely tenable under the rise and expansion of a third. For instance, the whole management of our foreign policy had always been reserved to the crown, as one of its most sacred mysteries, or *απορρητα*; yet, if the people could obtain no indirect control of this policy, through the amplest control of the

public purse, even their domestic rights might easily be made nugatory. Again, it was indispensable that the crown, free from all direct responsibility, should be checked by some responsibility, operating in a way to preserve the sovereign in his constitutional sanctity. This was finally effected by the admirable compromise of lodging the responsibility in the persons of all servants by or through whom the sovereign could act. But this was so little understood by Charles I. as any constitutional privilege of the people, that he resented the proposal as much more insulting to himself than that of fixing the responsibility in his own person. The latter proposal he viewed as a violation of his own prerogative, founded upon open wrong. There was an injury, but no insult. On the other hand, to require of him the sacrifice of a servant, whose only offence had been in his fidelity to himself, was to expect that he should act collusively with those who sought to dishonour him. The absolute *Io el Rey* of Spanish kings, in the last resort, seemed in Charles's eye indispensable to the dignity of his crown. And his legal counsellors assured him, that, in conceding this point, he would degrade himself into a sort of upper constable, having some disagreeable functions, but none which could surround him with majestic attributes in the eyes of his subjects. Feeling thus, and thus advised, and religiously persuaded that he held his powers for the benefit of his people, so as to be under a deep moral incapacity to surrender "one dowle"* from his royal plumage, he did right to struggle with that energy and that cost of blood which marked his own personal war from 1642 to 1645. Now, on the other hand, we know that nearly all the concessions sought from the

* "*One dowle:*"—Shakspere.

king, and refused as mere treasonable demands, were subsequently re-affirmed, assumed into our constitutional law, and solemnly established for ever, about forty years later, by the Revolution of 1688–89. And this great event was in the nature of a compromise. For the patriots of 1642 had been betrayed into some capital errors, claims both irreconcilable with the dignity of the crown, and useless to the people. This ought not to surprise us, and does not extinguish our debt of gratitude to those great men. Where has been the man, much less the party of men, that did not, in a first essay upon so difficult an adjustment as that of an equilibration between the limits of political forces, travel into some excesses? But forty years' experience, the restoration of a party familiar with the invaluable uses of royalty, and the harmonious co-operation of a new sovereign, already trained to a system of restraints, made this final settlement as near to a perfect adjustment and compromise between all conflicting rights, as perhaps human wisdom could attain.

Now, from this English analogy, we may explain something of what is most essential in the Roman conflict. This great feature was common to the two cases—that the change sought by the revolutionary party was not an arbitrary change, but in the way of a natural *nisus*, working secretly throughout two or three generations. It was a tendency that would not be denied. Just as, in the England of 1640, it is impossible to imagine that, under any immediate result whatever, ultimately the mere necessities of expansion in a people, ebullient with juvenile energies, and passing, at every decennium, into new stages of development, could have been gainsaid or much retarded. Had the nation embodied less of that stern political temperament, which leads eventually to extremities in action,

it is possible that the upright and thoughtful character of the sovereign might have reconciled the Commons to expedients of present redress, and for thirty years the crisis might have been evaded. But the licentious character of Charles II. would inevitably have challenged the resumption of the struggle in a more embittered shape; for, in the actual war of 1642, the *separate* resources of the crown were soon exhausted; and a deep sentiment of respect towards the king kept alive the principle of fidelity to the crown, through all the oscillations of the public mind. Under a stronger reaction against the personal sovereign, it is not absolutely impossible that the aristocracy might have come into the project of a republic. Whenever this body stood aloof, and by alliance with the church, as well as with a very large section of the democracy, their non-adhesion to republican plans finally brought them to extinction. But the principle cannot be refused—that the conflict was inevitable; that the collision could in no way have been evaded; and for the same reason as spoke out so loudly in Rome—because the grievances to be redressed, and the incapacities to be removed, and the organs to be renewed, were absolute and urgent; that the evil grew out of the political system; that this system had generally been the silent product of time; and that as the sovereign, in the English case most conscientiously, so, on the other hand, in Rome, the Pompeian faction, with no conscience at all, stood upon the letter of usage and precedent, where the secret truth was, that nature herself, that nature which works in political things by change, by growth, by destruction, not less certainly than in physical organisations, had long been silently superannuating these precedents, and preparing the transition into forms more in harmony with public safety, with public wants, and with public intelligence.

The capital fault in the operative constitution of Rome had long been in the *antinomies,* if I may be pardoned for so learned a term, of the public service. It is not so true an expression, that anarchy was always to be apprehended, as, in fact, that anarchy always subsisted. What made this anarchy more and less dangerous, was the personal character of the particular man militant for the moment; next, the variable interest which such a party might have staked upon the contest; and, lastly, the variable means at his disposal towards public agitation. Fortunately for the public safety, these forces, like all forces in this world of compensations and of fluctuations, obeying steady laws, rose but seldom into the excess which menaced the framework of the state. Even in disorder, when long continued, there is an order that can be calculated: dangers were foreseen; remedies were put into an early state of preparation. But, because the evil had not been so ruinous as might have been predicted, it was not the less an evil, and it was not the less enormously increasing. The democracy retained a large class of functions, for which the original uses had been long extinct. Powers, which had utterly ceased to be available for interests of their own, were now used purely as the tenures by which they held a vested interest in bribery. The sums requisite for bribery were rising as the great estates rose. No man, even in a gentlemanly rank, no *eques,* no ancient noble even, unless his income were hyperbolically vast, or unless as the creature of some party in the background, could at length face the ruin of a political career. I do not speak of men anticipating a special resistance, but of those who stood in ordinary circumstances. Atticus is not a man whom I should cite for any authority in a question of principle, for I believe him to have been a dissembling knave, and the most perfect vicar of Bray

extant; but, in a question of prudence, his example is decisive. Latterly he was worth a hundred thousand pounds. Four-fifths of this sum, it is true, had been derived from a casual bequest; however, he had been rich enough, even in early life, to present all the poor citizens of Athens —probably twelve thousand families—with a year's consumption for two individuals of excellent wheat; and he had been distinguished for other ostentatious largesses; yet this man held it to be ridiculous, in common prudence, that he should embark upon any political career. Merely the costs of an ædileship, to which he might have arrived in early life, would have swallowed up the entire hundred thousand pounds of his mature good luck. "Honores non petiit; quod neque peti more majorum, neque capi possent, conservatis legibus, in tam effusis largitionibus; neque geri sine periculo, corruptis civitatis moribus"—(*"For public honours he was no candidate; because, under a system of bribery so unlimited, such distinctions could neither be sought after in the old ancestral mode, nor won without violation of the laws; nor administered satisfactorily, as regarded the duties which they imposed, without personal risk in a condition of civic morals so generally relaxed"*). But this argument on the part of Atticus pointed to a modest and pacific career. When the politics of a man, or his special purpose, happened to be polemic, the costs, and the personal risk, and the risk to the public peace, were on a scale prodigiously greater. No man with such views could think of coming forward without a princely fortune, and the courage of a martyr. Milo, Curio, Decimus Brutus, and many persons besides, in a lapse of twenty-five years, spent fortunes of four and five hundred thousand pounds, and without accomplishing, after all, much of what they proposed. In other shapes, the evil was still more malignant: and, as

these circumstantial cases are the most impressive, I will bring forward a few.

1. *Provisional administrations.*—The Romans were not characteristically a rapacious or dishonest people—the Greeks were; and it is a fact strongly illustrative of that infirmity in principle and levity, which made the Greek so contemptible to the graver judgments of Rome, that hardly a trustworthy man could be found for the receipt of taxes. The regular course of business was, that the Greeks absconded with the money, unless narrowly watched. Whatever else they might be—sculptors, buffoons, dancers, tumblers—they were a nation of swindlers. For the art of fidelity in peculation, you might depend upon them to any amount. Now, amongst the Romans, these petty knaveries were generally unknown. Even as knaves they had aspiring minds; and the original key to their spoliations in the provinces, was undoubtedly the vast scale of their domestic corruption. A man who had to begin by bribing one nation, must end by fleecing another. Almost the only open channels through which a Roman nobleman could create a fortune (always allowing for a large means of marrying to advantage, since a man might shoot a whole series of divorces, still refunding the last dowery, but still replacing it with a better) were these two—lending money on sea risks, or to embarrassed municipal corporations on good landed or personal security, with the gain of twenty, thirty, or even forty per cent.; and secondly, the grand resource of a provincial government. The abuses I need not state: the prolongation of these lieutenantcies beyond the legitimate year was one source of enormous evil; and it was the more rooted an abuse, because very often it was undeniable that other evils arose in the opposite

scale from too hasty a succession of governors, upon which principle no consistency of local improvements could be insured, nor any harmony even in the administration of justice, since each successive governor brought his own system of legal rules. As to the other and more flagrant abuses in extortion from the province, in garbling the accounts, and defeating all scrutiny at Rome, in embezzlement of military pay, and in selling every kind of private advantage for bribes, these have been made notorious by the very circumstantial exposure of Verres. But some of the worst evils are still unpublished, and must be looked for in the indirect revelations of Cicero when himself a governor, as well as the incidental relations by special facts and cases. I, on my part, will venture to raise a doubt whether Verres ought really to be considered that exorbitant criminal whose guilt has been so profoundly impressed upon us all by the forensic artifices of Cicero. The true reasons for his condemnation must be sought, first, in the proximity to Rome of that Sicilian province where many of his alleged oppressions had occurred. The fluent intercourse with this island, and the multiplied interconnections of individual towns with Roman grandees, aggravated the facilities of making charges; whilst the proofs were anything but satisfactory in the Roman judicature. Here lay one disadvantage of Verres; but another was, that the ordinary system of bribes—viz., the sacrifice of one portion from the spoils in the shape of bribes to the jury *(judices)* in order to redeem the other portions—in this case could not be applied. The spoils were chiefly works of art. Verres was the very first man who formed a gallery of art in Rome; and a French writer in the "Académie des Inscriptions" has written a most elaborate *catalogue raisonnée* to this gallery—drawn from the mate-

rials left by Cicero and Pliny. But this was obviously a sort of treasure that did not admit of partition. And the object of Verres would equally have been defeated by selling a part for the costs of "salvage" on the rest. In this sad dilemma, Verres, upon the whole, resolved to take his chance; or, if bribery were applied to some extent, it must have stopped far short of that excess to which it would have proceeded under a more disposable form of his gains. But I will not conceal the truth which Cicero indirectly reveals. The capital abuse in the provincial system was, not that the guilty governor might escape, but that the innocent governor might be ruined. It is evident that, in a majority of cases, this magistrate was thrown upon his own discretion. Nothing could be so indefinite and uncircumstantial as the Roman laws on this head. The most upright administrator was almost as cruelly laid open to the fury of calumnious persecution as the worst; both were often cited to answer upon parts of their administration altogether blameless; but, when the original rule had been so wide and lax, the final resource must be in the mercy of the particular tribunal.

2. *The Roman judicial system.*—This would require a separate volume, and chiefly upon this ground—that in no country upon earth, except Rome, has the ordinary administration of justice been applied as a great political engine. Men, who could not otherwise be removed, were constantly assailed by impeachments, and oftentimes for acts done forty or fifty years befor the time of trial. But this dreadful aggravation of the injustice was not generally needed. The system of trial was the most corrupt that has ever prevailed under European civilisation. The composition of their courts, as to the *rank* of the numerous

jury, was continually changed: but no change availed to raise them above bribery. The rules of evidence were simply none at all. Every hearsay, erroneous rumour, or atrocious libel, was allowed to be offered as evidence. Much of this never could be repelled, as it had not been anticipated. And, even in those cases where no bribery was attempted, the issue was dependent, almost in a desperate extent, upon the impression made by the advocate. And finally, it must be borne in mind, that there was no presiding *judge*, in our sense of the word, to sum up, to mitigate the effect of arts or falsehood in the advocate, to point the true bearing of the evidence, still less to state and to restrict the law. Law there very seldom was any, in a precise circumstantial shape. The verdict might be looked for accordingly. And I do not scruple to say, that so triumphant a machinery of oppression has never existed—no, not in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

3. *The license of public libelling.*—Upon this I had proposed to enlarge. But I must forbear. One only caution I must impress upon the reader; he may fancy that Cicero would not practise or defend in others the absolute abuse of confidence on the part of the jury and audience by employing direct falsehoods. But this is a mistake. Cicero, in his justification of the artifices used at the bar, evidently goes the whole length of advising the employment of all mis-statements whatsoever which wear a plausible air. His own practice leads to the same inference. Not the falsehood, but the defect of probability, is what in his eyes degrades any possible assertion or insinuation. And he holds, also, that a barrister is not accountable for the frequent self-contradictions in which he must be thus involved at different periods of time. The immediate purpose is para-

mount to all extra-judicial consequences whatever, and to all subsequent exposures of the very grossest inconsistency in the most calumnious falsehoods.

4. *The morality of expediency employed by Roman statesmen.*—The regular relief, furnished to Rome under the system of anarchy which Cæsar proposed to set aside, lay in seasonable murders. When a man grew potent in political annoyance, somebody was employed to murder him. Never was there a viler or better established murder than that of Claudius by Milo, or that of Carbo and others by Pompey when a young man, acting as the tool of Sylla. Yet these, and the murders of the two Gracchi, nearly a century before, Cicero justifies as necessary. So little progress had law and sound political wisdom then made, that Cicero was not aware of anything monstrous in pleading for a most villanous act—that circumstances had made it expedient. Such a man is massacred, and Cicero appeals to all your natural feelings of honour against the murderers. Such another is massacred, on the opposite side, and Cicero thinks it quite sufficient to reply, "Oh, but I assure you he was a bad man—I knew him to be a bad man. And it was his duty to be murdered, as the sole service he could render the commonwealth." So again, in common with all his professional brethren, Cicero never scruples to ascribe the foulest lust and abominable propensities to any public antagonist; never asking himself any question but this, Will it look plausible? He personally escaped such slanders, because, as a young man, he was known to be rather poor, and very studious. But in later life a horrible calumny of that very class settled upon himself; and one peculiarly shocking to his parental grief; for he was then sorrowing in extremity for the departed

lady who had been associated in the slander. Do I lend a moment's credit to the foul insinuation? No. But I see the equity of this retribution revolving upon one who had so often slandered others in the same malicious way. At last the poisoned chalice came round to his own lips, and at a moment when its venom reached his heart of hearts.

5. *The continued repetition of convulsions in the state.*—Under the last head I have noticed a consequence of the long Roman anarchy dreadful enough to contemplate—viz., the necessity of murder as a sole relief to the extremities continually recurring, and as a permanent temptation to the vitiation of all moral ideas in the necessity of defending it imposed often upon such men as Cicero. This was an evil which cannot be exaggerated: but a more extensive evil lay in the recurrence of those conspiracies which the public anarchy promoted. We have all been deluded upon this point. The conspiracy of Catiline, to those who weigh well the mystery still enveloping the names of Cæsar, of the Consul C. Antonius, and others suspected as partial accomplices in this plot, and who consider also what parties were the exposers or merciless avengers of this plot, was but a reiteration of the attempts made within the previous fifty years by Marius, Cinna, Sylla, and finally by Cæsar and by his heir Octavius, to raise a reformed government, safe and stable, upon this hideous oligarchy that annually almost brought the people of Rome into the necessity of a war and the danger of a merciless proscription. That the usual system of fraudulent falsehoods was offered by way of evidence against Catiline, is pretty obvious. Indeed, why should it have been spared? The evidence, in a lawyer's sense, is after all none at all. The pretended revelations of foreign en-

voys go for nothing. These could have been suborned most easily. And the shocking defect of the case is, that the accused parties were never put on their defence, never confronted with the base tools of the accusers; and the senators amongst them were overwhelmed with clamours if they attempted their defence in the senate. The motive to this dreadful injustice is manifest. There *was* a conspiracy; that I do not doubt; and of the same nature as Cæsar's. Else why should eminent men, too dangerous for Cicero to touch, have been implicated in the obscurer charges? How had they any interest in the ruin of Rome? How had Catiline any interest in such a tragedy? But all the grandees, who were too much embarrassed in debt to bear the means of profiting by the machinery of bribes applied to so vast a populace, naturally wished to place the administration of public affairs on another footing; many from merely selfish purposes, like Cethegus or Lentulus—some, I doubt not, from purer motives of enlarged patriotism. One charge against Catiline I may quote from many, as having tainted the most plausible part of the pretended evidence with damnatory suspicions. The reader may not have remarked—but the fact is such—that one of the standing artifices for injuring a man with the populace of Rome, when all other arts had failed, was to say, that amongst his plots was one for burning the city. This cured that indifference with which otherwise the mob listened to stories of mere political conspiracy against a system which they hated. Now, this most senseless charge was renewed against Catiline. It is hardly worthy of notice. Of what value to him could be a heap of ruins? Or how could he hope to found an influence amongst those who were yet reeking from such a calamity?

But, in reality, this conspiracy was that effort continually

moving underground, and which would have continually exploded in shocks dreadful to the quiet of the nation, which mere necessity, and the instincts of position, prompted to the parties interested. Let the reader only remember the long and really ludicrous succession of men sent out against Antony at Mutina by the senate—viz., Octavius, Plancus, Asinius Pollio, Lepidus, every one of whom fell away almost instantly to the anti-senatorial cause, to say nothing of the consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, who would undoubtedly have followed the general precedent, had they not been killed prematurely: and it will become apparent how irresistible this popular cause was, as the sole introduction to a patriotic reformation, ranged too notoriously against a narrow scheme of selfishness, which interested hardly forty families. It does not follow that all men, simply as enemies of an oligarchy, would have afterwards exhibited a pure patriotism. Cæsar, however, did. His reforms, even before his Pompeian struggle, were the greatest ever made by an individual; and those which he carried through after that struggle, and during that brief term which his murderers allowed him, transcended by much all that in any one century had been accomplished by the collective patriotism of Rome.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

AT a very early age commenced my own interest in the mystery that surrounds Secret Societies; the mystery being often double—1. *what* they do; and 2. what they do it *for*. Except for the prematurity of this interest, in itself it was not surprising. Generally speaking, a child may *not*—but every adult *will*, and must, if at all by nature meditative—regard, with a feeling higher than vulgar curiosity, small fraternities of men forming themselves as separate and inner vortices within the great vortex of society; communicating silently in broad daylight by signals not even seen; or, *if* seen, not understood except among themselves; and connected by the link either of purposes not safe to be avowed, or by the grander link of awful truths which, merely to shelter themselves from the hostility of an age unprepared for their reception, are forced to retire, possibly for generations, behind thick curtains of secresy. To be hidden amidst crowds is sublime; to come down hidden amongst crowds from distant generations is doubly sublime.

The first incident in my own childish experience that threw my attention upon the possibility of such dark associations, was the Abbé Barruel's book, soon followed by

a similar book of Professor Robison's, in demonstration of a regular conspiracy throughout Europe for exterminating Christianity. This I did not read, but I heard it read and frequently discussed. I had already Latin enough to know that *cancer* meant a crab; and that the disease so appalling to a child's imagination, which in English we call a cancer, as soon as it has passed beyond the state of an indolent schirrous tumour, drew its name from the horrid claws, or spurs, or roots, by which it connected itself with distant points, running underground, as it were, baffling detection, and defying radical extirpation. What I heard read aloud from the abbé gave that dreadful cancerous character to the plot against Christianity. This plot, by the abbé's account, stretched its horrid fangs, and threw out its forerunning feelers and *tentacles*, into many nations, and more than one century. *That* perplexed me, though also fascinating me by its grandeur. How men, living in distant periods and distant places—men that did not know each other, nay, often had not even heard of each other, nor spoke the same languages—could yet be parties to the same treason against a mighty religion towering to the highest heavens, puzzled my understanding. Then, also, when wickedness was so easy, *why* did people take all this trouble to be wicked? The *how* and the *why* were alike incomprehensible to me. Yet the abbé, everybody said, was a good man; incapable of telling falsehoods, or of countenancing falsehoods; and, indeed, to say *that* was superfluous as regarded myself; for every man that wrote a book was in my eyes an essentially good man, being a revealer of hidden truth. Things in MS. might be doubtful, but things printed were unavoidably and profoundly true. So that, if I questioned and demurred as hotly as an infidel would have done, it never was that by the slight-

est shade I had become tainted with the infirmity of scepticism. On the contrary, I believed everybody as well as every*thing*. And, indeed, the very starting-point of my too importunate questions was exactly that incapacity of scepticism—not any lurking jealousy that even part might be false, but confidence too absolute that the whole must be true; since the more undeniably a thing was certain, the more clamorously I called upon people to make it intelligible. Other people, when they could not comprehend a thing, had often a resource in saying, "But, after all, perhaps it's a lie." *I* had no such resource. A lie was impossible in a man that descended upon earth in the awful shape of four volumes octavo. Such a great man as *that* was an oracle for me, far beyond Dodona or Delphi. The same thing occurs in another form to everybody. Often (you know)—alas! *too* often—one's dear friend talks something, which one scruples to call "rigmarole," but which, for the life of one (it becomes necessary to whisper), cannot be comprehended. Well, after puzzling over it for two hours, you say, "Come, that's enough; two hours is as much time as I can spare in one life for one unintelligibility." And then you proceed, in the most tranquil frame of mind, to take coffee as if nothing had happened. The thing does not haunt your sleep: for you say, "My dear friend, after all, was perhaps unintentionally talking nonsense." But how if the thing that puzzles you happens to be a phenomenon in the sky or the clouds—something said by nature? Nature never talks nonsense. There's no getting rid of the thing in that way. You can't call *that* "rigmarole." As to your dear friend, you were sceptical; and the consequence was, that you were able to be tranquil. There was a valve in reserve, by which your perplexity could escape. But as to nature, you have no

scepticism at all; you believe in *her* to a most bigoted extent; you believe every word she says. And that very belief is the cause that you are disturbed daily by something which you cannot understand. Being true, the thing ought to be intelligible. And exactly because it is *not*—exactly because this horrid unintelligibility is denied the comfort of doubt—therefore it is that you are so unhappy. If you could once make up your mind to doubt and to say, "Oh, as to nature, I don't believe one word in ten that she utters," then and there you would become as tranquil as when your dearest friend talks nonsense. My purpose, as regarded Baruel, was not tentative, as if presumptuously trying whether I should like to swallow a thing, with an *arrière pensée* that, if not palatable, I might reject it, but simply the preparatory process of a boa-constrictor lubricating the substance offered, whatever it might be, towards its readier deglutition, under the absolute certainty that, come what would, I *must* swallow it; that result, whether easy or not easy, being one that finally followed at any rate.

The person who chiefly introduced me to Baruel was a lady, a stern lady, and austere, not only in her manners, which made most people dislike her, but also in the character of her understanding and morals—an advantage which made some people afraid of her. Me, however, she treated with unusual indulgence, chiefly, I believe, because I kept her intellectuals in a state of exercise, nearly amounting to persecution. She was just five times my age when our warfare of disputation commenced, I being seven, she thirty-five; and she was not quite four times my age when our warfare terminated by sudden separation, I being then ten, and she thirty-eight. This change, by the way, in the multiple that expressed her chronological relations

to myself, used greatly to puzzle me; because, as the interval between us had diminished, within the memory of man, so rapidly, that, from being five times younger, I found myself less than four times younger, the natural inference seemed to be, that, in a few years, I should not be younger at all, but might come to be the older of the two; in which case, I should certainly have "taken my change" out of the airs she continually gave herself on the score of closer logic, but especially of longer "experience." That decisive word "experience" was, indeed, always a sure sign to me that I had the better of the argument, and that it had become necessary, therefore, suddenly to pull me up in the career of victory by a violent exertion of authority; as a knight of old, at the very moment when he would else have unhorsed his opponent, was often frozen into unjust inactivity by the king's arbitrary signal for parting the tilters. It was, however, only when very hard pressed that my fair (or rather, brown) antagonist took this *not* fair advantage in our daily tournaments. Generally, and if I showed any moderation in the assault, she was rather pleased with the sharp rattle of my rolling musketry. Objections she rather liked; and questions, as many as one pleased, upon the *pourquoi*, if one did not go on to *le pourquoi du pourquoi*. *That*, she said, was carrying things too far: excess in everything she disapproved. Now, *there* I differed from her: excess was the thing I doated on. The fun seemed to me only beginning, when she asserted that it had already "overstepped the limits of propriety." Ha! those limits, I thought, were soon reached.

But, however much or often I might vault over the limits of propriety, or might seem to challenge both *her* and the abbé—all this was but anxiety to reconcile my own secret belief in the abbé with the strong arguments

for not believing; it was but the form assumed by my earnest desire to see *how* the learned gentleman could be right, whom my intense faith certified beyond all doubt to *be* so, and whom, equally, my perverse logical recusancy whispered to be continually in the wrong. I wished to see my own rebellious arguments, which I really sorrowed over and bemoaned, knocked down like ninepins; shown to be softer than cotton, frailer than glass, and utterly worthless in the eye of reason. All this, indeed, the stern lady assured me that she *had* shown over and over again. Well, it might be so; and to this, at any rate, as a decree of court, I saw a worldly prudence in submitting. But, probably, I must have looked rather grim, and have wished devoutly for one fair turn-up, on Salisbury Plain, with herself and the abbé, in which case my heart told me how earnestly I should pray that they might for ever floor *me*, but how melancholy a conviction oppressed my spirits that my destiny was to floor *them*. Victorious, I should find my belief and my understanding in painful schism: since my arguments, which I so much wished to see refuted, would on that assumption be triumphant; on the other hand, beaten and demolished, I should find my whole nature in harmony with itself.

The mysteriousness to me of men becoming partners (and by no means sleeping partners) in a society of which they had never heard; or, again, of one fellow standing at the beginning of a century, and stretching out his hand as an accomplice towards another fellow standing at the end of it, without either having known of the other's existence —all *that* did but sharpen the interest of wonder that gathered about the general economy of Secret Societies. Tertullian's profession of believing things, not *in spite* of being impossible, but simply *because* they were impossible, is

not the extravagance that most people suppose it. There is a deep truth in it. Many are the things which, in proportion as they attract the *highest* modes of belief, discover a tendency to repel belief on that part of the scale which is governed by the lower understanding. And here, as so often elsewhere, the axiom, with respect to extremes meeting, manifests its subtle presence. The highest form of the incredible is sometimes the initial form of the credible. But the point on which our irreconcilability was greatest respected the *cui bono* (the ultimate purpose) of this alleged conspiracy. What were the conspirators to gain by success? and nobody pretended that they could gain anything by failure. The lady replied—that, by obliterating the light of Christianity, they prepared the readiest opening for the unlimited gratification of their odious appetites and passions. But to this the retort was too obvious to escape anybody, and for me it threw itself into the form of that pleasant story, reported from the life of Pyrrhus the Epirot—viz., that one day, upon a friend requesting to know what ulterior purpose the king might mask under his expedition to Sicily, "Why, after *that* is finished," replied the king, "I mean to administer a little correction (very much wanted) to certain parts of Italy, and particularly to that nest of rascals in Latium."—"And then ——" said the friend: "And then," said Pyrrhus, "next we go for Macedon; and after that job's jobbed, next, of course, for Greece."—"Which done, ——" said the friend: "Which done," interrupted the king, "as done it shall be, then we're off to tickle the Egyptians."—"Whom having tickled," pursued the friend, "then we ——": "tickle the Persians," said the king.—"But after that is done," urged the obstinate friend, "whither next?"—"Why, really, man, it's hard to say; you give one no time to breathe; but

we'll consider the case as soon as we come to Persia; and, until we've settled it, we can crown ourselves with roses, and pass the time pleasantly enough over the best wine to be found in Ecbatana."—"That's a very just idea," replied the friend; "but, with submission, it strikes me that we might do *that* just now, and at the beginning of all these tedious wars, instead of waiting for their end."—"Bless me!" said Pyrrhus, "if ever I thought of *that* before. Why, man, you're a conjurer; you've discovered a mine of happiness. So, here, boy, bring us roses and plenty of Cretan wine." Surely, on the same principle, these French Encyclopédistes, and Bavarian Illuminati, did not need to postpone any jubilees of licentiousness which they promised themselves to so very indefinite a period as their ovation over the ruins of Christianity. True, the *impulse* of hatred, even though irrational, may be a stronger force for action than any *motive* of hatred, however rational or grounded in self-interest. But the particular motive relied upon by the stern lady, as the central spring of the antichristian movement, being obviously insufficient for the weight which it had to sustain, naturally the lady, growing sensible of this herself, became still sterner; very angry with me; and not quite satisfied, in this instance, with the abbé. Yet, after all, it was not any embittered remembrance of our eternal feuds, in dusting the jacket of the Abbé Barruel, that lost me, ultimately, the favour of this austere lady. All *that* she forgave; and especially because she came to think the abbé as bad as myself, for leaving such openings to my inroads. It was on a question of politics that our deadliest difference arose, and that my deadliest sarcasm was launched; not against herself, but against the opinion and party which she adopted. I was right, as usually I am; but, on this occasion, must have

been, because I stood up (as a patriot, intolerant to frenzy of all insult directed against dear England); and she, though otherwise patriotic enough, in this instance ranged herself in alliance with a false anti-national sentiment. My sarcasm was not too strong for the case. But certainly I ought to have thought it too strong for the presence of a lady; whom, or any of her sex, on a matter of politics in these days, so much am I changed, I would allow to chase me, like a football, all round the tropics, rather than offer the least show of resistance. But my excuse was childhood; and, though it may be true, as the reader will be sure to remind me, that she was rapidly growing down to my level in that respect, still she had not quite reached it; so that there was more excuse for me, after all, than for *her*. She was no longer five times as old, or even four; but when she would come down to be two times as old, and one time as old, it was hard to say.

Thus I had good reason for remembering my first introduction to the knowledge of Secret Societies, since this knowledge introduced me to the more gloomy knowledge of the strife which gathers in clouds over the fields of human life; and to the knowledge of this strife in two shapes, one of which none of us fail to learn—the personal strife which is awakened so eternally by difference of opinion, or difference of interest; the other, which is felt, perhaps, obscurely by all, but distinctly noticed only by the profoundly reflective—viz., the schism (so mysterious to those even who have examined it most) between the human intellect and many undeniable realities of human experience. As to the first mode of strife, I could not possibly forget it; for the stern lady died before we had an opportunity to exchange forgiveness, and *that* left a sting behind. She, I am sure, was a good forgiving crea-

ture at heart; and especially she would have forgiven *me*, because it was *my* place (if one only got one's right place on earth) to forgive *her*. Had she even hauled me out of bed with a tackling of ropes in the dead of night, for the mere purpose of reconciliation, I should have said, "Why you see I can't forgive you entirely to-night, because I'm angry when people waken me without notice; but to-morrow morning I certainly will; or, if that won't do, you shall forgive *me*. No great matter *which*, as the conclusion must be the same in either case—viz., to kiss and be friends."

But the other strife, which perhaps sounds metaphysical in the reader's ears, then first wakened up to my perceptions, and never again went to sleep amongst my perplexities. O Cicero! my poor, thoughtless Cicero! in all your shallow metaphysics, not once did you give utterance to such a bounce as when you asserted, that never yet did human reason say one thing, and nature say another. On the contrary, every part of nature—mechanics, dynamics, morals, metaphysics, and even pure mathematics—are continually giving the lie flatly by their facts and conclusions to the very necessities and laws of the human understanding. Did the reader ever study the "Antinomies" of Kant? If not, he *shall;* and I am the man that will introduce him to that study. *There* he will have the pleasure of seeing a set of quadrilles or reels, in which old Mother Reason amuses herself by dancing to the right and left two variations of blank contradiction to old Mother Truth, both variations being irrefragable, each variation contradicting the other, each contradicting the equatorial reality, and each alike (though past all denial) being a lie. But he need not go to Kant for this. Let him look as one having eyes for looking, and everywhere the same

perplexing phenomenon occurs. And this first dawned upon myself in the Baruel case. As nature is to the human intellect, so was Baruel to mine. We all believe in nature without limit, yet hardly understand a page amongst her innumerable pages. I believed in Baruel by necessity, and yet everywhere my understanding mutinied against *his*. Superstitiously I believed the aggregate of what he said: rebelliously I contradicted each separate sentence.

But in Baruel I had heard only of Secret Societies that were consciously formed for mischievous ends; or if not always for a distinct purpose of evil, yet always in a spirit of malignant contradiction and hatred. Soon I read of other societies even more secret, that watched over *truth* dangerous to publish or even to whisper, like the sleepless dragons that oriental fable associated with the subterraneous guardianship of regal treasures. The secresy, and the reasons for the secresy, were alike sublime. The very image, unveiling itself by unsteady glimpses, of men linked by brotherly love and perfect confidence, meeting in secret chambers, at the noontide of night, to shelter, by muffling, with their own persons interposed, and at their own risk, some solitary lamp of truth—sheltering it from the carelessness of the world, and its stormy ignorance; *that* would soon have blown it out—sheltering it from the hatred of the world; *that* would soon have made war upon its life—all this was superhumanly sublime. The fear of those men was sublime; the courage was sublime; the stealthy, thief-like means were sublime; the audacious end—viz., to change the kingdoms of earth—was sublime. If they acted and moved like cowards, those men were sublime; if they planned with the audacity of martyrs, those men were sublime—not less as cowards, not more as martyrs; for

the cowardice that appeared above, and the courage that lurked below, were parts of the same machinery.

But another feature of sublimity, which it surprises me to see so many irreflective men unaware of, lies in the self-perpetuation and phœnix-like defiance to mortality of such societies. This feature it is that throws a grandeur even on a humbug; of which there have been many examples, and two in particular, which I am soon going to memorialise. Often and often have men of finer minds felt this secret spell of grandeur, and laboured to embody it in external forms. There was a phœnix-club once in Oxford (up and down Europe there have been several), that by its constitution grasped not only at the sort of immortality aspired after by Phœnix insurance offices—viz., a legal or notional perpetuation, liable merely to no *practical* interruptions as regarded paying, and *à fortiori* as regarded receiving money, but otherwise fast asleep every night like other dull people—far more faithful, literal, intense, was the realisation in this Oxford case of an undying life. Such a condition as a "*sede vacante*," which is a condition expressed in the constitutions of all other societies, was impossible in this for any office whatever. That great case was realised, which has since been described by Chateaubriand as governing the throne of France and its successions. "*His majesty is dead!*" shouts a voice; and this seems to argue at least a moment's interregnum. Not at all—not a moment's: the thing is impossible. Simultaneous (and not successive) is the breath that ejaculates, "*May the king live for ever!*" The birth and the death, the rising and the setting, synchronise by a metaphysical nicety of neck-and-neck, inconceivable to the book-keepers of earth. These wretched men imagine that the second rider's foot cannot possibly

be in the stirrup until the first rider's foot is out. If the one event occurs in moment M, the other they think must occur in moment N. That may be as regards stirrups, but not as regards metaphysical successions. I admit that the guard of a mail-coach cannot possibly leave the post-office *before* the coachman; but, upon the whole, a little after him. Such base rules, however, find themselves compelled to give way in presence of great metaphysicians —in whose science, as I stoop to inform book-keepers, the effect, if anything, goes rather ahead of the cause. Now this Oxford club arose on these sublime principles: no disease like intermitting pulse was known *there*. No fire but vestal fire was used for boiling the tea-kettle. The rule was—that if once entered upon the *matricula* of this amaranthine* club, thenceforwards, come from what zone of the earth you would—come without a minute's notice—send up your card—Mr O. P., from the Anthropophagi—Mr P. O., from the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders—instantly you are shown in to the sublime presence. You were not limited to any particular century. Nay, by the rigour of the theory, you had your own choice of millennium. Whatever might be convenient to you, was convenient to the club. The constitution of the club assumed, that, in every successive generation, as a matter of course, some president duly elected (or his authorised delegate) would be found in the chair; scornfully throwing the *onus* of proof to the contrary upon the presumptuous reptile that doubted it. Public or private calamity signified not. The president reverberated himself through a long sinking fund of vice-presidents. There, night and

* "*Amaranthine:*"—This word, familiar even to non-Grecian readers through the flower *amaranth*, and its use amongst poets, is derived from α, not (equivalent to our *un*), and *maraino*, to wither or decay.

day, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, sat the august man, looking as grim as the *Princeps Senatûs* amongst the Conscript Fathers of Rome, when the Gauls entered on the well-known little errand of cutting their throats. If *you* entered on the very same errand, the president was backed to a large amount to keep his seat until his successor had been summoned. Suppose the greatest of revolutions to have passed over the island during your absence abroad; England, let us say, has even been conquered by a polished race of Hottentots. Very good: an accomplished Hottentot will then be found seated in the chair; you will be allowed to kiss Mr President's black paw; and will understand that, although *farewells* might be common enough as regarded individual members, yet, by the eternal laws of this eternal club, the word *adjournment* for the whole concern was a word so treasonable, as not to be uttered without risk of massacre.

The same principle in man's nature, the everlasting instinct for glorifying the everlasting, the impulse for petrifying the fugitive, and arresting the transitory, which shows itself in ten thousand forms, has also, in this field of secret confederations, assumed many grander forms. To strive after a conquest over Time the conqueror, to confound the grim confounder, is already great, in whatsoever direction. But it is still greater when it applies itself to objects that are *per se* immortal, and mortal only as respects their alliance with man. Glorification of heaven—litanies, chanted day and night by adoring hearts—these will doubtless ascend for ever from this planet. That result is placed out of hazard, and needs not the guarantee of princes. Somewhere, from some climate, from some lips, such a worship will not cease to rise. But, let a man's local attachments be what they may, he must sigh to think

that no assignable spot of ground on earth, that no nation, that no family, enjoys any absolute privilege in that respect. No land, whether continent or island—nor race, whether freemen or slaves—can claim any fixed inheritance, or indefeasible heirlooms of truth. Yet, for that very reason, men of deep piety have but the more earnestly striven to bind down and chain their own conceptions of truth within the models of some unchanging establishments, even as the Greek Pagans of old chained down their gods* from deserting them; have striven to train the vagrant water-brooks of Wisdom, lest she might desert the region altogether, into the channels of some local homestead; to connect, with a fixed succession of descendants, the conservation of religion; to root, as one would root a forest that is to flourish through ages, a heritage of ancient truth in the territorial heritage of an ancient household. That sounds to some ears like the policy that founded monastic institutions. Whether so or not, it is not necessarily Roman Catholic. The same policy —the same principle—the sighing after peace and the image of perpetuity, have many times moulded the plans of *Protestant* families. Such families, with monastic imaginations linked to Protestant hearts, existed numerously in England through the reigns of the First

* "*Chained down their gods:*"—Many of the Greek states, though it has not been sufficiently inquired *which* states, and in what age, had a notion that in war-time the tutelary deities of the *place*, the local or epichorial gods, were liable to bribery, by secret offers of temples more splendid, altars better served, &c., from the enemy; so that a standing danger existed lest these gods should desert to the hostile camp; and especially because, not knowing the rate of the hostile biddings, the indigenous worshippers had no guide to regulate their own counterbiddings. In this embarrassment, the prudent course, as most people believed, was to chain the divine idols by the leg with golden fetters—or perhaps silver-gilt would suffice.

James and Charles—families amongst the gentry, or what on the Continent would be called the lower nobility, that remembered with love the gorgeous ritual and services of the Romish Church; but having *this* love combined with the love of Protestant doctrines. Amongst these families, and distinguished amongst these families, was that of the Farrers.* The name of their patrimonial estate was Little Gidding, and, I think, in the County of Huntingdon. They were, by native turn of mind, and by varied accomplishments, a most interesting family. In some royal houses of Europe it was once a custom, that every son, if not every daughter, should learn a trade. This custom subsisted down to the days of the unhappy Louis XVI., who was a locksmith; and I was once assured by a Frenchman, who knew him well, and knew his workmanship, not so bad a one, considering (you know) that one cannot be as rough as might be wished in scolding a locksmith that one is obliged to address as "your majesty." A majestic locksmith has a sort of right to be a bad one. The Farrers adopted this custom, and most of them chose the trade of a bookbinder. Why this was a good trade to choose, I will explain in a brief digression. It is a reason which applies only to three other trades—viz., to coining, to printing books, and to making gold or silver plate. And the reason is this—all the

* "*The Farrers:*"—There is, but by whom written I really forget, a separate memoir of this family, and published as a separate volume. In the county histories will also be found sketches of their history. But the most popular form in which their memorials have been retraced is a biography of Nicholas Farrer, introduced into one of the six volumes, I cannot say which, of the "Ecclesiastical Biography"—an interesting compilation, drawn up by the late Dr Christopher Wordsworth, a brother of the great poet, and for many years examining chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Manners Sutton.

four arts stand on an isthmus, connecting them, on one side, with the vast continent of merely mechanic crafts, on the other side, with the far smaller continent of Fine Arts. This was the marking distinction between the coinages of ancient classical days and our own. Our European and East Indian* coins are the basest of all base products from rude barbaresque handicraft. Originally they must have been conceived by that man, some horrid Cyclops, who revealed the great idea of a horseshoe, of a poker, and of a tenpenny nail. Now the ancient coins were modelled by the same immortal artists that conceived their exquisite *gems*, the cameos and the intaglios, which you may buy, in Tassie's Sulphurs, at a few shillings each, or for much less in the engraved "Glyptothecæ." But, as to coining, our dear lady the Queen (God bless her!) is so avaricious, that she will have it all to herself. She won't let you or me into the smallest share of the business; and she lags us if we poach. That is what *I* call monopoly. And I do wish Her Majesty would be persuaded to read a ship-load of political economists (generally in octavo) that I could point out, on the ruinous consequences of that vice, which, otherwise, it may be feared nobody ever will read. After coining, the next best trade is printing. This, also, might approach to a fine art. When entering the twilight of

* For proof, look only at two coins of our British Empire—first, at our current *rupee* throughout Hindostan. When a child, I was presented by Bengal relatives with a rouleau of rupees by way of playthings: anything so rude in workmanship, so truly Hunnish, and worthy of Attila, I have not seen on this earth of ours. And yet, secondly, our own English *florin*, though less brutally inartificial, is even more offensive to good taste, because less unpretending as a work of display. Oh, that dreadful woman, with that dreadful bust!—the big woman, and the big bust!—whom and which to encircle in "a chaste salute" would require a man with arms fourteen feet long!

dotage, reader, I mean to have a printing-press in my own study. I shall print some immaculate editions, as farewell keepsakes, for distribution amongst people that I love; but rich and rare must be the gems on which *I* bestow this labour. I mean, also, to print a spelling-book for the reader's use. As it seems that he reads (else how can he be the reader?), he surely ought to spell. I hope he will not be offended. If he *is*, and dreadfully, viewing it as the most awful insult that man could offer to his brother man, in that case he might bequeath the spelling-book by will to his possible grandson. Two generations might dilute the affront, while it left the spelling-book undamaged. As to plate-making, it seems to rank with the most mechanic of handiworks; you think not of the sculptor, the chaser, and their exquisite tools, but of Sheffield, Birmingham, Glasgow, sledge-hammers, and pincers. It seems to require no art. I think I could make a dessert-spoon myself. Yet the openings which it offers are vast, wherever wealth exists, for the loveliest conceptions of higher art. Benvenuto Cellini—what an artist was *he!* There are some few of his most exquisite works in this country, which may be seen by applying in the right quarters. Judge of him by these, and not by his autobiography. There he appears as a vain, ostentatious man.* One would suppose, to hear *him* talk, that nobody ever executed a mur-

* When a murderer is thoroughly diseased by vanity, one loses all confidence in him. Cellini went upon the plan of claiming all eminent murders, suitable in point of time and place, that nobody else claimed; just as many a short poem in the Greek Anthologies, marked *adespoton* (or, *without an owner*), was sported by one pretender after another as his own. Even simple homicides he would not think it below him to challenge as his own. Two princes, at the very least, a Bourbon and a Nassau, he pretended to have shot; it might be so, but nobody ever came forward to corroborate his statement.

der but himself. His own, I grant, are tolerable; that's all you can say; but not one of them is first rate, or to be named on the same day with the Pope's attempt at murdering Cellini himself, which must command the unqualified approbation of the connoisseur. True, the papal attempt did not succeed, and most of Cellini's *did*. What of *that?* Who but idiots judge by the event? Much, therefore, as I condemn the man's vanity, and the more so because he claims some murders that too probably were none of *his* (not content with exaggerating his own, he absolutely pirated other men's murders!), yet, when you turn from this walk of art, in which he practised only as an *amateur* to his *orféverie*, then you feel the interval that divides the charlatan from the man of exquisite genius. As a murderer, he was a poor creature; as an artist in gold, he was inimitable. Finally, there remains *bookbinding*,* of which also one may affirm, that, being often the vilest of handicrafts, it is susceptible of much higher effects in the enrichments, tooling, architecture (for an architecture there is), heraldic emblazonries, &c. This art Mr Farrer selected for his trade, by which I mean his daily mechanic occupation; but he pursued it with the enthusiasm and the inventive skill which belong to a fine art. He had travelled on foot through Spain; and I should think it not impossible that he had *there* seen some magnificent specimens of bookbinding. For I was once told, though I have not seen it mentioned in any book, that a century before the date of Farrer's travels—which travels, I should say con-

* In youth I saw frequently *chefs d'œuvre* of bookbinding from the studios of some London artists (Hering, Lewis, &c.), and of several Germans—especially Kaltoeber, Staggemeier, and others (names forgotten by reason of prickliness and thorniness). But read the account of Mr Farrer's Bible, and you see how far *he*, in 1635, must have outshone them.

jecturally, must be dated about ten to fifteen years after Shakspere's death—Cardinal Ximenes, about 1520, when printing his great Complutensian Bible, gave a special encouragement to a new style of binding, fitted for harmonising with the grandeur of royal *furniture*, and the carved enrichments of Gothic libraries.* This, and the other accomplishments which the Farrers had, they had in perfection. But the most remarkable trait in the family character was the exaltation of their devotional feelings. Had it not been for their benignity and humility, they might have been thought gloomy and ascetic. Something there was, as in thoughtful minds left to a deep sylvan solitude there is likely to be, of La Trappism and of Madame Guyon Quietism. A nun-like aspiration there was in the females after purity and oblivion of earth: in Mr Farrer, the head of the family, a devotional energy, put forth in continual combat with the earthly energies that tempted him away to the world, and with all that offered itself under the specious name of public usefulness. In this combination of qualities arose the plan which the family organised for a system of perpetual worship. They had a family chapel regularly consecrated, as so many families of their rank still had in England. They had an organ: they had means of forming a choir. Gradually the establishment was mounted: the appointments were completed: the machinery was got into motion. How long the plan was effectually carried on, would be hard to say. The increasing ferment of the

* This was the earliest attempt at a Polyglot Bible, and had its name from the town of *Complutum*, which is, I think, the Latin name of *Alcala de Henarez*. The Henarez is a little river. Some readers will thank me for mentioning that the accent is on the *first* syllable of Complutum, the *u* in the penultimate being short; not Complūtum, but Complŭtum, the adjective from which is *Complutensis*.

times, until the meeting of the Long Parliament in November, 1640, and in less than two years after that meeting, the opening of the great civil war, must have made it absolutely impossible to adhere systematically to any scheme of that nature which required perfect seclusion from worldly cares *within* the mansion, and public tranquillity *without*. Not to mention that the Farrers had an extra source of molestation at that period, when Puritanism was advancing rapidly to a domineering station of power, in the public suspicions which unjustly (but not altogether unplausibly) taxed them with popish leanings. A hundred years later, Bishop Butler drew upon himself at Durham the very same suspicion, and in some degree justified by the very same thoughtless act—viz., by an adoption of pious symbols, open undeniably to the whole Catholic family of Christian Churches, and yet equivocal in their meaning, because specially in the popular mind appropriated to the use of popish churches.* Abstracting, however, from the violent disturbances of those stormy times in the way of all religious schemes, we may collect that the scheme of the Farrers was, that the chapel services should be going on, by means of successive "reliefs" as in camps, or of "watches" as at sea, through every hour of the day and the night, from year to year, from childhood to old age. Come when you might—come in the dawning, come in the twilight, come at noonday, come through silent roads in the dead of night—always you could rely upon hearing, through the woods of Little Gidding, the blare of the organ, the penitential wail of the solitary choristers, or the glad triumphant burst of the full choir in jubilation. There was some affinity in Mr Farrer's mind to the Spanish

* Was it not Bishop Halifax who apologised for Butler in this instance? If Butler were in deep sincerity a Protestant, no apology was sufficient.

peculiarities, and the Spanish modes of grandeur; awful prostration, like Pascal's, before the divine idea; gloom that sought to strengthen itself by tenfold involution in the night of solitary woods; exaggerated impressions (if such impressions *could* be exaggerated) of human wretchedness; and a brooding sense of some unknown illimitable grandeur,

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns"—

a sense that could sustain itself at its natural level, only by eternal contemplation of objects that had no end.

Mr Farrer's plan for realising a vestal fire, or something beyond it—viz., a *secresy* of truth, burning brightly in darkness; and, secondly, a *perpetuity* of truth—did not succeed; as many a noble scheme, that men never heard of, has been swept away in its infancy, amongst the ruins of flood, fire, earthquake, which also are forgotten not less completely than what they ruined. Thank Heaven for that! If the noble is often crushed suddenly by the ignoble, one forgetfulness travels after both. The wicked earthquake which ruins is forgotten not less than the glorious temples which it ruined. Yet the Farrer plan has repeatedly succeeded and prospered through a course of centuries, and for purposes of the same nature.

But the strange thing is (which already I have noticed), that the general principle of such a plan has succeeded most memorably when applied to purposes of humbug. The two best known of all secret societies that ever *have* been, are the two most extensive monuments of elaborate humbug on the one side, and credulity on the other. They divide themselves between the ancient world and the modern. The great and illustrious humbug of ancient history was, THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES. The great and illustrious humbug of modern history—of the history which

boasts a present and a future, as well as a past—is FREEMASONRY. Let me take a few liberties with both.

The Eleusinian humbug was for centuries the opprobrium of scholars. Even in contemporary times it *was* such. The greatest philosopher and polyhistor of Athens, or of Rome, could no more tell you the secret—the *to aporreton* (unless he had been initiated, in which case he *durst* not tell it)—than I can. In fact, if you come to *that*, perhaps I myself *can* tell it. The ancient philosopher would retort, that we of these days are in the same predicament as to our own humbug—the Freemasons. No, no, my friend; you're wrong *there*. We know all about that humbug, as I mean to show you. But for what we know of Eleusis and its mummeries, which is quite enough for all practical purposes, we are indebted to none of you ancients, but entirely to modern sagacity. Is not *that* shocking—that a hoax should first be unmasked when it has been defunct for fifteen hundred years, and after it has done business as a swindle through thirty generations? Dreadful—an't it? The interest which attaches to the Eleusinian shows, is not properly an interest in *them*, but an alien interest in accidents indirectly connected with them. Secret there was virtually none; but a mystery at length begins to arise: how it was that this distressing secret—viz., of there being no secret at all—could, through so many generations, pass down in religious conservation of itself from all profane curiosity of outside barbarians. There was an endless file of heroes, philosophers, statesmen, all hoaxed, all of course incensed at being hoaxed; and yet not one of them is known to have revenged himself by blabbing. A great modern poet, musing philosophically on the results amongst the mob "in Leicester's busy square," from looking through a showman's telescope

at the moon, is surprised at the crowd of spectators going off with an air of disappointment:

> "One after one, they move apart; nor have I one espied,
> That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied."

Yes; but I can tell him the reason of that. The fact is, a more pitiful sight for sight-seers than our own moon does not exist. The first man that showed *me* the moon through a glass of any power, was a distinguished professor of astronomy. I was so incensed with the hoax (as it seemed) put upon me—such a weak, watery, wicked old harridan, substituted for the pretty creature I had been used to see —that I marched up to him with the angry design of demanding my half-crown back again, until a disgusting remembrance came over me, that, being a learned professor, the showman could not possibly have taken any half-crown, which fact also destroyed all ground of action against him as obtaining money under false pretences. I contented myself, therefore, with saying, that, until he showed me the man in the moon, with his dog, lantern, and bundle of thorns, I must decline corroborating his fancy of being able to exhibit the old original moon and no mistake. Endymion never could have had such a sweetheart as *that*. Let the reader take my advice, not to seek familiarity with the moon. Familiarity breeds contempt; and in this more eminently than in any other instance that I know.

It is certain that, like the travellers through "Leicester's busy square," all the visiters of Eleusis must have abominated the hoax put upon them:

> "Nor have I *one* espied,
> That did not slackly walk away, as if dissatisfied."

See, now, the different luck of hoaxers in this world.

Joseph Ady* is smoked pretty nearly by the whole race of man; though, by the way, not until after a prosperity of some twenty years. The Continent is, by this time, wide awake; Belgium has refused to take in his letters; and the cruel Lord Mayor of London has threatened to indict Joe for a fraud, value twopence, by reason of the said Joe having seduced his lordship into opening an unpaid letter, which was found to contain nothing but an invitation from "yours respectfully"—not to a dinner, good or bad, but to an early remittance of one pound, for reasons subsequently to be disclosed. I should think—but there's no knowing—that there might be a chance still for Joe (whom, really, one begins to pity, as a persecuted man, cruising, like the Flying Dutchman, through seas that have all closed their ports) in Astrakan, and perhaps in Mecca. Some business might be done, for a few years, in Timbuctoo; and an opening would undoubtedly be found for a connection with Abd-el-Kader, if only any opening could be found to Abd-el-Kader through the French lines. Now, on the other hand, the goddess and her establishment of hoaxers at Eleusis did a vast "stroke of business" for more than six centuries, without any "unpleasantries"† occurring; no cudgels shaken in the streets, little incidents that custom (by making familiar) has made contemptible to the philosophy of Joe; no round-robins, signed by the whole main-deck of the Platonic Academy or the Stoic Porch; no prætors or lord mayors threatening actions *repetundarum*, and mourning over twopences that had gone

* See Note at the end.

† "*Unpleasantries*."—This is a new and ludicrous word, launched, a very few years back, in some commercial towns. It is generally used, not in any sense that the reader would collect from its antipode, *pleasantry*, but in a sense that he may abstract from the context in the sentence above.

astray. "Misfortune acquaints a man with strange bedfellows;" and the common misfortune of having been hoaxed, lowers the proudest and the humblest into a strange unanimity, for once, of pocketing their wrongs in silence. Eleusis, with her fine bronzed face, might say proudly and laughingly, "Expose *me*, indeed! Why, I hoaxed this man's great-grandfather, and I trust to hoax his great-grandson. All generations of his house *have* been or *shall* be hoaxed; and having been hoaxed inevitably, they must afterwards be grateful to *me* for not exposing that fact of the hoax at their private expense."

There is a singularity in this case, of the same kind as that stratagem (but how prodigiously exceeded in its scale), imperfectly executed on the Greek leaders by the Persian satrap Tissaphernes, but perfectly, in one or two cases, amongst the savage islands of the South Seas, upon European crews, when one victim, having first been caught, has been used as the means of trepanning all his comrades in succession. Each successive novice has been tamed, by terror, into an instrument for decoying other novices from A to Z. Next, after this feature of interest in the Eleusinian mysteries, is another which modern times have quickened and developed—viz., the gift of enormous nonsense, the inspiration of nonsense, which the standing riddle of these mysteries has been the fortunate means of blowing into the brains of various able men. It requires such men, in fact, to succeed as speculators in nonsense. None but a man of extraordinary talents can write first-rate nonsense. Perhaps the prince of all men ever formed by nature and education for writing superior nonsense was Warburton. The natural vegetation of his intellect tended to that kind of fungus which is called "crotchet;" so much so, that if he had a just and powerful thought (as

sometimes in germ he had), or a wise and beautiful thought, yet, by the mere perversity of his tortuous brain, it was soon digested into a crotchet. This native tendency of his was cultured and watered for years by his original profession as an attorney. Making him a bishop was, perhaps, a mistake; it certainly stunted the growth of special pleading, perhaps ruined the science; on the other hand, it saved the twelve judges of that day from being driven mad, as they would have been by this Hermes Trismegistus in the realms of *La Chicane*. Some fractions of the *virus* descended through the Warburtonian commentaries upon Pope, &c., corroding the flesh to the very bones wherever it alighted. But the centaur's shirt of Warburton's malignity was destined for the Hebrew lawgiver, and all that could be made to fall within that field. Did my reader ever read the "Divine Legation of Moses?" Is he aware of the mighty syllogism—that single block of granite, such as you can see nowhere but at St Petersburg*—on which that elaborate work reposes? There is a Welsh bridge near Llanroost, the birth-place of Inigo Jones, built by that architect with such perfect skill, that the people astonished me (but then "the people" were two milkmaids) by protesting, that, invariably a little breeze-footed Camilla, of three years old, in running across, caused the bridge to tremble like a guilty thing: so exquisite was the equilibrium, that an infant's foot disturbed it. Unhappily, Camilla had sprained her ankle at that time, so that the experiment could not be tried; and the guilty bridge to me seemed not guilty at all (to judge by its trembling), but as innocent as Camilla herself. Now, Warburton must have sought to rival the Welsh *pontifex* in this particular test of architectural skill; for his syllo-

* See Note at the end.

gism is so divinely poised, that if you snake this key-stone of his great arch (as you certainly may), then you will become aware of a vibration, of a nervous tremor, running through the entire dome of his Divine Legation; you are absolutely afraid of the dome coming down with yourself in the centre; just as the Llanroost bridge used to be near going into hysterics when the light-footed Camilla bounded across it. This syllogism, on account of its connection with the Eleusinian hoax, I will rehearse: it is the very perfection of a crotchet. Suppose the *major* proposition to be this: That no religion, unless through the advantage of divine inspiration, could dispense with the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. Suppose, secondly, the *minor* proposition this: That the Mosaic religion *did* dispense with that doctrine. Then the conclusion will be—*ergo*, the Mosaic religion was divinely inspired, else confessedly it could *not* have dispensed with it. The monstrous tenor of this argument made it necessary to argue most elaborately that all the systems of false and cruel religions were affectionately anxious for maintaining the doctrine of a future state; but, secondly, that the only true faith and the only pure worship were systematically careless of that doctrine. Of course it became necessary to show, *inter alia*, that the Grecian lawgivers, being Pagans, offered officially, for consecrated parts of the public religion, the doctrine of immortality as valid for man's expectations and fears; whilst at Jerusalem, at Hebron, on Mount Sinai, this doctrine was slighted. Generally speaking, a lie is a hard thing to establish. The Bishop of Gloucester was forced to tax his resources as an artist in building palaces of air, not less than ever Inigo Jones before him in building Whitehall or St Vitus's bridge at Llanroost. Unless he could prove that Paganism fought

hard for this true doctrine, then, by his own argument, Paganism would be found true. Just as, inversely, if he failed to prove that Judaism countenanced the false doctrine, Judaism would itself be found false. Whichever favoured the false, was true; whichever favoured the true, was false. There's a crotchet for you, reader, round and full as any prize-turnip ever yet crowned with laurels by great agricultural societies! I suspect that, in Homeric language, twice nine of such degenerate men as the reader and myself, though manuring with unlimited doses of guano, could not grow such a crotchet as that.

The bishop had therefore to prove—it was an obligation self-created by his own syllogism—that the Pagan religion of Greece, in some great authorised institution of the land, taught and insisted on the doctrine of a future state as the basis on which all legal ethics rested. This great doctrine he had to suspend as a chandelier in his halls of Pagan mythology. A pretty chandelier for a Christian bishop to be chaining to the roof and lighting up for the glory of heathenism! Involuntarily one thinks of Aladdin's impious order for a roc's egg, the egg of the very deity whom the slave of the lamp served, to hang up in his principal saloon. The bishop found his chandelier, or fancied he had found it, in the old lumber garrets of Eleusis. He knew, he could circumstantially reveal, what was taught in the Eleusinian shows. Was the bishop ever there? No; but what of that? He could read through a milestone. And Virgil, in his 6th Æneid, had given the world a poetic account of the *Teletai*, which the bishop kindly translated and expanded into the truth of absolute prose. The doctrine of immortality, he insisted, was the chief secret revealed in the mysteries. And thus he proved decisively that, because it taught a capital truth, Paganism must be

a capital falsehood. It is impossible, within a few pages, to go into the innumerable details. Sufficient it would be for any casual reader to ask, if this were the very hinge of all legislative ethics in Greece, how it happened that it was a matter of pure caprice or accident whether any Greeks were initiated or not; secondly, how the bishop would escape the following dilemma:—If the supposed doctrine were advanced merely as an opinion, one amongst others, then what authority did it draw from Eleusis? If, on the other hand, Eleusis pretended to some special argument for immortality, how came it that many Greek and some Roman philosophers, who had been introduced at Eleusis, or had even ascended to the highest degree of μυησις, did not, in discussing this question, refer to that secret proof which, though not privileged to publish it *as* the Eleusinian secret, they were quite at liberty to use as a postulate amongst initiated brothers? An opinion ungrounded was entitled to no weight even in the mobs of Eleusis; an argument upon good grounds must have been often alluded to in philosophic schools. Neither could a nation of holy cowards, trembling like the bridge at Llanroost, have had it in their power to intercept the propagation of such a truth. The 47th of Euclid I. *might* have been kept a secret by fear of assassination, because no man could communicate *that* in a moment of intoxication; if his wife, for instance, should insist on his betraying the secret of that proposition, he might safely tell her—not a word would she understand or remember; and the worst result would be, that she would box his ears for imposing upon her. I once heard of a poor fellow, who complained that, being a Freemason, he had been led the life of a dog by his wife, as if *he* were Samson and *she* were Delilah, on the motive of forcing him to betray the Masonic secret and sign; and

these he solemnly protested that he *had* betrayed most regularly and faithfully whenever he happened to be drunk. But what did he get for his goodness? All the return he ever had for the kindness of this invariable treachery was a word, too common, I regret to say, on female lips—viz., *fiddle-de-dee.* And he declared, with tears in his eyes, that peace for *him* was out of the question, until he could find out some plausible falsehood that might prove more satisfactory to his wife's mind than the truth. Now, the Eleusinian secret, if it related to the immortality of the soul, could not have the protection of obscurity or complex involution; and upon the following dilemma:—If it had, then it could not have been intelligible to mobs; if it had *not*, then it could not have been guarded against the fervour of confidential conversation. A very subtle argument could not have been communicated to the multitudes that visited the shows; a very popular argument would have passed a man's lips, in the ardour of argument, before he would himself be aware of it.

But all this is superfluous. Let the reader study the short essay of Lobeck on this subject, forming one section in three of his "Aglaophamus," and he will treat with derision all the irrelevant skirmishing, and the vast roars of artillery pointed at shadows, which amuse the learned, but disgust the philosophic, in the "Divine Legation." Much remains to be done that Lobeck's rustic seclusion denied him the opportunities for doing; much that can be done effectually only in great libraries. But I return to my assertion, that the most memorable of all Secret Societies was the meanest. That the society which made more people hold their tongues than ever the Inquisition did, or the mediæval Vehm-gericht, was a hoax; nay, except Freemasonry, the transcendent and supreme of hoaxes.

PART II.

Has the modern world no hoax of its own, answering to the Eleusinian mysteries of Grecian days? Oh yes, it has. I have a very bad opinion of the ancient world; and it would grieve me if such a world could be shown to have beaten us even in the quality of our hoaxes. I have also a very bad opinion of the *modern* world. But I daresay that in fifty thousand years it will be considerably improved; and, in the meantime, if we are not quite so good or so clever as we ought to be, yet still we are a trifle better than our ancestors; and I hope we are up to a hoax any day. A man must be a poor creature that can't lend a hand to a hoax. For two centuries we have had a first-rate one; and its name is *Freemasonry*. Do you know the secret, my reader? Or shall I tell you? Send me a consideration, and I will. But stay, the weather being so fine, and philosophers, therefore, so good-tempered, I'll tell it you for nothing; whereas, if you become a mason, you must pay for it. Here is the secret. When the novice is introduced into the conclave of the Freemasons, the grand-master looks very fierce at him, and draws his sword, which makes the novice melancholy, as he is not aware of having had time as yet for any profaneness; and fancies, therefore, that somebody must have been slandering him. Then the grand-master, or his deputy, cites him to the bar, saying, "What's *that* you have in your pocket?" To which the novice replies, "A guinea."—"Anything more?"—"Another guinea."—"Then," replies the official person, in a voice of thunder, "fork out." Of course, to a man coming sword-in-hand, few people refuse to do *that*. This forms the first half of the mysteries; the second half, which is by much the more interesting, consists entirely of brandy.

In fact, this latter mystery forms the reason, or final cause, for the elder mystery of the *Forking out.* But how did I learn all this so accurately? Isn't a man liable to be assassinated if he betrays that ineffable mystery or $\alpha\pi o\tilde{\rho}\rho\eta\tau o\nu$ of masonry, which no wretch but one since King Solomon's day is reputed ever to have blabbed? And perhaps, reader, the wretch didn't blab the whole; he only got as far as the *Forking out;* and being a churl who grudged his money, ran away before reaching the *brandy.* So that this fellow, if he seems to you but half as guilty as myself, on the other hand is but half as learned. It's better for you to stick by the guiltier man. And yet, on consideration, I am not so guilty as we have both been thinking. Perhaps it was a mistake. Dreaming on days far back, when I was scheming for an introduction to the honourable society of masons, and of course to their honourable secret, with the single-minded intention of instantly betraying that secret to a dear female friend (and, you see, in honour it was not possible for me to do otherwise, because she had made me promise that I *would*)—all this time I was soothing my remorse with a belief that Woman, as usual, was answerable for my treachery, she having positively compelled me to undertake it. When suddenly I woke into a bright conviction that all was a dream; that I had never been near the Freemasons; that I had treacherously evaded the treachery which I ought to have committed, by perfidiously forging a secret quite as good, very likely better, than the true one, but still not that particular secret which I had pledged my honour to betray; and that, if anybody had ground of complaint against myself, it was not the grand-master, sword-in-hand, but my poor ill-used female friend, so confiding, so amiably credulous in my treachery, but so cruelly deceived, who had swallowed a mendacious

account of Freemasonry forged by myself, the very same which, I fear that, on looking back, I shall find myself to have been palming, in this very page, upon the much-respected reader. As regards my own criminality, however, long ago it was consummated: for the whole bubble of Freemasonry was shattered in a paper which I myself threw into a London journal about the year 1823 or 1824. It was a paper in this sense mine, that from me it had received form and arrangement; but the materials belonged to a learned German—viz., Buhle; the same that edited the "Bipont Aristotle," and wrote a history of philosophy. No German has any conception of style. I therefore did him the favour to wash his dirty face, and make him presentable amongst Christians; but the substance was drawn entirely from this German book. It was there established that the whole hoax of masonry had been invented in the year 1629 by one Andreä; and the reason that my exposure *could* have dropped out of remembrance, is, probably, that it never reached the public ear: partly because the journal had a limited circulation; but much more because the *title* of the paper was not so constructed as to indicate its object; or to throw out any promises of gratification to malice. But it *was* malicious: though I was foolish enough to dissemble in its title that part of its pretensions. A title which seemed to promise only a discussion of masonic doctrines must have repelled everybody; whereas it ought to have announced (what in fact was accomplished) the utter demolition of the whole masonic edifice. At this moment I have not space for an abstract of that paper; but it was conclusive; and hereafter, when I have strengthened it by facts since noticed in my own reading, it may be right to place it more effectually before the public eye.

Finally, I will call the reader's attention to the most remarkable by far of all secret societies ever heard of, and for this reason, that it suddenly developed the most critical wisdom in a dreadful emergency; secondly, revealed to us that now are, but hid profoundly from its murderous contemporaries, the grandest of purposes; and, lastly, did all this with entire success. The purpose was, to protect a jewel by hiding it from all eyes, whilst it navigated a sea swarming with enemies. The critical wisdom was the most remarkable evidence ever given by the primitive Christians of that serpent's subtlety which they had been warned to combine with the innocence of the dove. The success was, the victory of the Christian Church over the armies that waylaid its infancy. Without falsehood, without any shadow of falsehood, all the benefits of falsehood were secured. Without need to abjure anything, all that would have raised a demoniac yell for instant abjuration was suddenly hidden out of sight. In noonday the Christian Church was suddenly withdrawn behind impenetrable veils, even as the infant Christ himself was caught up to the secresies of Egypt and the wilderness from the bloody wrath of Herod. And whilst the enemies of this infant society were roaming round them on every side, seeking for them, walking upon their very traces, absolutely touching them, or divided from their victims only as children in bed have escaped from murderers in thick darkness, sheltered by no screen but a muslin curtain; all the while the inner principle of the Church lurked as in the cell at the centre of a labyrinth. Was the honourable reader ever in a real labyrinth, like that described by Herodotus? We have all been in labyrinths of debt, labyrinths of error, labyrinths of metaphysical nonsense. But I speak of literal labyrinths. Now, at Bath, in my labyrinthine

childhood, there *was* such a mystery—viz., in what were then called the Sydney Gardens, opening upon Great Pulteney Street. This mystery I used to visit; and I can assert that no type ever flashed upon my mind so pathetically shadowing out the fatal irretrievability of errors in early life. Turn but once wrong at first entering the inextricable jungle, and all was over; you were ruined; no wandering could recover the right path. Or suppose you even took the right turn at first, what of that? You couldn't expect to draw a second prize; yet five turnings offered very soon after: your chance of escaping error was now reduced to one-fifth of unity; and supposing that again you drew no blank, not very far had you gone before sixteen roads offered. What remained for you to do *now?* Why, if you were a wise man, to cry like a girl. None but a presumptuous fool would count upon drawing for a third time a prize, and such a prize as one amongst fourteen. I mention all this, I recall this image of the poor Sydney Labyrinth, whose roses, I fear, must long ago have perished, betraying all the secrets of the mysterious and pathless house, simply to teach the stranger how secure, how impregnable, is the central cell or *heart* of a labyrinth. Gibraltar is nothing to it. You may sit in that deep grave-like recess, you may hear steps of the Avenger approaching, but laugh at them. If you are coining, and have all the implements of coining round about you, never trouble yourself to hide them. Nobody will in this life ever reach you. Why, it is demonstrable by the arithmetic of combinations, that if a man should spend the flower of his age as a police-officer in trying to reach your coining-shop, he could not do it; you might rest as in a sanctuary, hidden and inaccessible to those who do not know the secret of the concealment. In that

central recess you might keep a private still for a century without fear of the exciseman—that ancient traditional horror; or of Forbes Mackenzie—the new-born revelation of wo.

Light, common daylight, will not show you the stars: on the contrary, it hides them; and the brighter this light becomes, the *more* it hides them. Even so, from the exquisite machinery of the earliest Christian society, whatever suspicions might walk about in the darkness, all efforts of fanatical enemies at forcing an entrance within the air-woven gates of these intrenchments were (as the reader will see) utterly thrown away. Round and round the furious Jews must have circumambulated the Christian camp, like the poor gold-fish eternally wheeling round his crystal wall, but, after endless circumgyrations, never nearer to any opening. That concealment for the Christian nursery was absolutely required, because else martyrdom would have come too soon. Martyrdom was good for watering the church, and quickening its harvests; but, at this early stage of advance, it would utterly have extirpated the church. If a voice had been heard from heaven, saying, "Let there be martyrs," soon the great answering return would be heard rolling back from earth, "And there *were* martyrs." But for this there must be time; the fire, beyond all doubt, will never be extinguished, if once thoroughly kindled; but, in this earliest twilight of the primitive church, the fire was but a little gathering of scanty fuel fanned by human breath, and barely sufficient to show one golden rallying star in all the mighty wilderness.

There was the motive to the secret society which I am going to describe!—*there* was its necessity! "Fall flat on your faces," says the Arab to the pilgrims, when he sees

the purple haze of the simoom running before the wind. "Lie down, men," says the captain to his fusiliers, "till these hurricanes of the artillery be spent." "Mask all!—man and woman, in the service of God, mask, till this fiery wrath have passed away," was the order of the Christian leaders. Mask they did: not a Christian at this perilous era but hid himself from pursuing wrath: God said, Let my people reserve themselves for happier days. And all with one heart became Essenes.

I once threw together a few thoughts upon this obscure question of the *Essenes*, which thoughts were published at the time in a celebrated journal. But it is important for the reader to understand that the very first thing which ever fixed my sceptical eye upon the whole fable of the Essenes, as commonly received amongst Christian churches, was its intolerable extravagance. This, and nothing else, it was that first extorted from me, on a July day, one long shiver of horror at the credulity, the bottomless credulity, that could have swallowed such a legend of delirium. Why, Pliny, my excellent sir, you were a gentleman mixing with men of the highest circles—you were yourself a man of fine and brilliant intellect—a jealous inquirer—and, in extent of science, beyond your contemporaries—how came you, then, to lend an ear, so learned as yours, to two such knaves as your Jewish authorities? For, doubtless, it *was* they—viz., Josephus and Philo-Judæus—that poisoned the Plinian ear. Others from Alexandria would join the cabal, but these vagabonds were the ringleaders. Now there were three reasons for specially distrusting such men, two known equally well to Pliny and me, one separately to myself. Jews had by that time earned the reputation, in Roman literature, of being credulous by preference amongst the children of earth. That was one reason; a second was, that all men tainted with intense nationality, and especially

if not the gay, amiable nationality of Frenchmen, but a gloomy, unsocial nationality, are liable to suspicion as liars. So much was known to Pliny; and a third thing which was not, I could have told him—viz., that Josephus was the greatest knave in that generation. A learned man in Ireland is at this moment bringing out a new translation of Josephus, which has, indeed, long been wanted; for "wicked Will Whiston,"* whose English version

* "*Wicked Will Whiston:*"—In this age, when Swift is so little read, it may be requisite to explain that Swift it was who fastened this epithet of *wicked* to Will Whiston; and the humour of it lay in the very incongruity of the epithet; for Whiston, thus sketched as a profligate, was worn to the bone by the anxieties of a conscience too scrupulous: he was anything but wicked, being pedantic, crazy, and fantastical in virtue after a fashion of his own, that *must* have been sincere, as it neither brought nor promised anything but ruin. He ruined his wife and family, he ruined himself and all that trusted in him, by crotchets that he never could explain to any rational man; and by one thing that he never explained to himself, which a hundred years after I explained very clearly—viz., that all his heresies in religion, all his crazes in ecclesiastical antiquities, in casuistical morals, and even as to the discovery of the longitude, had their rise, not (as his friends thought) in too much conscientiousness and too much learning, but in too little rhubarb and magnesia. In his Autobiography he has described his own craziness of stomach in a way to move the gravest reader's laughter, and the sternest reader's pity. Everybody, in fact, that knew his case and history, stared at him, derided him, pitied him, and in some degree respected him. For he was a man of eternal self-sacrifice, and that is always venerable; he was a man of primitive unworldly sincerity, and that is always lovely: yet both the one and the other were associated with so many oddities and absurdities, as compelled the most equitable judge at times to join in the general laughter. He and Humphrey Ditton, who both held official stations as mathematicians, and were both honoured with the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, had both been candidates for the parliamentary prize as discoverers of the longitude, and, naturally, both were found wrong, which furnishes the immediate theme for Swift's savage ridicule:—

"The longitude mist on
By wicked Will Whiston;
And not better hit on
By good Master Ditton;
Sing Whiston, sing Ditton."

After which Swift grows too atrociously Swiftian for quotation.

is the one current at this day, was a blockhead at starting, by special favour of nature; was a prig of formidable dimensions; and (according to his own confession) a ruined dyspeptic, knocked up (and sometimes knocked down) by a long course of constitutional flatulency. He was also a miserable Grecian, a miserable antiquarian, a coarse writer of English, and, at that time of day, in the absence of the main German and English researches on the many questions (chronological or historical) in Syro-Judaic and Egyptian antiquities, had it not within his physical possibilities to adorn the Sparta* which chance had assigned him. From what I hear, the history will benefit by this new labour of editorial culture; the only thing to be feared is, that the historian, the bad Josephus, will not be meritoriously scourged. One aspect of Josephus and his character occurs to me as interesting—viz., when placed in collision with the character so different, and the position so similar, of St Paul. In both these men, when suddenly detained for inspection at an early stage of their career, we have a bigot of the most intractable quality; and in both the bigotry expressed its ferocity exclusively upon the Christians, as the new-born heretics that troubled the unity of the national church. Thus far the parties agree; and they agree also in being as learned as the limitations of their native literature would allow. But from that point, up to which the resemblance in position, in education, in temper, is so close, how entirely opposed! Both erring profoundly; yet the one not only in his errors, but

* "*To adorn the Sparta:*"—This is an old proverbial form of expression amongst the ancients: when any man had assigned to him for culture or for embellishment a barren, a repulsive, or an ungenial field of labour, his friends would often cheer him up by saying, "Spartam, quam nactus es, exorna;" *i. e.*, "That Sparta (or homely province) which you have obtained as your allotment, improve and make the best of."

by his errors, showing himself most single-minded, conscientious, fervent, devout; a holy bigot; as incapable of anything mercenary then, of anything insidious, or of compromise with modes of self-interest, as after the rectification of his views he was incapable of compromise with profounder shapes of error. The other, a timeserving knave, sold to adulation and servile ministrations; a pimp; a liar; or ready for any worse office, if worse is named on earth. Never on any human stage was so dramatically realised, as by Josephus in Rome, the delineation of our English poet:

> "A fingering, meddling slave;
> One that would peep and botanise
> Upon his mother's grave."

Yes, this master in Israel, this leader of Sanhedrims, went as to something that he thought a puppet-show, sat the long day through to see a sight. What sight? Jugglers, was it? buffoons? tumblers? dancing-dogs? or a reed shaken by the wind? Oh no! Simply to see his ruined country carried captive in effigy through the city of her conqueror—to see the sword of the Maccabees hung up as a Roman trophy—to see the mysteries of the glorious temple—to see the Holy of Holies (which even the High Priest could enter only once in the year) by its representative memorials—dragged from secresy before the grooms and gladiators of Rome. Then, when this was finished, a wo that would once have caused Hebrew corpses to stir in their graves, he goes home to find his luxury, his palace, and his harem, charged as a perpetual tax upon the groans of his brave unsurrendering countrymen, that had been sold as slaves into marble quarries: *they* worked extra hours, that the one sole traitor to Jerusalem might revel in honour.

When first I read the account of the *Essenes* in Josephus, I leaned back in my chair, and apostrophised the writer thus:—"Wicked Joseph, listen to me; you've been telling us a fairy tale; and, for my part, I've no objection to a fairy tale in any situation; because, if one can make no use of it one's-self, always one knows a child that will be thankful for it. But this tale, Mr Joseph, happens also to be a lie; secondly, a fraudulent lie; thirdly, a malicious lie." It was a fiction—not at all of ignorance or error, but of hatred against Christianity. For I shall startle the reader a little when I inform him that, if there were a syllable of truth in the main statement of Josephus, then at one blow goes to wreck the whole edifice of Christianity. Nothing but blindness and insensibility of heart to the *true* internal evidence of Christianity could ever have hidden this from men. Religious sycophants, who affect the profoundest admiration, but in their hearts feel none at all, for what they profess to regard as the beauty of the moral revelations made in the New Testament, are easily cheated, and often *have* been cheated, by the grossest plagiarisms from Christianity offered to them as the pure natural growths of paganism. I would engage to write a Greek version somewhat varied and garbled of the Sermon on the Mount, were it hidden in Pompeii, unearthed, and published as a fragment from a posthumous work of a Stoic, with the certain result that very few people indeed should detect in it any signs of forgery. There are several cases of that nature actually unsuspected at this hour, which my deep cynicism and detestation of human hypocrisy yet anticipates a banquet of gratification in one day exposing. Oh, the millions of deaf hearts, deaf to everything really impassioned in music, that pretend to admire Mozart? Oh, the worlds of hypocrites who cant about

the divinity of scriptural morality, and yet would never see any lustre at all in the most resplendent of Christian jewels, provided the pagan thief had a little disguised their setting. The thing has been tried long before the case of the *Essenes;* and it takes more than a scholar to detect the imposture. A philosopher who must also be a scholar is wanted. The eye that suspects and watches is needed. Dark seas were those over which the ark of Christianity tilted for the first four centuries; evil men and enemies were cruising, and an Alexandrian Pharos is required to throw back a light broad enough to search and sweep the guilty secrets of those times. The Church of Rome has always thrown a backward telescopic glance of question, of doubt, and uneasy suspicion, upon these ridiculous *Essenes,* and has repeatedly come to the right practical conclusion—that they were, and must have been, Christians under some mask or other; but the failure of Rome has been in carrying the Ariadne's thread through the whole labyrinth from centre to circumference. Rome has given the ultimate solution rightly, but has not (in geometrical language) raised the construction of the problem with its conditions and steps of evolution. Shall I tell you, reader, in a brief, rememberable form, what was the crime of the hound Josephus, through this fable of the *Essenes* in relation to Christ? It was the very same crime as that of the hound Lauder in relation to Milton. Lauder, about the middle of the last century, bearing deadly malice to the memory of Milton, conceived the idea of charging the great poet with plagiarism. He would greatly have preferred denying the value *in toto* of the "Paradise Lost." But, as this was hopeless, the next best course was to say—Well, let it be as grand as you please, it is none of Milton's. And, to prepare the way for this,

he proceeded to translate into Latin (but with plausible variations in the expression or arrangement) some of the most memorable passages in the poem. By this means he had, as it were, melted down or broken up the golden sacramental plate, and might now apply it to his own felonious purposes. The false swindling travesty of the Miltonic passage he produced as the undoubted original, professing to have found it in some rare or obscure author, not easily within reach, and then saying—Judge (I beseech you) for yourself whether Milton were indebted to this passage or not. Now, reader, a falsehood *is* a falsehood, though uttered under circumstances of hurry and sudden trepidation; but certainly it becomes, though not more a falsehood, yet more criminally and hatefully a falsehood, when prepared from afar, and elaborately supported by fraud, and dovetailing into fraud, and having no palliation from pressure and haste. A man is a knave who falsely, but in the panic of turning all suspicion from himself, charges you or me with having appropriated another man's jewel. But how much more odiously is he a knave, if with no such motive of screening himself, if out of pure devilish malice to us, he has contrived in preparation for his own lie to conceal the jewel about our persons! This was what the wretch Lauder tried hard to do for Milton. This was what the wretch Josephus tried hard to do for Christ. In 1839–10 and 41, it was found by our force in Affghanistan, that, in a degree much beyond any of the Hindoo races, the Affghan Sirdars and officers of rank were profoundly struck by the beauty of the Evangelists; especially in five or six passages, amongst which were the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount, with one or two Parables. The reason of this was, that the Affghans, though more simple and unpolished than the Hindoos,

were also in a far more natural condition of moral feeling; being Mahometans, they were much more advanced in their conceptions of Deity; and they had never been polluted by the fearful distractions of the Hindoo polytheism. Now, I am far from insinuating that the Romans of that first Christian era were no further advanced in culture than the Affghans; yet still I affirm that, in many features, both moral and intellectual, these two martial races resembled each other. Both were slow and tenacious (that is adhesive) in their feelings. Both had a tendency to dulness, but for that very reason to the sublime. Mercurial races are never sublime. There were two channels through whom the Palestine of Christ's day communicated with the world outside—viz., the Romans of the Roman armies, and the Greek colonists. Syria under the Syro-Macedonian dynasty; Palestine under the house of Antipater; and Egypt under the Ptolemies—were all deluged with Greek emigrants and settlers. Of these two races, the subtle, agile Greek, unprincipled, full of change and levity, was comparatively of little use to Christianity as a centre, waiting and seeking for means of diffusion. Not only were the deeper conscientious instincts of the Romans more suited to a profound religion, as instruments for the radiation of light, but also it is certain that the military condition *per se* supplies some advantages towards a meditative apprehension of vast eternal problems beyond what *can* be supplied by the fractionary life of petty brokerage or commerce. This is also certain, that Rome itself—that great idea which predominated in Roman camps—cherished amongst her soldiery, from the very enormities of her state, and from the chaos of her internal life, a tendency to vast fermentations of thought favourable to revolutions in man's internal worlds of feeling and aspira-

tions. Hence, it will be found, if once a man's eye is directed into that current, that no classes of people did so much for the propagation of Christianity as the officers* of the Roman army, tribunes (or even officers no higher than centurions), prefects, legates, &c.; or (secondly), as the *aulic* officers, the great ceremonial ministers of the imperial court; or (thirdly), as the *aulic* ladies, the great leading official women that stood on the steps of Cæsar's throne. The utter dying away of the Roman paganism, which had become quite as powerless to all the accomplished men and women of Rome, for any purpose of terror or of momentary consolation, as to us English at present is the mythology of Fairies, left a frightful *vacuum* in the mind of Roman grandees—a horror as of voyagers embarked upon some fragment of a wreck into unknown darkness, without a taper for guidance, or helmsman, or anchorage. In this unhappy agitation of spirit, and permanent posture of clamorous demand for light, a *nidus* was already forming for a deep brooding interest in any great spiritual phenomena of sufficient

* "*Officers:*"—I take advantage of this accidental notice directed to the class which amongst ourselves bears the designation of *officers*, for the purpose of calling attention to this most singular and inexplicable fact—that the Romans, by whom more than by any other people was developed the whole economy of war, consequently the whole corresponding nomenclature, had no term expressing the distinction of officers. If you were a *captain*, they called you a *centurion;* if a colonel, *tribunus;* and if a *private*—*i. e.*, a common soldier, or soldier in the ranks, which logically stands in contra-position to the term *officer*—they called you *miles gregarius*. But if, in speaking of you or me, they wished to say that either of us was a bad officer, though of what rank they could not say, by Mercury they had no word for conveying their meaning. The *thing* officer was as well known at Rome as coals at Newcastle: but not the *word*, or the *idea* as abstracted from all varieties of rank. Does not this go far to prove that there were blockheads in those days? As again the continuity of succession in that great race (viz., blockheads) seems implied in the possibility that to my unworthy self should be left the very first indication of this unaccountable *lacuna* in the Roman vocabulary.

breadth and power that might anywhere arise amongst men. Athens was too windy, too conceited, too shallow in feeling, to have been much impressed by the deepest revolutionary movements in religion. But in Rome, besides the far different character of the national mind, there were what may be called *spiritual* horrors arising, which (like dreadful nervous diseases) unfolded terrifically spiritual capacities and openings beyond what had been suspected. The great domestic convulsions of Rome, the poisonings and assassinations, that gleam so fearfully from the pictures of Juvenal, were beginning about this period. It was not that by any coarse palpable logic, as dull people understood the case, women or men said—"Accountability there is none; and we will no longer act as if there were." Accountability there never *had* been any; but the obscure scene of an order with which all things sympathised, men not less than the wheels of society—this had blindly produced an instinct of corresponding self-control. At present, when the pagan religion had virtually died out, all secret restraints were breaking up; a general delirium carried, and was felt to carry, a license into all ranks; it was not a negative merely, but a positive change. A religion had collapsed—*that* was negative; a mockery had been drawn into high relief—*that* was positive. It was not that restraints were resisted; there were none to resist; they had crumbled away spontaneously. What power still acted upon society? Terror from police; and still, as ever, the divine restraints of love and pity, honour, and domestic affections. But the conscience spoke no longer through any spiritual organs. Just at this moment it was, when the confusions of Roman society, the vast expansion of the empire, the sea like infinity of the mighty capital, the political tendencies of the whole system, were

all moving together towards grandeur and distraction of feeling, that the doctrine of *apotheosis*, applied to a man and often to a monster, towered up to cause still greater Babylonian distraction.* The Pagan Pantheon had just sunk away from the support of the Roman mind. It was not only that the pagan gods were individually too base and polluted to sustain the spiritual feelings of an expanding national intellect, but the whole collective idea of Deity was too feebly conceived by paganism. Had the individuals of the Pantheon been purer and nobler, their doom was sealed, nevertheless, by their abstract deficiencies as modes of spiritual life for a race so growing as that of man.

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* The Romans themselves saw a monstrosity in this practice which did not really exist in the metaphysical theory. It was, and it was *not* monstrous. In reality it was rational, or monstrous, according to theoretic construction. Generally speaking, it was but a variety of that divinity which in Christendom all of us so long ascribed to kings. We English always laughed at the French with their *grand monarque*, although we ourselves, until after Charles I., never presented anything to the sovereign without going down upon our knees. The Americans of the United States have always laughed at us English, and the sanctity with which our constitution invests the sovereign. We English, French, and Americans, have all alike laughed at the Romans upon this matter of *apotheosis*. And when brought before us under the idea of Seneca's *apocolocuntosis*, this practice has seemed too monstrous for human gravity. And yet again, we English, French, Americans, and Romans, should all have united in scorn for the deep Phrygian, Persian, or Asiatic servility to kings. We of European blood have all looked to the constitutional idea, not the individual person of the sovereign. The Asiatics, though *they* also feebly were groping after the same deep idea, sought it in such a sensual body of externals, that none but a few philosophers could keep their grasp on the original problem. How profound an idea is the sanctity of the English sovereign's constitutional person, which idea first made possible the responsibility of the sovereign's ministers. They could be responsible only if the sovereign were *not*; let *them* be accountable, and the king might then safely be inviolable. Now really in its secret metaphysics the Roman apotheosis meant little more. Only the accountability lay not in Cæsar's ministers, but in the personal and transitory Cæsar, as distinguished from the eternal Imperator.

How unfortunate, therefore, that at this crisis, when ancient religions were crumbling into ruins, new gods should be arising from the veriest beasts amongst men—utterly repelled and rejected by the spiritual instinct in man, yet suggested by a necessity of political convenience.

But oftentimes the excess of an evil is its cure, or the first impulse in that direction. From the connection of the great Augustan* and Claudian houses with the family of Herod, much knowledge of Jewish peculiarities had been diffused in Rome. Agrippa, the grandson of Herod, Berenice, and others of the reigning house in Judea, had been long resident—had been loved and admired—in the imperial family. The tragical events in Herod's own household† had drawn the attention of the Roman grandees and senate to Jewish affairs. The migrations to Rome of Jewish settlers, since the era of Pharsalia, had strengthened this interest, by keeping the enigma of the Jewish history and character constantly before the Roman eye. The upper and more intellectual circles in Rome of inquiring men and women kept up this interest through their military friends in the legions quartered upon Syria and Lower Egypt, many of whom must have read the Septuagint version of the Law and the Prophets. Some whispers, though

* "*Great Augustan:*"—The house of Augustus individually, it will be objected, was *not* great: the Octavian house was petty; but it was elevated by its matrimonial alliance with the Julian house, and otherwise.

† "*Herod's own Household:*"—Viz., the murder of his wife Mariamne, to whom (as representing the Asmonéan house) he was indebted for his regal rank; next, the murder of her youthful brother, who stood nearest to the crown upon *her* death; lastly, the murder of the two most distinguished amongst his own sons. All which domestic carnage naturally provoked the cutting remark ascribed to Augustus Cæsar (himself bloody enough, as controller of his female household), that it was far better to be numbered amongst Herod's swine, than amongst his kinsfolk; seeing that his swine were protected by the Mosaic law against the butcher's knife; whereas his kinsfolk enjoyed no such immunity.

dim and scarcely intelligible, would have made their way to Rome as to the scenes of the Crucifixion, able at least to increase the attraction of mystery. But a much broader and steadier interest would have been diffused by the accounts transmitted of the Temple, so mysterious to all nations from the absence of idol, so magnificent to the eye and the ear from its glorious service. By the time when Vespasian and his son commanded in the East, and when the great insurrection of the Jewish race in Jerusalem was commencing, Josephus must have been well aware of this deep attention to his own people gathering in the highest quarters; and he must have been aware that what was now creeping into the subject of profoundest inquiry amongst the Jews themselves—viz., the true pretensions, the history, doctrines, and new morals, of those Nazarene revolutionists—would, by a natural transfer, soon become the capital object of attention to all Romans interested in Judea. The game was up for the separate glory of Judaism, the honour of the Mosaic legislation was becoming a superannuated thing, if he suffered the grandeur of Christianity, *as* such, and recognised for Christianity, to force its way upon the fermenting intellect of Rome. His discernment told him that the new Christian ethics never *would* be put down. That was impossible; but he fancied that it might be possible to disconnect the system of moral truth from the new, but as yet obscure Christian sect, and to transfer its glory upon a pretended race of Hebrew recluses or immemorial eremites. As Lauder meant to say, "This may be grand, but it is not Milton's;" so did Josephus mean to say, "This system of morals may be very fine and very new, but take notice, it is not Christ's." During his captivity in Roman hands and in Rome, being one of the few cowards who had spiritedly volunteered as a traitor to

Jerusalem, and being a good scholar for a Jew, as well as a good traitor and the best of cowards, he enjoyed the finest opportunities of insinuating his ridiculous legend about the Essenes into the foremost literary circles of the universal metropolis. Imperial favour, and the increasing curiosity of Rome, secured him access to the most intellectual circles. His legend was adopted by the ruling authority in the literature of the earth; and an impossible lie became signed and countersigned for many centuries to come.

But how did this particular form arise for the lie? Were there no such people as the Essenes? Why, no; not as Josephus described them: if there were, or could be, then there were Christians without Christ; then there was a Christianity invented by man. Under *his* delineation, they existed only as King Arthur existed, or Morgan le Fay, or the sword Excalibur. Considered in their romantic pretensions, connected with the Round Table, these worthy blades of flesh and steel were pure dreams; but, as downright sober realities, known to cutlers as regards one of these classes, and to creditors as regards the other, they certainly have a hold upon history. So of the Essenes: nobody could be more certain than Josephus that there *were* such people; for he knew the very street of Jerusalem in which they met; and in fact he had been matriculated amongst them himself. Only all that moonshine about remote seclusions, and antique derivations, and philosophic monasticism, were fables of the Hesperides, or fit for the future use of Archbishop Turpin. What, then, is my own account of the Essenes?

The earliest great danger to which Christianity was exposed arose, not with that mighty power, which subsequently molested or threatened them—*i. e.*, Rome and

Cæsar—but with the Jews. This was the danger that besieged the very cradle of the religion. From Rome no danger arose until the time of Trajan; and, as to the nature of this danger, the very wildest mistake is made in books innumerable. No Roman anger ever *did*, or ever *could*, point to any doctrine of Christianity; unless, indeed, in times long subsequent, when the Christian doctrines, though otherwise indifferent to the Roman authorities, would become exponents or convertible signs of the firm disloyalty to Cæsar which constituted the one great offence of Christians. Will you burn incense to Cæsar? No. Well, that is your state crime, Christian; *that*, and neither less nor more. With the Jews the case was exactly reversed; they cared nothing about the external ceremonies (or *cultus*) of the Christians, what it was they practised, or what it was they refused to practise. A treasonable distinction would even have been a recommendation in their eyes; and as to any differences between their own ritual and the Christian, for these (had they been far more or far greater) the ruling Jews would readily have found the same indulgence which they found for other schismatics, or imperfect proselytes, or doubtful brothers, or undoubted Gentiles. All these things were trifles; what *they* cared about was exactly what the Romans did *not* care about—viz, the Christian doctrines in relation to Moses and the Messiah. Was the Messiah come? Were the prophecies accomplished? Was the Mosaic economy of their nation self-dissolved, as having reached its appointed terminus, or natural euthanasy, and having lost itself in a new order of things—viz., Christianity? This concerned their existence as a separate people. If *that* were the Messiah, whom the Christians gave out for such, then all the fabric of their national hopes, their visions of an earthly restoration, were

shattered. Into this question, into this final issue, shot itself the whole agony of their hereditary interest and pride as the children of Abraham. The Jewish nature was now roused and stung in good earnest. So much we may see sufficiently in the Acts of the Apostles; and we may be assured by more than one reflection, that the Jewish leaders at that time were resolved not again to commit the error of relaxing their efforts until the work of extermination was perfect. They felt, doubtless not without much surprise, but still with some self-reproach, that they had been too negligent in assuming the sect to have been trampled out by the judicial death of its leader. Dispersion, they now became aware, had not prevented the members of the sect from recombining; and even the public death as a malefactor of the leader in that sect was so far from having dimmed the eyes or dejected the hopes of the main body, that, in fact, this very death had become the triumphant glory and corner-stone of the rising Christian temple. There was, besides, a reason to dread the construction of the Romans upon this heresy, if it continued longer to defy public suppression. And lastly, there was yet another uneasiness that must greatly have been increasing—an uneasiness of an affecting nature, and which long afterwards, in ages nearer to our own, constituted the most pathetic feature in Christian martyrdoms. Oftentimes those who resorted to the fiery spectacle in pure hatred of the martyr, or who were purposely brought thither by public authority as suspected criminals needing to be warned by salutary fear, were observed by degrees to grow thoughtful; instead of reaping confirmation in their feelings of horror, they seemed dealing with some internal struggle; musing, pausing, reflecting, and at length enamoured as by some new-born love; languishing

in some secret fascination. Those that in Pagan days caught in forests a momentary glimpse of the nymphs and sylvan goddesses, were sometimes struck with a hopeless passion: they were nympholepts—men under a delirious *possession* by the heavenly loveliness of air-born nymphs: the affection, as well known as epilepsy, was called nympholepsy.* The parallel affection, in those that caught a momentary celestial glimpse from the countenances of dying martyrs, when standing by the side of their fiery couches, might be called martyrolepsy. And many were they that saw the secret glance. In mountainous lands, oftentimes when looking down from eminences far above the level of lakes and valleys, it has happened that I could not see the sun: the sun was hidden behind some gloomy mass of clouds; but far below I beheld, tremulously vibrating on the bosom of some half-hidden lake, a golden pillar of solar splendour which had escaped through rifts and rents in the clouds that to me were as invisible as the sun himself. So, in the martyrdom of the proto-martyr St Stephen, Paul of Tarsus, the learned Jew, could see no gates of heaven that opened, could see no solar orb: to *him* was visible, as the scenery about St Stephen, nothing but darkness of error and clouds. Yet, even as I far below in the lake, so he far below in the countenance of St Stephen, saw, with consternation, reflected a golden sunlight, some radiance not earthly, coming through avenues not revealed to himself, some radiance from far-off fountains, such as, upon any theory yet opened to *him*, ought *not* to have been there. That troubled him. Whence came *that?* The countenance of St Stephen, when

* "*Nympholepsy:*"—The English reader will here be reminded of Lord Byron's exquisite line—

"The nympholepsy of some fond despair."

the great chorus was even then arising—"*Stone him to death!*"*—shone like the countenance of an angel. That countenance, bringing down to earth some revelation of a brightness in the sky, the fountains of which were intercepted to Paul, perplexed him; haunted him sleeping, troubled him when awake. That face of the martyr brought down telegraphically from some altitude inaccessible to himself, a handwriting that *must* be authentic, a secret reading that *would* not be refused. That face carried off to heaven, in the very moment of death, a glory that from heaven it must have borrowed. Upon this we may be sure that Paul brooded intensely; that the effect, noticed as so often occurring at martyrdoms, was already commencing in *him;* and probably that the noonday scene on the road to Damascus did but quicken and antedate a result which would at any rate have followed in the end. That very case of Paul, and doubtless others not recorded, must continually have been causing fresh uneasiness to the Jewish leaders. Their own ministers were falling off to the enemy. And now, therefore, at last, the chief priests, the Sanhedrims, and the representatives of the great national Temple, that mighty Temple which everywhere, by Arabian tribes over the infinite and pathless deserts, had been known as *El Koda*† *(the Saintly)*, all at once as one man, with one heart, rose under one overmastering impulse, and with one voice swore fiercely by the Law and the Prophets, that now at length, once and for ever, it should be settled who was master in Jerusalem.

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* There is a chorus of that title, "Stone him to death," as grand and tumultuous as a pitched battle, in Mendelssohn's Oratorio of "St Paul."

† The reader is referred to a note upon this Arabic name *El Koda* (which involves a very momentous revelation on behalf of the Biblical records) in the Appendix.

The apostles, on *their* side, and all their flock, though not losing a solemn confidence in the issue, could not fail to be alarmed. A contest of life and death was at hand. By what price of suffering and ruins the victory might need to be achieved, they could not measure. They now at last stood face to face, as they saw, without power any more to evade it, right over against a fiery trial. Ordinary counsels would not avail; and according to the magnitude of the crisis, it became the first of duties to watch warily every step they should take, since the very first *false* one might happen to prove irretrievable. The interests of the youthful church were confided to *their* hands. Less than faithful they could not be; but for the present that was not enough. To be faithful in extremity was all that might remain at last; but for the present, the summons was—to be prudent, cautious, vigilant, forecasting, so as to intercept that extremity, if possible. In this exigency, and with the sudden illumination which very perplexity will sometimes create, which the mere inspiration of a deep distress will sometimes suggest, they devised the scheme of a Secret Society.

Armies of brave men have often not only honourably shut themselves up into impenetrable squares, or withdrawn altogether behind walls and batteries, but have even, by exquisite concert, suddenly dispersed over a thousand hills; vanished at noonday on the clapping of hands, as if into some mighty world of shadows; and again, by the clapping of hands, in a moment have reconverged in battle array. Such was the magical effect from the new device. Image to yourself, reader, the issue of their stratagem, under the following aspect:—Suddenly the Christians are seen off their guard all around; spearmen wheel suddenly into view, but every Christian has vanished.

Again the Christian is absolutely in the grasp of the officer; but, unaccountably, he slips away, and a shadow only remains in the officer's hand. The Christian fugitive is before your eyes; he rushes round a corner; you see him as he whirls round with a mask upon his face; one bound throws you round the corner upon his traces; and then you see no fugitive at all, no mask, but a man walking in tranquillity, who readily joins you in the pursuit.

The reader must consider—first, *what* it was that the Christians had to accomplish; and, secondly, *how* it was that such a thing could be accomplished in such almost impracticable circumstances. If the whole problem had been to bend before the storm, it was easy to do *that* by retiring for a season: retiring *locally*, as from this particular neighbourhood, where they might be watched and suspected, to some other, where they would be unmolested and unregarded; or *virtually* retiring, as from all modes of activity that could be open to suspicion. But there were two reasons against so timid a course: *first*, the enemy was prepared, and watching for all such momentary expedients; waiting for the sudden forced retirement, waiting for the sudden stealthy attempt at resuming the old station; *secondly*, which was a more solemn reason for demur, such a course might possibly secure safety to the individual members of the church; but, in the meantime, it left the church, as a spiritual community, in a languishing condition—not only without means of extension, but without means even of repairing her own casual waste, as bound up with the natural agencies of time and death. Safety obtained on these terms was not the safety that suited apostolic purposes. The several members of the church might in this way be secured; but the great spiritual interest, for which only they ran risks or evaded them, was chained

to inertia, and therefore in effect hurrying to decay. It was necessary with the protection (and therefore with the present concealment) of the church to connect some machinery for nursing it—feeding it—expanding it. No theory could be conceived more audacious than the one rendered imperative by circumstances. Echo was not to babble of the whereabouts assigned to the local stations or points of rendezvous for this outcast church; and yet in that houseless condition this church was to find shelter for her total household; bloodhounds were on her own traces, she durst not look abroad through the mighty storm; and yet this church was to be raising a college; a council, *de propaganda fide*, was to be working all day long in the centre of enemies raging for her blood; and yet then first she was to declare herself in permanent session, when she had no foot of ground to stand upon.

This object, seemingly so impracticable, found an opening for all its parts in the *community* of field unavoidably cultivated by the church and the enemy of the church. Did the church seek to demonstrate the realisation of the promised Messiah in the character and history of Christ? This she must do by searching, as keenly as any hostile Jew, the prophetic types as the inner wards of the lock, and then searching the details of Christ's life and passion as the corresponding wards of the key. Did the enemy of the church seek to fight against this identification of Messiahship with the person of Jesus? This she could attempt only by labours in the counter direction applied to the very same ground of prophecy and history. The fanatical miso-Christian Jew, and the Christian himself, could work only by the same means, in the same mines of Hebrew literature, and trimming their lamps by the same golden light of old prophetic inspiration. The prophecies and tra-

ditions * current in Judea that sometimes were held to explain, and sometimes to integrate, the written prophecies about the mysterious Messiah, must be alike important and alike commandingly interesting to both parties. There lay the starting-point of the new Christian tactics. A study, that must equally belong to the Christian and to the demoniac persecutor of Christians, could not of itself, and unconditionally, furnish grounds of suspicion. Having this fortunate common ground of theological study with her own antagonist, there was no reason at all why the Christian church should not set up a seminary of labourers for her own vineyard under the mask of enemies trained against herself. There was no sort of reason, in moral principle or in prudence, why she should not, under colour of training learned and fervent enemies to the Christian name, silently arm and discipline a succession of servants for doing her own work. In order to stamp from the beginning a patriotic and intensely national character of Judaism—bigoted or even fanatical—upon her new institution, leading men already by names and sounds into the impression that the great purpose of this new-born institution (vitally so uniquely Christian, speciously and ostensibly so antichristian) was to pour new blood into the life of old Judaic prejudices, and to build up again the dilapidations of Mosaic orthodoxy, whether due to time or to recent assaults, the Christians selected the name of *Essen* for the designation of the new society, *that* being the name of a vene-

* "*Traditions:*"—By this term, as distinguished from *prophecies*, I mean to indicate those special characteristics of the expected Messiah, current everywhere amongst the populace of Judea, which had been sent down through possibly sixty generations from Abraham, but were not expressly noticed in the Prophets. There were apparently many of these; and it is certain that some of them were regarded with reverence by Christ, and deliberately fulfilled by him.

rated gate in the fortified cincture of the TEMPLE. Pause upon that great word: for it is here intensely significant. Against the Temple and the vast machineries of its pompous ritual and elaborate sacrificial system, multitudes believed that the hostility of the young Christian establishment was mainly directed. Any institution, therefore, which began by deriving its very name and baptismal sanction, its omen and inauguration, from a part of the Temple, by opening to admit with welcome—by closing to exclude with wrath—did by this one symbolic agency of the Temple gate seem to pledge and implicate the whole mighty overshadowing edifice—*i. e.*, the whole Judaic nationality in the brotherhood of the Essenes, and in the doctrines which they taught. A college or fraternity of *Essenes* became, by its very name, a brief symbolic profession of religious patriotism and bigotry, or what the real bigots would consider orthodoxy; from the first, therefore, carried itself clear away from suspicion. But it may occur to the reader that the Christian founders would thus find themselves in the following difficult dilemma. If they carried out the seeming promise of their Judaic name, then there would be a risk of giving from the first an antichristian bias to the feelings of the students, which might easily warp their views for life. And on the other hand, if by direct discipline they began at an early stage to correct this bias, then there arose a worse risk—viz., that their real purposes might be suspected or unmasked. In reality, however, no such risk would arise in either direction. The elementary studies (that is, suppose in the eight first ascending classes) would be, simply to accumulate a sufficient fund of materials, of the original documents, with the commentaries of every kind, and the verbal illustrations or glosses. In this stage of the studies, at any rate, and

whether the final objects had or had not been Christian, all independent judgments upon subjects so difficult and mysterious would be discouraged as presumptuous; so that no opening would arise for suspicion against the teachers, on the one hand, as unfaithful to the supposed bigotry of the institution, nor on the other for encouraging an early pre-occupation of mind against Christian views. After passing No. 9 or 10 of the classes, the delicacy of the footing would become more trying. But, until the very last or innermost class was reached, when all reserves must be laid aside, two circumstances would arise to diminish the risk. The first is this—that the nearer the student advanced to the central and dangerous circles of the school, the more opportunity would the governors have had for observing and appraising his character. Now it is evident that, altogether apart from considerations of treason applying itself specially to the one perilous secret of the society, even for general secular uses, and the wants of *any* religious community, none but pure, gentle, truthful, and benign minds would avail the church for its future ministrations. The very same causes, therefore, which would point out a student as dangerous to intrust with the capital secrets of the institution, would equally have taken away from the society all motive for carrying him farther in studies that must be thrown away for himself and others. He would be civilly told that his vocation did not lie towards such pursuits; would have some sort of degree or literary honour conferred upon him; and would be turned back from the inner chambers, where he was beginning to be regarded as suspicious. Josephus, there can be no doubt, was turned adrift in this way. He fancied himself to have learned all, whilst in fact there were secret esoteric classes

which, so far from entering and learning experimentally to appreciate, Mr Joe had not suspected to exist. Knaves never passed into those rooms. A second reason which diminished the risk was, that undoubtedly, under the mask of scholastic disputation, the student was exercised in hearing all the arguments that were most searchingly profound in behalf of Christ's Messiahship. No danger would attend this: it was necessary, were it only for polemic discipline and gymnastics; so that it always admitted of a double explanation, reconcilable alike with the true end that was dissembled, and with the false end that was simulated. But, though used only as a passage of practice and skill, such a scene furnished means at once to the Christian teachers in disguise for observing the degrees in which different minds melted or froze before the evidence for Christ as the true Messiah. *There* again arose fresh aids to a safe selection. And, finally, whilst the institution of the *Essenes* was thus accomplishing its primary mission of training up a succession to a church which durst not show its face to the world, or avow its own existence; and thus was providing concurrently for the future growth of that church; it was also in a secondary way providing for the secret meeting of the church, and for its present consolation.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE ON THE ESSENES.

At this point, reader, we have come to a sudden close. The paper, or (according to the phraseology of modern journals) the *article*, has reached its terminus. And a very abrupt terminus it seems. Such even to myself it seems; much more, therefore, in all probability, to the reader. But I believe that we must look for the true cause of this abruptness, and the natural remedy of the anger

incident to so unexpected a disappointment, in the records of my own literary movements some twenty-five or thirty years back—at which time this little paper was written. It is possible that I may, concurrently (or nearly so) with this "article," have written some other "article" expressly and separately on the Essenes—leaving, therefore, to that the elucidation of any obscurities as to *them* which may have gathered in this paper on "Secret Societies." And, now I think of it, my belief begins to boil up fervently that I did so. "How? *Possible* that I may have written such an article? Don't I know?" Candidly, I do not. "In that case, who *does?*" Why, perhaps one of the three following New England States—Massachusetts, or Connecticut, or Rhode Island. If anybody, insular or continental, is likely to know anything whatever in the concern, it is one of these illustrious communities. But such is the extent of my geographical ignorance, that I am profoundly ignorant in which of the three states it is proper to look for the city of Boston, though I know to a nicety in which of the three it is *not*. Rhode Island, I am positive, does not grow any huge city, unless, like Jonah's gourd, it has rushed into life by one night's growth. So that I have eliminated one quantity at least from the algebraic problem, which must, therefore, be in a very hopeful state towards solution. Boston, meantime, it is, wheresoever that Boston may ultimately be found, *which* (or more civilly, perhaps, *who*) keeps all my accounts of papers and "*paperasses*" (to borrow a very useful French word), all my MSS., finished books—past, present, or to come—tried at the public bar, or *to be* tried; condemned, or only condemnable. It is astonishing how much more Boston knows of my literary acts and purposes than I do myself. Were it not indeed through Boston, hardly the sixth part of my literary undertakings, hurried or deliberate, sound, rotting, or rotten, would ever have reached posterity: which, be it known to thee, most sarcastic of future censors, already most of them *have* reached. For surely to an "article" composed in 1821, a corpulent reader of 1858 is *posterity* in a most substantial sense. Everything, in short, relating to myself is in the keeping of Boston: and were it not that the kindness of society in Boston is as notorious to us in England as her intellectual distinction and her high literary rank among cities, I should fear at times, that if on any dark December morning, say forty or fifty years ago, I might have committed a forgery (as the best of men will do occasionally), Boston

could array against me all the documentary evidence of my peccadillo (such it is now esteemed) before I could have time to abscond. But, if such a forgery exists, I rely on her indulgent sympathy with literary men for allowing me six hours' *law* (as we of *old* England call it). This little arrangement, however, is private business, not meant for public ears. Returning to general concerns, I am sure that Boston will know whether any*where* or any*when* I have or have not written a separate "article" on the Essenes. Meantime, as the magnetic cable is not yet laid down across the flooring of the Atlantic, and that an exchange of question and answer between myself and my friends Messrs Ticknor, Fields, & Co., will require an *extra* month of time (of "*irreparabile tempus*"), I will suppose myself *not* to have written such a paper; and in that case of so faulty an omission, will hold myself debtor, and will on the spot discharge my debt, for a few preliminary explanations that ought to have been made already upon a problem, which very few men of letters have had any special motive for investigating. Let me quicken the reader's interest in the question at issue, by warning him of two important facts; viz.:—

First, that the Church of Rome, in the persons of some amongst her greatest scholars, has repeatedly made known her dissatisfaction with the romance of Josephus. It is dimly apparent, that, so far as she had been able to see her way, this most learned church had found cause to adopt the same conclusion practically as myself—viz., that under some course of masquerading, hard to decipher, the Essenes were neither more nor less than early Christians.

But, *secondly*, although evidently aware that the account of the Essenes by Josephus was, and must have been, an intolerable romance, she had failed to detect the fraudulent motive of Josephus underlying that elaborate fiction; or the fraudulent tactics by which, throughout that fiction, he had conducted his warfare against the Christians; or the counter-system of tactics by which, were it only for immediate safety, but also with a separate view to self-propagation and continual proselytism, the infant Christian church must have fought under a mask against Josephus and his army of partisans in Jerusalem. It is inexplicable to me how the Church of Rome could for one moment overlook the fierce internecine hostility borne by the Jewish national faction to the Christians, and doubtless most of all to the Judaising Christians; of whom, as we know, there were some

eminent champions amongst the Christian apostles themselves. Good reason the Jew bigot really had for hating, persecuting, and calumniating the Christian revolutionist more rancorously even than the Roman avowed enemy. How stood the separate purposes of these two embattled antagonists—first, Rome Imperial; secondly, the new-born sect of Christians? Of these two armies, by far the deadliest was the last. Rome fought against the Jewish nation simply as a little faction, mad with arrogance, that would not by any milder chastisement be taught to know its own place; and the captives, netted in the great haul at Jerusalem, being looked upon not as honourable prisoners of war, but as rebels—obstinate and incorrigible—were consigned to the stone-quarries of Upper Egypt: a sort of dungeons in which a threefold advantage was gained to the Roman —viz., 1. that the unhappy captives were held up to the nations as monuments of the ruin consequent on resistance to Rome; 2. were made profitable to the general exchequer; 3. were watched and guarded at a cost unusually trivial. But Rome, though stern and harsh, was uniform in her policy; never capricious; and habitually too magnanimous to be vindictive. Even amongst these criminals, though so nearly withdrawn from notice, it was not quite impossible that select victims might still win their way back to the regions of hope and light. But, setting these aside, through Rome it was—*in* Rome and *by* Rome—that vast stratifications of this most headstrong and turbulent of eastern tribes cropped out upon many a western soil; nor was any memorial of the past allowed to speak or to whisper against them, if only (as children express it) "they would be good." Rome was singularly wise in that matter; and knew that obstinate rebellion, though inconvenient and needing sharp coercion, argued a strong and aspiring nature. Even now, even already, when as yet the vast wounds were raw and uncicatrised, Rome, the mighty mother, sat in genial incubation upon generations of the old Hebrew blood, destined to reappear up and down distant centuries in Poland and Russia, in Spain and Portugal; in the Barbary States and other western lands, not to speak of their Asiatic settlements as far east as China. Rome, therefore, was no ultimate or uncompromising enemy to the tribe of Judah.

But the rising sect of Christians brought simple destruction to the name and pretensions of the Jew. The Temple and sacrificial

service of the Temple had become an abomination, and the one capital obstacle to the progress of the true religion: and Rome, in destroying this Temple, had been unconsciously doing the work of Christianity. Jews and Jewish usages, and Judaic bigotry, would continue (it is true) to maintain themselves for thousands of years; Jewish fanaticism would even reveal itself again in formidable rebellions. But the combination of power and a national name with the Jewish religion and principles had disappeared from the earth for ever with the final destruction of *El Koda*. And the hostility of the Christians was even more absolute than that of Rome; since Christianity denied the whole pretensions and visionary prospects upon which Judaism founded any title to a separate name or nationality. Even without that bitter exasperation of the feud, the quarrels of brothers are almost proverbially the deadliest as regards the chance of reconciliation or compromise; and in the infancy of the Christian faith nearly all the proselytes were naturally Jews; so that for a long period the Christians were known in Rome and foreign quarters simply as a variety of provincial Jews—viz., Nazarenes, or Galileans. In these circumstances the siege of Jerusalem must thus far have widened the schism, that everywhere the enlightened Christian would doubtless have seceded from the faction of those who stood forward as champions of the Jewish independence. This is an aspect of the general history which has not received any special investigation. But there can be no doubt that, for the Christians generally, all narrow and too manifestly hopeless calls of patriotism would be regarded as swallowed up in the transcendent duties of their militant religion. Christian captives may have been found amongst the convicts of the stone-quarries; but they must have been few, and those only whom some casual separation from their own Christian fraternity had thrown in a state of ignorant perplexity upon their own blind guidance. This consequence, therefore, must have arisen from the siege of Jerusalem, that the Jewish *acharnement* against the Christians, henceforth regarded as political and anti-national enemies, would be inflamed to a frantic excess. And Josephus, suddenly exalted by an act of the vilest adulation to Vespasian (who was in effect, through his success in Palestine, and through his popularity with the army, already the Imperator elect), instead of visiting the Egyptian quarries as a felon, most unmeritoriously found himself in one hour translated into the meridian

sunshine of court favour; and equally through that romantic revolution, and through his own previous dedication to literature, qualified beyond any contemporary for giving effect to his party malice. He would be aware that in the circumstantial accidents of Christianity there was a good deal to attract favour at Rome. Their moral system, and their eleemosynary system of vigilant aid to all their paupers, would inevitably conciliate regard. Even the Jewish theological system was every way fitted to challenge veneration and awe, except in so far as it was associated with the unparalleled and hateful arrogance of Judaism. Now, here for the first time, by the new-born sect of Christians, this grandeur of theologic speculation was exhibited in a state of insulation from that repulsive arrogance. The Jews talked as if the earth existed only for *them;* and as if God took notice only of Jewish service as having any value or meaning. But here were the Christians opening their gates, and proclaiming a welcome to all the children of man. These things were in their favour. And the malignant faction of mere Jewish bigots felt a call to pre-occupy the Roman mind with some bold fictions that should for ever stop the mouth of the Christian, *when*soever or *if*-soever any opening dawned for uttering a gleam of truth. Josephus, followed and supported by Alexandrian Jews, was evidently the man for this enterprise; not so much, or not so exclusively, by his literary talent (for, doubtless, many in Alexandria, and some in Rome, could have matched him); but he was the man born with the golden spoon in his mouth; he was the second Joseph that should be carried captive from Palestine to Egypt; and on the banks of that ancient Nile should find a Pharaoh, calling himself Cæsar Vespasian, that, upon hearing Joe's interpretation of a dream, should bid him rise up from his prostration as a despairing felon fresh from bearing arms against S. P. Q. R., and take his seat amongst the men whom the king delighted to honour.

Seated there, Joe was equal to a world of mischief; and he was not the man to let his talent lie idle. In what way he would be likely to use his experience gained amongst the secret society of the Essenes, we may guess. But to move by orderly steps, let us ask after Mr Joe's own account of that mysterious body. How and when does he represent the Essenes as arising? I have no book, no vouchers, as generally happens to me; and, moreover, Joseph is not strong in chronology. But I rely on my memory as enabling me to guarantee

this general fact—that, at the date of the Josephan record, our shy friends, the Essenes, must, by Joe's reckoning, have existed at least seventy years since Christ's nativity. The reader knows already that I, who make these Essenes the *product* of Christianity under its earliest storms, cannot possibly submit to such a registration. But for the present *assume* it as true. Under such an assumption, it must have been, that many writers, in giving an account of the Jewish philosophic sects, have numbered them as three—viz., 1. the Pharisees; 2. the Sadducees; 3. the Essenes. And in my childhood there was an *authorised* Bible, and it must have been a common one, because I remember it as belonging to a female servant, and bearing a written memorandum that it was a gift from her father, which boldly ranked the Essenes as assessors of the undeniable Pharisees and Sadducees, on that prefatory leaf which assigns the value of a shekel, the measures of capacity, of weight, of distance, &c. Now, then, I would demand of Josephus why it was that Christ, who took such reiterated notice of the elder sects, never once by word or act recognised the Essenes even as existing. Considering their pretensions to a higher purity, or the pretensions in this direction ascribed to them, is it conceivable that Christ should not by one word have countersigned these pretensions if sound, or exposed them if hollow? Or, again, if He for any reason had neglected them, would not some of his disciples, or of his many occasional visiters, have drawn his attention to their code of rules and their reputed habits—to what they professed, and what they were said to have accomplished? Or, finally, if all these chances had failed to secure an evangelical record, can we suppose it possible that no solitary member of that large monastic body, counting (I think, by the report of Josephus) 8000 brethren, should have been moved sufficiently by the rumours gathering like a cloud up and down Palestine through three consecutive years, about the steps of Christ and his followers, to present himself for a personal interview—so as to form a judgment of Christ, if Christ were even careless of *him* and his brotherhood? We know that Christ was not without interest in the two elder sects—though absolutely sold to worldly interests and intrigues: he himself pointed out a strong argument for allowing weight and consideration to the Pharisees—viz., that they, so long as the Mosaic economy lasted, were to be regarded with respect as the depositaries of his authority, and the representatives

of his system. And it is remarkable enough that here, as elsewhere, at the very moment of heavily blaming the Pharisees, not the less he exacts for them—as a legal due—the popular respect; and this, though perfectly aware that they and the ancient system to which they were attached (a system 1500 years old) would simultaneously receive their doom from that great revolution which he was himself destined to accomplish. The blame which he imputes to them in this place is, that they required others to carry burdens which they themselves would not touch. *That* was a vice of habit and self-indulgence, more venial as a natural concession to selfishness that might have grown upon them imperceptibly; but, in the second case, the blame strikes deeper, for it respects a defect of principle, that must have been conscious and wilful: Moses, we are told, had laid down express laws for the regulation of special emergencies; and these laws, when affecting their own separate interests, the Pharisees were in the habit of evading under some plea of a traditional immunity or professional privilege secured to themselves. Now let the reader sternly note down this state of Christ's relations to the great leading sect of the Pharisees: he had high matter of impeachment against them; and yet, for all that, so profound was his loyalty to the Mosaic system, as a divine revelation, so long as it was not divinely superseded, that he would not lend his sanction to any failure of respect towards the representatives of this system in the fickle populace: on the contrary, he bade them hearken to their instructions, because in doing that they were hearkening to the words of Moses, which were the words of God. The *words* of the Pharisees were consecrated, but not their deeds: those furnished a false and perilous rule of conduct. Next, as to the Sadducees: this sect, bearing far less of a national and representative character, is less conspicuously brought forward in the New Testament. But it is probable that Christ, though having no motive for the same interest in *them* as in the Pharisees, who might be regarded as heraldic supporters on one side of the national armorial shield, nevertheless maintained a friendly or fraternal intercourse with their leading men—as men who laid open one avenue to the central circles of the more aristocratic society in Jerusalem. But had not Christ a special reason for recoiling from the Sadducees, as from those who "say that there is no resurrection of the dead?" If they really said any such thing, he would have had one reason more than we

are certain of his having had, for calling upon them to make open profession of their presumed faith, and the unknown grounds of that faith. If the Sadducees, as a sect, really did hold the doctrine ascribed to them, it would have been easy to silence them (*i. e.*, in a partial sense to refute them), by forcing them to the conclusion that they had no grounds for holding the *negative* upon the problem of Resurrection, beyond what corresponded to the counter weakness on the side of the *affirmative*. On either side there was confessedly an absolute blank as regarded even the *show* of reasonable grounds for taking a single step in advance. *Guess* you might: but as to any durable conquest of ground, forward or backward—to the right or the left—"to the shield or to the spear"—nobody could contradict you, but then (though uncontradicted) you did not entirely believe yourself. So that, at the worst, the Sadducees could not plausibly have denied the Resurrection, though they might have chosen to favour those who doubted it. Meantime, is it at all certain that the Sadducees *did* hold the imputed opinion? I for my part exceedingly hesitate in believing this; and for the following reasons—First, it is most annoying to a man of delicate feelings, that he should find himself pledged to a speculative thesis, and engaged in honour to undertake its defence against all comers, when there happens to be no argument whatsoever on its behalf—not even an absurd one. Secondly, I doubt much whether it would have been *safe* to avow this doctrine in Judea. And, thirdly, whether in *any* circles at Jerusalem, even such as might secure it a toleration, this doctrine would not have been most unwelcome. For whose favour, therefore, or towards what final object, should such a speculation originally have been introduced, or subsequently have maintained itself? We are told, indeed, that it won no favour, and courted none, from those working classes amongst whom lay the strength of the nationality. This is a clear case: *active* support, of course, it could not find amongst those who, in *my* opinion, would have been vainly invoked for a *passive* acquiescence or gloomy toleration. But in this case there seems to have been too precipitate a conclusion: because the natural favourers of scepticism and an irreligious philosophy will be found (if at all) exclusively almost in aristocratic circles, it does not follow that, inversely, aristocratic circles will be found generally to be tainted with such a philosophy. Infidels may belong chiefly to the aristocracy, but not the aristocracy

to infidels. It is true that in the luxurious capitals of great kingdoms there are usually found all shapes of licentious speculation; yet even in the most latitudinarian habits of thinking such excesses tend in many ways to limit themselves. And in Judea at that period the state of society and of social intercourse had not, apparently, travelled beyond the boundaries of a semi-barbarous simplicity. A craving for bold thinking supervenes naturally upon a high civilisation, but not upon the elementary civilisation of the Jews. A man who should have professed openly so audacious a creed as that ascribed to the Sadducees must have been prepared for lapidation. That tumultuary court—a Jewish mob, always ready for action, always rich in munitions of war, so long as paving-stones were reasonable in price—made it dangerous for any man in Judea, Jew or Gentile, to wade out of his depth in theologic waters. But how, then, did the Sadducees come by their ugly reputation? I understand it thus: what the scandalous part of the public charged against them was—not openly and defyingly that they held such an irreligious creed, but that such a creed would naturally flow as a consequence from their materialistic tendencies, however much the Sadducees might disavow that consequence. Whatever might be said, fancied, or proved by Bishop Warburton, it is certain that the dominant body of the nation, at the era of Christ, believed in a Resurrection as preliminary to a Final Judgment. And so intense was the Jewish bigotry since their return from captivity, that assuredly they would have handled any freethinker on such questions very roughly. But in fact the counter sect of Pharisees hold up a mirror for showing us by reflection the true popular estimate of the Sadducees. The Pharisees were denounced by Christ, and no doubt were privately condemned in the judgment of all the pious amongst their countrymen, as making void—virtually cancelling—much in the institutions of Moses by their own peculiar (sometimes pretended) traditions; this was their secret character among the devout and the sternly orthodox. But do we imagine that the Pharisees openly accepted such a character? By no means: *that* would have been to court an open feud and schism with the great body of the people. And in like manner the Sadducees had their dark side, from which an answering character was abstracted by their enemies: but doubtless they themselves treated this character as an odious calumny.

These things premised, the reader is prepared to understand that the reproach of Christ fastened itself upon the offence, not upon the offenders in any single generation, far less upon the individual offenders, who, separately and personally, oftentimes were unconscious parties to a trespass, which, deep though it were as the hidden fountains of life, yet also was ancient and hereditary as the stings of death. The quarrel of Christ, as regarded the unholy frauds of Phariseeism, had no bearing upon those individually whom education and elaborate discipline had conducted to the vestibule of that learned college by whom alone, at the distance of a millennium and of half a millennium, the Law and the Prophets were still kept alive in the understanding and in the reverence of the unlettered multitude.

Apart from their old hereditary crime of relaxing and favouring the relaxation of the Mosaic law, the Pharisees especially, but in some degree both sects, were depositaries of all the erudition—archæologic, historic, and philologic—by which a hidden clue could be sought, or a lost clue could be recovered, through the mazes of the ancient prophecies, in times which drew near, by all likelihood, to their gradual accomplishment and consummation. Supposing that the one sect was even truly and not calumniously reproached with undervaluing the spiritual Future, can we imagine them so superfluously to have courted popular odium, as by carrying before them a proclamation of the gloomy creed, which must for any purpose be useless? The answer is found precisely in the parallel case of the counter sect: because Christ reproached them with virtually neutralising the whole rigour of the law by their private traditions, are we to suppose the Pharisees to have sent before them a banner, making proclamation that "We are the sect who make void the Law of Moses, by human devices of false, counterfeit traditions?" So far from this, even the undeniable abuses and corruptions had probably grown up and strengthened through successive ages of negligence and accumulated contributions of unintentional error. The special authors of the corruptions and dangerous innovations were doubtless generations, and not individuals. The individual members of both sects must have embodied the whole available learning of the nation. They jointly were for the Hebrew race what the Brahmins were, and locally are, for the Hindoos—what the childish "*literati*" of China are to the childish race of the

Chinese—what the three learned professions of Law, Medicine, and the Church are in Christian lands. For many purposes, the Pharisees and Sadducees were indispensable associates; and, according to their personal merits of integrity, sincerity, and goodness of heart, there can be little doubt that Christ honoured multitudes amongst them with marks of his personal regard.

Now then, under such circumstances, can we suppose it possible that a sect, approaching by traits of resemblance far deeper and more conspicuous to the coming sect of Christians which Christ was labouring to build up, should have gone unnoticed by *Him*, or should themselves have left Christ unnoticed and unapproached? Chronology of itself overwhelmingly confounds Josephus. According to him, a sect, whose origin is altogether unaccounted for, suddenly walks forward out of darkness; and when called upon to unfold the characteristics of this sect, which nobody had ever named before himself, he presents you with such a coarse travesty of the Christians as to usages and doctrines—whom, doubtless, he knew by having helped to persecute them—that we read at once the full-blown knavery of a scoundrel who had motives more than one or two for suborning, as the anticipators of every feature that could fascinate men in Christianity, a secret society really of Christians, but to him and other members, not trustworthy, masking itself as a society of Jews. It would too much lengthen a note already too long, if I were to expose circumstantially the false colouring impressed upon the Christian scheme by one who was too unprincipled and worldly even to comprehend the Christian elements. Enough, however, remains of the archetype in the report of Josephus, to reveal, as lurking beneath the disguise, and gleaming through it, an undeniable Christian original; so that here, as I have said previously, we are faced suddenly by a Christianity before Christ, and a Christianity without Christ.*

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* Oh no, will be the reply of some critics; not *without* Christ. But I answer—if before Christ, then necessarily without Christ. And besides the profound objection from the whole flagrant plagiarism of the moral scheme, the other capital objection remains—How did these men, if chronologically anterior to Christ, miss an interview with Christ; or, if not a personal interview, at least a judgment of Christ sealing their pretensions, or a judgment of Christ sealing their condemnation. *My* Essenes escaped this personal interview and this judgment approving or

In conclusion, I will confess to the reader, in the foolish excess of my candour, that amongst those who have most inclined to express dissatisfaction (yet as a final, not as an initiatory feeling) with my hypothesis accounting for the Essenes, are several of my own oldest friends—men distinguished (for one moment I wish they were not) by searching judgment and by extensive learning. Doesn't the reader think that perhaps much learning may have made them mad? Certainly they demand unreasonable proofs, considering that time (not to mention other agencies) upon many a topic has made us all bankrupt in satisfactory argument, Mr Joe, I presume, not at all less than myself. A little daughter of mine, when about two years old, used sometimes to say at the dinner-table, "Please give me too much." My learned friends, it sometimes strikes me, are borrowing *her* sentiment, and, with no less gravity than hers, are insisting on having "too much" of certainty in this delicate case—too much, in fact, and too complex evidence for the *why* and the *how*, for the *where* and the *when*, of a masonic brotherhood, that was, by the very tenure and primary motive of its existence, confessedly a *secret* brotherhood. In the spirit of honest Sancho's Andalusian proverb, it seems to me that my too learned friends are seeking for "better bread than is made of wheat." Since, really, when you *subpœna* a witness out of the great deeps of time, divided from yourself by fifty-five generations, you are obliged to humour him, and to show him special indulgence; else he grows "crusty" on your hands, and keeps back even that which by gentler solicitation might have been won from him.

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condemning, simply because, chronologically, they were not contemporaries of Christ, but by twenty or twenty-five years younger than the Crucifixion. They were in fact a masquerading body of Christians—an offshoot of Christians that happened to be resident in Judea at a crisis of fiery persecution. Fortunately for *them*, one great advantage befel them, which in subsequent Roman persecutions they wanted—viz., that they and their persecutors occupied common ground in much of their several creeds, which facilitated the deep disguise. Both alike adopted the Jewish Prophets into the basis of their faith; both alike held the truth of all the other Scriptures—for instance, of the Law itself, though differing as to its practical validity for the future. Hence, by confining themselves to those parts of the Old Testament which both adopted, the Christians, masked as Essenes, were able to deceive and evade the most cruel of their enemies.

Meantime, I have re-touched the evidence a little, so that he who was restive formerly may now be tractable; and have attempted to coax the witnesses in a way which is but fair, as no more than balancing and corresponding to those gross tamperings practised (we may be sure) by the Jew courtier. Mr Joe, we may rely upon it, when packing the jury, did his best: I may have an equal right to do my worst. It happens that my theory and Mr Joe's are involved alternatively in each other. If you reject Joe's—a thing that I suppose inevitable—this throws you by rebound upon mine: if you are inclined to reject mine—a case that is supportable by human fortitude—then you find yourself pitched violently into Mr Joe's; a case that is *not* supportable by any fortitude, armed with any philosophy. In taking leave, I add, as an extra argument against the possibility that Essenism *could* have been contemporary with the birth of Christianity, this ugly objection. We may suppose that a Jew, in maintaining the historic truth of Essenism, would endeavour to evade the arguments so naturally emerging from the internal relations of this secret sect to those of the avowed sect called Christians, and at the same time to ignore the vast improbability that two sects wearing features so sisterly should have sailed past each other silently, and exchanging no salutes, no questions of reciprocal interest, no mutual recognitions, no interchange of gratulation in the midst of departing storms, or of solemn valediction amongst perilous mists that were slowly gathering. The Jew might argue, in explanation, that the Essenes, under the form of ascetic moralists, would from this single element of their system derive a prejudice against the founder of Christianity, as one who in his own person had deemed it advisable, for the attainment of social influence in the Judea of that day, and for the readier propagation of truth, to adopt a more liberal and genial mode of living. For the stern ascetic may win reverence, but never wins confidence, so that the heart of his hearer is still for *him* under a mask. My argument being—that the Essenes could not have been contemporary with the great moral teacher (in fact, the revolutionary teacher) of their own century, without seeking *Him*, or *His* seeking *them*—we may suppose the Jew taking his stand plausibly enough on a primal alienation of the Essenes, through incongruities of social habits, such (let us suppose, by way of illustration) as would naturally repel Quakers or Moravians in our own day from any great moral

teacher wearing a brilliant exterior, and familiar with courts and princes. Such an estrangement would be matter of regret to all the wise and liberal even of those two sects, but it would be natural; and it would sufficiently explain the non-intercourse objected, without any call for resorting to the plea of anachronism, as the true bar of separation.

Answer:—It is true, that any deep schism in social habits would *tend* to divide the two parties—the great moral teacher on the one side, from the great monastic fraternity on the other, that stood aloof from the world, and the temptations of the world. *Pro tanto* such a schism would pull in that direction; though I am of opinion that the least magnanimous of dissenting bodies would allow a transcendent weight (adequate to the crushing of any conceivable resistance) to the conspicuous originality and searching pathos of Christ's moral doctrine. Four great cases, or memorable *cartoons*, in the series of Christ's doctrinal "shows" (to borrow the Eleusinian term), in 1839–40, powerfully affected the Mahometan Affghan Sirdars—viz., 1. the model of prayer which he first and last, among all teachers, left as a guiding legacy to infinite generations; 2. the model of purity which he raised aloft in the little infant suddenly made the centre of his moral system as the normal form of innocence and simplicity of heart; 3. the Sermon on the Mount, which, by one sudden illumination, opened a new world in man's secret heart; 4. the translation of moral tests from the old and gross one of palpable acts to thoughts, and the most aerial of purposes, as laid down in the passage, "He that looketh upon a woman," &c. These four revelations of the Christian Founder being once reported to the pretended monastic body, must have caught the affections, and have prompted an insurmountable craving for personal intercourse with such a "Prophet;" *i. e.*, in the Hebrew sense of *Prophet*, such a revealer out of darkness. In Affghanistan, amongst blind, prejudiced, sometimes fanatical, Mahometans, these extraordinary moral revelations had power deeply to shake and move: could they have had less in Judea? But, finally, suppose they had, and that an ascetic brotherhood refused all intercourse with a teacher *not* ascetic, so much the more zealously would they have courted such intercourse with a teacher memorably and in an ultimate degree ascetic. Such a teacher was John the Baptist. Here then stands the case: in an age

which Josephus would have us believe to have been the flourishing age of the Essenes, there arise two great revolutionary powers, who are also great teachers and legislators in the world of ethics: the first, by a short space of time, was the Baptist;* the second was Christ. The one was uniquely ascetic, declining not only the luxuries, but the slenderest physical appliances against the wrath of the elements, or the changes of the seasons. The other described himself as one who came eating and drinking, in conformity to the common usages of men. With neither of these great authorities is there any record of the Essenes having had the most trivial intercourse. Is *that* reconcilable with their alleged existence on a large scale in an age of deep agitation and fervent inquiry?

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* That John the Baptist was a moral teacher, as well as a herald of coming changes, may be inferred from the fact (noticed by the Evangelists), that the military body applied to him for moral instruction, which appeal must have grown out of the general invitation to do so involved in the ordinary course of his ministrations, and in the terms of his public preaching. In what sense he was to be held the harbinger of Christ, over and above his avowed mission for announcing the fast approaching advent of the Messiah, I have elsewhere suggested, in a short comment on the word *μετανοια;* which word, as I contend, cannot properly be translated *repentance;* for it would have been pure cant to suppose that age, or any age, as more under a summons to repentance than any other assignable. I understand by *μετανοια* a revolution of thought —a great intellectual change—in the accepting a new centre for all moral truth from Christ; which centre it was that subsequently caused all the offence of Christianity to the Roman people.

MILTON.

We have two ideas, which we are anxious to bring under public notice, with regard to Milton. The reader whom Providence shall send us will not measure the value of these ideas (we trust and hope) by their bulk. The reader indeed—that great idea!—is very often a more important person towards the fortune of an essay than the writer. Even "the prosperity of a jest," as Shakspere tells us, lies less in its own merit than "in the ear of him that hears it." If *he* should happen to be unusually obtuse, the wittiest jest perishes, the most pointed is found blunt. So, with regard to books, should the reader on whom we build prove a sandy and treacherous foundation, the whole edifice, "temple and tower," must come to the ground. Should it happen, for instance, that the reader, inflicted upon ourselves for our sins, belongs to that class of people who listen to books in the ratio of their much speaking, find no eloquence in 32mo, and little force of argument except in such a folio as might knock him down upon occasion of his proving restive against its logic—in that case he will despise our present essay. *Will* despise it? He *does* despise it, for already he sees that it is short. His contempt is a high *à priori* contempt; for he measures

us by anticipation, and needs to wait for no experience in order to vindicate his sentence against us.

Yet, in one view, this brevity of an essayist does seem to warrant his reader in some little indignation. We, the writer, in many cases expect to bring over the reader to our opinion—else wherefore do we write? But, within so small a compass of ground, is it reasonable to look for such a result? "Bear witness to the presumption of this essay," we hear the reader complaining: "It measures about fourteen inches by five—seventy square inches at the most; and is it within human belief that I, simple as I stand here, shall be converted in so narrow an area? Here am I in a state of nature, as you may say. An acre of sound argument might do something; but here is a man who flatters himself that, before I am advanced seven inches further in my studies, he is to work a notable change in my creed. By Castor and Pollux! he must think very superbly of himself, or very meanly of me."

Too true; but perhaps there are faults on both sides. The writer is too peremptory and exacting; the reader is too restive. The writer is too full of his office, which he fancies is that of a teacher or a professor speaking *ex cathedrâ:* the rebellious reader is oftentimes too determined that he will not learn. The one conceits himself booted and spurred, and mounted on his reader's back, with an express commission for riding him; the other is vicious, apt to bolt out of the course at every opening, and resolute in this point, that he will not be ridden.

There are some, meantime, who take a very different view of the relations existing between those well-known parties to a book—writer and reader. So far from regarding the writer as entitled to the homage of his reader, as if he were some feudal superior, they hold him little

better than an actor bowing before the reader as his audience. The feudal relation of fealty* (*fidelitas*) may subsist between them, but the places are inverted: the writer is the vassal; the reader it is who claims to be the sovereign. Our own opinion inclines this way. It is clear that the writer exists for the sake of the reader, not the reader for the sake of the writer. Besides, the writer bears all sorts of characters, whilst the reader universally has credit for the best. We have all heard of "the courteous reader," "the candid reader," "the enlightened reader;" but which of us ever heard of "the discourteous reader," "the mulish reader," "the barbarous reader?" Doubtless there is no such person. The Goths and Vandals are all confined to the writers. "The reader"—that great character—is ever wise, ever learned, ever courteous. Even in the worst of times, this great man preserved his purity. Even in the tenth and eleventh centuries, which we usually account the very noontide of darkness, he shone like a mould candle amongst basest dips. And perhaps it is our duty to presume all other virtues and graces as no less essential to him than his glorious "candour," his "courtesy" (surpassing that of Sir Gawain),† and his truly "enlightened" understanding. Indeed, we very much question whether a writer, who

* Which word *fealty* I entreat the reader, for the credit of his own scholarship, not to pronounce as a dissyllable, but *fe-al-ty*, as a trissyllable; else he ruins the metrical beauty of Chaucer, of Shakspere, of Spenser, of Milton, and of every poet through four centuries (the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, down to 1699), and finally registers himself as an *ignoramus* and a blockhead. For the reason lies in the etymology: it is a contracted form of *fidelité*, or feudal loyalty. How does the reader pronounce *real*, or *reality*? Surely he does not say *reel*, or *reelity:* if re-al, then he can say fe-al.

† "*Sir Gawain:*"—In all the old metrical romances, this knight is celebrated for his unique courtesy.

carries with him a just feeling of his allegiance—a truly loyal writer—can lawfully suppose his sovereign, the reader, peccable or capable of error; and whether there is not even a shade of impiety in conceiving him liable to the affections of sleep, or of yawning.

Having thus, upon our knees, as it were, done feudal homage to our great *suzerain*, the reader—having propitiated him with Persian adorations and with Phrygian genuflexions—let us now crave leave to convert him a little. Convert him!—that sounds "*un peu fort*," does it not? No, not at all. A cat may look at a king; and upon this or that out-of-the-way point a writer may presume to be more knowing than his reader—the serf may undertake to convert his lord. The reader is a great being—a great noun-substantive; but still, like a mere adjective, he is liable to the three degrees of comparison. He may rise above himself—he may transcend the ordinary level of readers, however exalted that level be. Being great, he may become greater. Full of light, he may yet labour with a spot or two of darkness. And such a spot we hold the prevalent opinion upon Milton in two particular questions of taste—questions that are not insulated, but diffusive; spreading themselves over the entire surface of the "Paradise Lost," and also of the "Paradise Regained;" insomuch that, if Milton is wrong once, then he is wrong by many scores of times. Nay—which transcends all counting of cases or numerical estimates of error—if, in the separate instances (be they few or be they many), Milton is truly and indeed wrong, then he has erred, not by the case, but by the principle; and that is a thousand times worse: for a separate case or instance of error may escape any man—may have been overlooked amongst the press of objects crowding on his eye; or, if *not* overlooked

—if passed deliberately—may plead the ordinary privilege of human frailty. The man erred, and his error terminates in itself. But an error of principle does *not* terminate in itself: it is a fountain, it is self-diffusive, and it has a life of its own. The faults of a great man are in any case contagious; they are dazzling and delusive, by means of the great man's general example. But his false principles have a worse contagion. They operate not only through the general haze and halo which invests a shining example; but, even if transplanted where that example is unknown, they propagate themselves by the vitality inherent in all self-consistent principles, whether true or false.

Before we notice these two cases of Milton, first of all let us ask—Who and what *is* Milton? Dr Johnson was furiously incensed with a certain man, by trade an author and manufacturer of books, wholesale and retail, for introducing Milton's name into a certain index, under the letter M, thus—"Milton, Mr John." That *Mister*, undoubtedly, was hard to digest. Yet very often it happens to the best of us—to men who are far enough from "thinking small beer of themselves"—that about ten o'clock A.M., an official big-wig, sitting at Bow Street, calls upon the man to account for his *sprees* of the last night, for his feats in knocking down lamp-posts, and extinguishing watchmen, by this ugly demand of—"Who and what are you, sir?" And perhaps the poor man, sick and penitential for want of soda-water, really finds a considerable difficulty in replying satisfactorily to the worthy *beak's* apostrophe. Although, at five o'clock in the evening, should the culprit be returning into the country in the same coach as his awful interrogator, he might be very apt to look fierce, and retort this amiable inquiry, and with equal thirst for knowledge to demand, "Now, sir, if you come to *that*.

who and what are *you?*" And the *beck* in *his* turn, though so apt to indulge his own curiosity at the expense of the public, might find it very difficult to satisfy that of others.

The same thing happens to authors; and to great authors beyond all others. So accustomed are we to survey a great man through the cloud of years that has gathered round him—so impossible is it to detach him from the pomp and equipage of all who have quoted him, copied him, echoed him, lectured about him, disputed about him, quarrelled about him, that in the case of any Anacharsis the Scythian coming amongst us—any savage, that is to say, uninstructed in our literature, but speaking our language, and feeling an intelligent interest in our great men—a man could hardly believe at first how perplexed he would feel—how utterly at a loss for any *adequate* answer to this question, suddenly proposed—"*Who and what was Milton?*" That is to say, what is the place which he fills in his own vernacular literature? what station does he hold in universal literature?

I, if abruptly called upon in that summary fashion to convey a *commensurate* idea of Milton, one which might at once correspond to his pretensions, and yet be readily intelligible to the savage, should answer perhaps thus:—Milton is not an author amongst authors, not a poet amongst poets, but a power amongst powers; and the "Paradise Lost" is not a book amongst books, not a poem amongst poems, but a central force amongst forces. Let me explain. There is this great distinction amongst books: some, though possibly the best in their class, are still no more than books—not indispensable, not incapable of supplementary representation by other books. If they had never been—if their place had continued for ages unfilled—not the less, upon a sufficient excitement arising, there

would always have been found the ability, either directly to fill up the vacancy, or at least to meet the same passion virtually, though by a work differing in form. Thus, supposing Butler to have died in youth, and the "Hudibras" to have been intercepted by his premature death, still the ludicrous aspects of the Parliamentary War, and its fighting saints, were too striking to have perished. If not in a narrative form, the case would have come forward in the drama. Puritanical sanctity, in collision with the ordinary interests of life, and with its militant propensities, offered too striking a field for the Satiric Muse, in any case, to have passed in total neglect. The impulse was too strong for repression—it was a volcanic agency, that, by some opening or other, must have worked a way for itself to the upper air. Yet Butler was a most original poet, and a creator within his own province. But, like many another original mind, there is little doubt that he quelled and repressed, by his own excellence, other minds of the same cast. Mere despair of excelling him, so far as not, after all, to seem imitators, drove back others who would have pressed into that arena, if not already brilliantly filled. Butler failing, there would have been another Butler, either in the same, or in some analogous form.

But, with regard to Milton and the Miltonic power, the case is far otherwise. If the man had failed, the power would have failed. In that mode of power which he wielded, the function was exhausted in the man—the species was identified with the individual—the poetry was incarnated in the poet.

Let it be remembered, that, of all powers which act upon man through his intellectual nature, the very rarest is that which we moderns call the *sublime*. The Grecians had apparently no word for it, unless it were that which

they meant by το σεμνον: for ὑψος was a comprehensive expression for all qualities which gave a character of life or animation to the composition, such even as were philosophically opposed to the sublime. In the Roman poetry, and especially in Lucan, at times also in Juvenal, there is an exhibition of a moral sublime, perfectly distinct from anything known to the Greek poetry. The delineations of republican grandeur, as expressing itself through the principal leaders in the Roman camps, or the trampling under foot of ordinary superstitions, as given in the reasons assigned to Labienus for passing the oracle of the Libyan Jupiter unconsulted, are in a style to which there is nothing corresponding in the whole Grecian literature, nor would they have been comprehensible to an Athenian. The famous line—"Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris," and the brief review of such questions as might be worthy of an oracular god, with the summary declaration, that every one of those points we know already by the light of nature, and could not know them better though Jupiter Ammon himself were to impress them on our attention—

"Scimus, et hæc nobis non altius inseret Ammon:"
"We know it, and no Ammon will ever sink it deeper into our hearts;"

all this is truly Roman in its sublimity; and so exclusively Roman, that there, and not in poets like the Augustan, expressly modelling their poems on Grecian types, ought the Roman mind to be studied.

On the other hand, for that species of the sublime which does not rest purely and merely on moral energies, but on a synthesis between man and nature—for what may properly be called the Ethico-physical Sublime—there is but one great model surviving in the Greek poetry; viz., the gigantic drama of the Prometheus crucified on

Mount Elborus. And this drama differs so much from everything else, even in the poetry of Æschylus, as the mythus itself differs so much from all the rest of the Grecian Mythology (belonging apparently to an age and a people more gloomy, austere, and nearer to the *incunabula mundi*, than those which bred the gay and sunny superstitions of Greece), that much curiosity and speculation have naturally gathered round the subject of late years. Laying this one insulated case apart, and considering that the Hebrew poetry of Isaiah and Ezekiel, as having the benefit of inspiration, does not lie within the just limits of competition, we may affirm that there is no human composition which can be challenged as constitutionally sublime—sublime equally by its conception and by its execution, or as uniformly sublime from first to last, excepting the "Paradise Lost." In Milton only, first and last, is the power of the sublime revealed. In Milton only does this great agency blaze and glow as a furnace kept up to a white heat—without suspicion of collapse.

If, therefore, Milton occupies this unique position—and let the reader question himself closely whether he can cite any other book than the "Paradise Lost," as continuously sublime, or sublime even by its prevailing character—in that case there is a peculiarity of importance investing that one book which belongs to no other; and it must be important to dissipate any erroneous notions which affect the integrity of that book's estimation. Now, there are two notions countenanced by Addison and by Dr Johnson, which tend greatly to disparage the character of its composition. If the two critics, one friendly, the other very malignant, but both endeavouring to be just, have in reality built upon sound principles, or at least upon a sound appreciation of Milton's principles, in that case,

there is a mortal taint diffused over the whole of the "Paradise Lost:" for not a single book is clear of one or other of the two errors which they charge upon him. We will briefly state the objections, and then as briefly reply to them, by exposing the true philosophy of Milton's practice. For we are very sure that, in doing as he did, this mighty poet was governed by no carelessness or oversight (as is imagined), far less by affectation or ostentation, but by a most refined theory of poetic effects.

1. The first of these two charges respects a supposed pedantry, or too ambitious a display of erudition. It is surprising to us that such an objection should have occurred to any man; both because, after all, the quantity of learning cannot be great for which any poem can find an opening; and because, in any poem burning with concentrated fire, like the Miltonic, the passion becomes a law to itself, and will not receive into connection with itself any parts so deficient in harmony, as a cold ostentation of learned illustrations must always have been found. Still, it is alleged that such words as *frieze, architrave, cornice, zenith*, &c., are words of art, out of place amongst the primitive simplicities of Paradise, and at war with Milton's purpose of exhibiting the paradisaical state.

Now, here is displayed broadly the very perfection of ignorance, as measured against the very perfection of what may be called poetic science. We will lay open the true purpose of Milton by a single illustration. In describing impressive scenery as occurring in a hilly or a woody country, everybody must have noticed the habit which young ladies have of using the word *amphitheatre:* "amphitheatre of woods"—"amphitheatre of hills"—these are their constant expressions. Why? Is it because the word *amphitheatre* is a Grecian word? We question if one young

lady in twenty knows that it is; and very certain we are that no word would recommend itself to her use by that origin, if she happened to be aware of it. The reason lurks here:—In the word *theatre* is contained an evanescent image of a great audience—of a populous multitude. Now, this image—half-withdrawn, half-flashed upon the eye, and combined with the word *hills* or *forests*—is thrown into powerful collision with the silence of hills—with the solitude of forests; each image, from reciprocal contradiction, brightens and vivifies the other. The two images act, and react, by strong repulsion and antagonism.

This principle I might exemplify, and explain at great length; but I impose a law of severe brevity upon myself. And I have said enough. Out of this one principle of subtle and lurking antagonism, may be explained everything which has been denounced under the idea of pedantry in Milton. It is the key to all that lavish pomp of art and knowledge which is sometimes put forward by Milton in situations of intense solitude, and in the bosom of primitive nature—as, for example, in the Eden of his great poem, and in the Wilderness of his "Paradise Regained." The shadowy exhibition of a regal banquet in the desert draws out and stimulates the sense of its utter solitude and remotion from men or cities. The images of architectural splendour, suddenly raised in the very centre of Paradise, as vanishing shows by the wand of a magician, bring into powerful relief the depth of silence and the unpopulous solitude which possess this sanctuary of man whilst yet happy and innocent. Paradise could not in any other way, or by any artifice less profound, have been made to give up its essential and differential characteristics in a form palpable to the imagination. As a place of rest, it was necessary that it should

be placed in close collision with the unresting strife of cities; as a place of solitude, with the image of tumultuous crowds; as the centre of mere natural beauty in its gorgeous prime, with the images of elaborate architecture and of human workmanship; as a place of perfect innocence in seclusion, that it should be exhibited as the antagonist pole to the sin and misery of social man.

Such is the covert philosophy which governs Milton's practice, and which might be illustrated by many scores of passages from both the "Paradise Lost" and the "Paradise Regained."* In fact, a volume might be composed on this one chapter. And yet, from the blindness or inconsiderate examination of his critics, this latent wisdom, this cryptical science of poetic effects in the mighty poet, has been misinterpreted, and set down to the effect of defective skill, or even of puerile ostentation.

2. The second great charge against Milton is, *primâ facie*, even more difficult to meet. It is the charge of having blended the Pagan and Christian forms. The great realities of angels and archangels are continually combined into the same groups with the fabulous impersonations of the Greek Mythology. Eve is interlinked in comparisons with Pandora, with Aurora, with Proserpine. Those impersonations, however, may be thought to have something of allegoric meaning in their concep-

* For instance, this is the key to that image in the "Paradise Regained," where Satan, on first emerging into sight, is compared to an old man gathering sticks, "to warm him on a winter's day." This image, at first sight, seems little in harmony with the wild and awful character of the supreme fiend. No; it is *not in* harmony, nor is it meant to be in harmony. On the contrary, it is meant to be in antagonism and intense repulsion. The household image of old age, of human infirmity, and of domestic hearths, are all meant as a machinery for provoking and soliciting the fearful idea to which they are placed in collision, and as so many repelling poles.

tions, which in a measure corrects this paganism of the idea. But Eve is also compared with Ceres, with Hebe, and other fixed forms of pagan superstition. Other allusions to the Greek mythologic forms, or direct combination of them with the real existences of the Christian heavens, might be produced by scores, were it not that we decline to swell our paper beyond the necessity of the case. Now, surely this at least is an error. Can there be any answer to this?

At one time we were ourselves inclined to fear that Milton had been here caught tripping. In this instance, at least, he seems to be in error. But there is no trusting to appearances. In meditating upon the question, we happened to remember that the most colossal and Miltonic of painters had fallen into the very same fault, if fault it were. In his "Last Judgment," Michael Angelo has introduced the pagan deities in connection with the hierarchy of the Christian heavens. Now, it is very true that one great man cannot palliate the error of another great man, by repeating the same error himself. But, though it cannot avail as an excuse, such a conformity of ideas serves as a summons to a much more vigilant examination of the case than might else be instituted. One man might err from inadvertency; but that two, and both men trained to habits of constant meditation, should fall into the same error, makes the marvel tenfold greater.

Now we confess that, as to Michael Angelo, we do not pretend to assign the precise key to the practice which he adopted. And to our feelings, after all that might be said in apology, there still remains an impression of incongruity in the visual exhibition and direct juxtaposition of the two orders of supernatural existence so potently repelling each other. But, as regards Milton, the justifi-

cation is complete: it rests upon the following principle:—

In all other parts of Christianity, the two orders of superior beings, the Christian Heaven and the Pagan Pantheon, are felt to be incongruous—not as the pure opposed to the impure (for, if that were the reason, then the Christian fiends should be incongruous with the angels, which they are not), but as the unreal opposed to the real. In all the hands of other poets, we feel that Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, Diana, are not merely impure conceptions, but that they are baseless conceptions, phantoms of air, nonentities; and there is much the same objection, in point of just taste, to the combination of such fabulous beings in the same groups with glorified saints and angels, as there is to the combination, by a painter or a sculptor, of real flesh-and-blood creatures, with allegoric abstractions.

This is the objection to such combination in all other poets. But this objection does not apply to Milton; it glances past him; and for the following reason: Milton has himself laid an early foundation for his introduction of the Pagan Pantheon into Christian groups: *the false gods of the heathen world were, according to Milton, the fallen angels.* See his inimitable account of the fallen angels—who and what they subsequently became. In itself, and even if detached from the rest of the "Paradise Lost," this catalogue is an *ultra*-magnificent poem. They are not false, therefore, in the sense of being unreal, baseless, and having a merely fantastical existence, like our European Fairies, but as having drawn aside mankind from a pure worship. As ruined angels under other names, they are no less real than the faithful and loyal angels of the Christian heavens. And in that one difference of the Miltonic

creed, which the poet has brought pointedly and elaborately under his reader's notice, by his matchless roll-call of the rebellious angels, and of *their pagan transformations*, in the very first book of the "Paradise Lost," is laid beforehand* the amplest foundation for his subsequent practice; and at the same time, therefore, the amplest answer to the charge preferred against him by Dr Johnson, and by so many other critics, who had not sufficiently penetrated the latent theory on which he acted.

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* Other celebrated poets have laid no such preparatory foundations for their intermixture of heathen gods with the heavenly host of the Christian revelation; for example, amongst thousands of others, Tasso, and still more flagrantly Camoens, who is not content with allusions or references that suppose the Pagan Mythology still substantially existing, but absolutely introduces them as potent agencies amongst superstitious and bigoted worshippers of papal saints. Consequently, they, beyond all apology, are open to the censure which for Milton is subtly evaded.

APPENDIX.

SOME of the Notes, which might naturally have fallen into this little section answering to the *Postscript* of an ordinary letter, and which in the American Edition are accordingly placed at the end, have sometimes been removed to the foot of the particular page which suggested the occasion for them. In general it has struck me as a proper and useful distinction amongst notes—that, when they arise by a sort of spontaneity from the text, and are auxiliary to the entire intelligibility of the text, as *that* again inversely to *them*, it is better to place them at the foot of the page: but, on the other hand, wheresoever a note is not so much an integrating part of the text—algebraically speaking, is not a coefficient with the text for interpreting the total sense of the passage, but rather an alien offshoot from the text, such as (if much prolonged) would tend to what we call an *Excursus* (*i. e.*, a digressional notice of some topic naturally suggested by the text, but nowise essential to its unity and entire intelligibility)—in all cases of that nature, I should myself feel disposed to place them at the end. In the former case, short notes co-operate with the reader's efforts to master the entire sense of the text; in the latter, they disturb and interrupt him. Gibbon, if I recollect rightly, has discussed this question somewhere in his miscellaneous works: and at any rate in his own practical experience was forced into reviewing it, and found any uniform decision of it perplexing; so that, at different periods of his literary

career, he came to a different adjudication of the case. should imagine that, with a single view to the interests reader, a distinction in the practice, governed by the pri which I have suggested, might be found most convenient.

Page 258.—"JOSEPH ADY."

Joseph Ady was a useful public servant, although in some degree a disreputable servant; and through half a generation (say sixteen or seventeen years, in these days) a purveyor of fun and hilarity to the great nation of newspaper-readers. His line of business was this:—Naturally, in the case of a funded debt so vast as ours in Great Britain, it must happen that very numerous lodgments of sums not large enough to attract attention, are dropping into the list of dividends with no apparent claimant every fortnight. Death is always at work in removing the barriers between ourselves—whoever this *ourselves* may happen to be—and claims upon the national debt that have lost (perhaps long ago) their original owners. The reader, for instance, or myself, at this very moment, may unconsciously have succeeded to some lapsed claim, between which and us five years ago there may have stood thirty or forty claimants with a nearer title. In a nation so adventurous and given to travelling as ours, deaths abroad by fire and water, by contagious disease, and by the dagger or the secret poison of the assassin (to which of all natio... ...rs is most exposed, from inveterate habits of generous unsuspecting confidence), annually clear off a large body of obscure claimants, whose claims (as being not conspicuous from their small amount) are silently as snow-flakes gathering into a vast fund (if I recollect, forty millions sterling) of similar noiseless accumulations. When you read the periodical list published by authority of the countless articles (often valuable) left by the owners in public carriages, out of pure forgetfulness, to the mercy of chance, or of needy public servants, it is not possible that you should be surprised if some enterprising countryman, ten thousand miles from home, should forget in his last moments some deposit of one, two, or three hundred pounds in the British Funds. In such a case, it would be a desirable thing for the reader and myself that some person practised in such researches should take charge of our interests, watch

...rtunes of the unadvertised claim, and note the steps ...metimes it comes nearer and nearer to our own door. ... a vicarious watchman was Joseph Ady. In discharge of ...sumed duties, he addressed letters to all the world. He ...icated the outline of the case; but naturally stipulated for ...ning fee (not much, usually twenty shillings), as the *honora-* ...for services past and coming. Out of five thousand address- ...if nine-tenths declined to take any notice of his letters, the ...aining tenth secured to him £500 annually. Gradually he ex- ...nded his correspondence to the Continent. And general merri- ...ment attended his continual skirmishes with police-offices. But this lucrative trade was at last ungenerously stifled by a new section in the Post-Office Bill, which made the *writer* of letters that were refused liable for the postage. That legislative blow extinguished simultaneously *Adyism* and *Ady*.

Page 260.—"THAT SINGLE BLOCK OF GRANITE"—ST PETERSBURG.

This block is, I believe, a *monolith*. Even to obtain in an accessible situation, and still more to remove into its present site, such a granite mass insusceptible of partition, was a triumph of mechanic art; and consequently superadds to the attraction of the statue (an equestrian statue of Peter the Great—founder at once of the city and the possibility of the city in that situation)—a scenical record of engineering power. So far, and considered as a conquest over difficulties, the entire mass must be very striking. But two objections must interfere with the spectator's pleasure. If, as I have been told, the monolith is itself the *basis* of the statue, in that case what is ordinarily viewed as a *hors-d'œuvre*, no more belonging to the statue than the terrace, street, square, or public hall in which it may happen to be placed, suddenly enters into the artist's work as an essential and irremovable member, or integrant feature of his workmanship. Secondly, this granite monolith, being chiselled into the mimic semblance of an ascending precipice, or section of a precipice, unavoidably throws the horse into an unnatural action; not perhaps into an unnatural or false attitude; for the attitude may be true to the purpose: but that purpose is itself both false and ungrace-

ful, unless for an ibex or an Alpine chamois. A horse is easily trained to ascend a flight of stairs; and with no training at all, at the request of Mr Pitt, a little horse of the Shetland breed was trotted up-stairs into the front drawing-room at the London mansion of the penultimate Duke of Gordon. That was more than fifty years ago: for Pitt has been dead *now* [viz., November, 1857] for nearly fifty-two years. But within the recent knowledge of us all, a full-sized horse carried his rider in a flying leap over a splendid dinner table—glass, china, tureens, decanters, and blazing wax-lights—ambling gently down-stairs on taking his leave, and winning a heavy wager. Such feats are accounted noble and brilliant amongst the princes and sirdars round the throne of Persia. But with us of the western world they are reputed more becoming to a Franconi or an Astley than to a Czar of all the Russias, who speaks as God's vicegerent to three hundred nations and languages. But even a flying leap is better than a *scrambling:* and up-hill over the asperities of a granite rock neither horse nor man is able to do more than scramble: and this is undignified for the Czar; is perilous and more unnatural than running up-stairs for the horse; and to the poor spectator (unless paid for spectating) is sympathetically painful.

Page 288.—THE JERUSALEM OF HERODOTUS.

With the reader's permission, I will premise a brief remark on the letter A, which enjoys this advantage over the rest of the alphabet, that to many young friends of mine, not even two years old, it is tolerably familiar; though very often their erudition does not extend further. The remark which I wish to offer on this distinguished letter is, that it enjoys in our language five separate sounds:—

1. A very broad sound, *aw*, as in *water*, and very commonly before the letter *l*, as in *all, wall, call, tall, talk, walk*, &c.; but not always, as in *calm;* or, again, in *rally, tally, dally.*
2. An ascending sound, *ah*, as in *father, rather, bath.*
3. A very flat sound, as in *man, can, shall, hand, rank, dandy, pandy.*
4. A very long sound, as in *mane, Jane, brave, lake, James.*
5. A borrowed sound, properly the short or flat sound of the

vowel *o*, particularly after the letter *w*, as in *what, want, was;* for which reason it has this sound of *o* after *qu*, since that is in effect *kw*, as in *quantity, quality;* though, in reading Latin, the English restore the common flat sound of the *a* (No. 3) to *qualitas, quantitas, quantus*, &c.

And these several sounds are readily transformed into each other, according to their greater or less affinity.

This preliminary explanation made, in order that it may not interrupt me further on, let me come to Herodotus. He was the first man (and of course a Grecian, being a native of a Greek Asiatic colony), not that travelled, for *that* cannot be known, but certainly that wrote an account of his travels, and published this account (or part of it), by reading it at a Panhellenic assembly. And this work survives to our own times, as the most valuable monument by far which we still possess of Greek prose. The loss of Thucydides would injure us comparatively not at all; of Xenophon a little; but that of Herodotus would break down the earlier arches of that long bridge which connects Christian Europe with Pagan Greece, with Asia, with Egypt, with the Euphrates, and the Nile, with Babylon and Hekatompylos. Herodotus was equally a *traveller*, the most inquiring and exploring; an *archæologist* that described minutely the antiquities of all the civilised races on every radius protended from the centre of Greece; the earliest of *geographers;* and a delightful *historian;* towards the improvement of which last function he enjoyed the unparalleled advantage of coming with his sickle into the whole harvest of human records, whilst yet untouched, except in its Biblical sections. This great man, of whom I have elsewhere said, that his picturesque vivacity, and his shifting scenery, entitle him to the name of the Grecian Froissart, amongst other regions visited Lower Egypt, saw with bodily eyes the Nile and the Pyramids, and the mighty city of Memphis, of which last, in our day, *etiam periere ruinæ* (even the ruins are ruined). The main Egyptian monuments he saw, and reported upon them circumstantially as a privileged visiter, enjoying probably the hospitality and friendly explanations of the priestly order. Consequently, being then so near to Judea, naturally this question arises, did he visit Jerusalem? The impression was, for a long time, that he did not. But that was a trifle; the difficulties of access, or dangers from

robbers on the land route, or innumerable accidents of disappointment to a stranger having no commercial objects to determine his route, might easily account for this apparent neglect. But another apparent neglect is less to be accounted for: to a hasty reader he does not seem to mention Jerusalem, or any part of Judea. How is that?

Let us pause and consider for a moment at what period it was that Herodotus must have visited Egypt; perhaps *that* may help us to a solution of the difficulty. His own central year, or year in which you might say that he flourished, was probably about 444 before Christ. Now, if Herodotus had happened to travel some 100 years earlier, Judea would have been lying half-desolate, the Temple of Solomon a heap of ruins, and Jerusalem dismantled of her towers and battlements; little, in fact, to be seen of life but the gentle restorations of nature,

> "Softening and concealing,
> And busy with a hand of healing;"

but, for the monuments of human art and labour, all would be crumbling dilapidations, scoria, and bleaching bones, with endless heaps of dust and ashes. For at that time the remnant of the Hebrew race, the two tribes that had survived the captivity of the ten, were themselves captive on the Euphrates and elsewhere. But at present a happier generation had arisen. The *élite* of the Jews had been suffered to return and re-occupy their solitary homesteads. A second Temple had risen. And the glorious service of daily adorations, however shorn of its pomps, was again in the morning and in the evening throwing up clouds of incense, with peals of far-resounding music, to the astonishment of Edom and of the Arabian wilderness beyond. This was the age of Pericles. Cyrus was gone; Darius was gone; Xerxes was gone; and Jerusalem was now lustrous again with a resurrection of national glories. Considerations of time therefore do but quicken and exasperate the problem either against Herodotus or against Jerusalem—why it was that this man did not glorify that city? Plainly it would seem, either that the man was grossly in fault, and betraying the confidence placed in the comprehensiveness of his travelling reports; or else the city was in fault; possibly he found nothing in the rumours about Jerusalem, not even amidst the Delta of Egypt,

that tempted his curiosity, or excited his interest, or justified a circumstantial report.

Meantime, what is it that anti-Biblical writers have inferred from this neglect of Herodotus, supposing it fully established? Would they infer that Jerusalem had no local existence, but was a visionary creation of Jewish romancers? In that case, the romancers might also be visionary. No, they do not go so far as that; but they infer an obscurity in Jerusalem and her Temple which allowed neighbouring peoples to be indifferent and careless about them, in a degree which would argue all the Hebrew records to be fantastic exaggerations.

At this point, therefore, let us again pause, and ask whether it is so entirely certain that Herodotus has *not* mentioned Jerusalem. The name Jerusalem (Iero Solyma, or Holy Solyma) was a Greek name, and doubtless not current in Greece, or heard by any Grecian ear, for at least three centuries later than Herodotus. By what name would *he* know it? Most undoubtedly by the name which must continually have resounded in his ears—the Arabic name El Koda *(the Saintly)*. But it will be seen that, about the locality where Jerusalem should be looked for, Herodotus places a great city, which he calls *Cadytis* or *Kadeitis*. Now make the requisite corrections: cut away the *ytis* or *eitis*, as a mere terminal form (such as we see in *Gaulonitis, Trachonitis*, &c.), which simply indicated the territory or immediate area investing the city: there remains a word which Herodotus would pronounce *Kauda* (for *el* he would have learned to be simply his own article *ὁ, ἡ, τὸ*). Now the *a*, when pronounced *aw*, passes in all languages into *o*. Thus the Roman noble *Claudius* was indifferently called *Clodius; plaustrum* was the same as *plostrum;* the Latin *aurum* (gold) has become the French *or*. At this moment, amongst the English lakes, within a very small cincture of ground, the natives pronounce the word *cause* generally as *cose*. This suggestion, as a key to the apparent neglect of Jerusalem by Herodotus, was indicated some eighty years ago by Larcher and by others. I really do not know who was first. Strangely enough, however, since Larcher's time, several writers have thrown doubts on this solution, which to myself seems unimpeachable. But, on the whole, I impute this scepticism in part to embarrassment from the *ytis*, in not treating it as a mere

terminal form, and in part to the error of denoting the *a* of *Ca* by an English long sound (No. 4), that would fail to indicate the *o* of *Koda*, which *o* is virtually represented by the *a* (when pronounced *aw*) of *Kadytis*. Call it *Kaw*ditis, which in all languages would pass into (or out of) *Ko*dytis, and at once you trace the steps of Herodotus. 1. *El Koda*, dropping the article, is *Koda;* 2. *Koda*, by the commonest of all vowel permutations, becomes *Kauda;* 3. *Kauda*, by terminal Hellenisation (*i. e.*, adjustment to the Greek model), becomes *Kaudytis;* and that word, to the eye of Herodotus, would be spelt Kadytis. On this account it was that I introduced my notice by a table of the different sounds given to the English A.

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